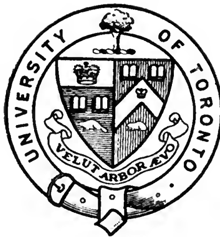

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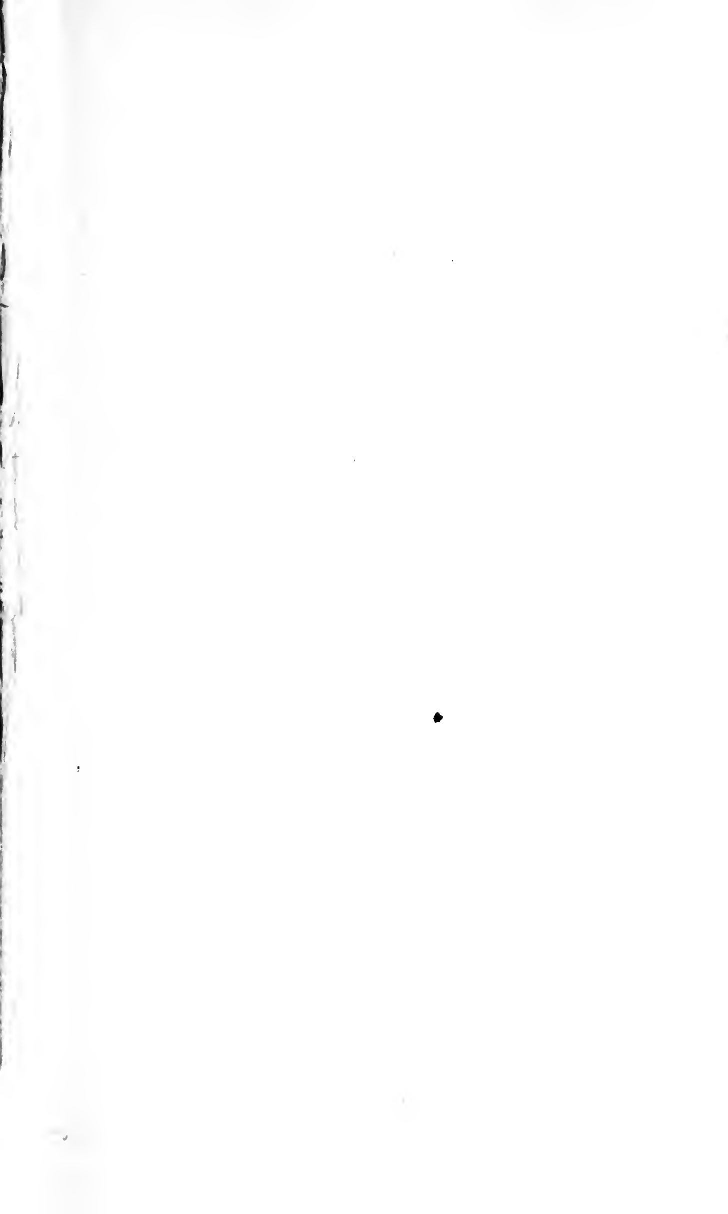

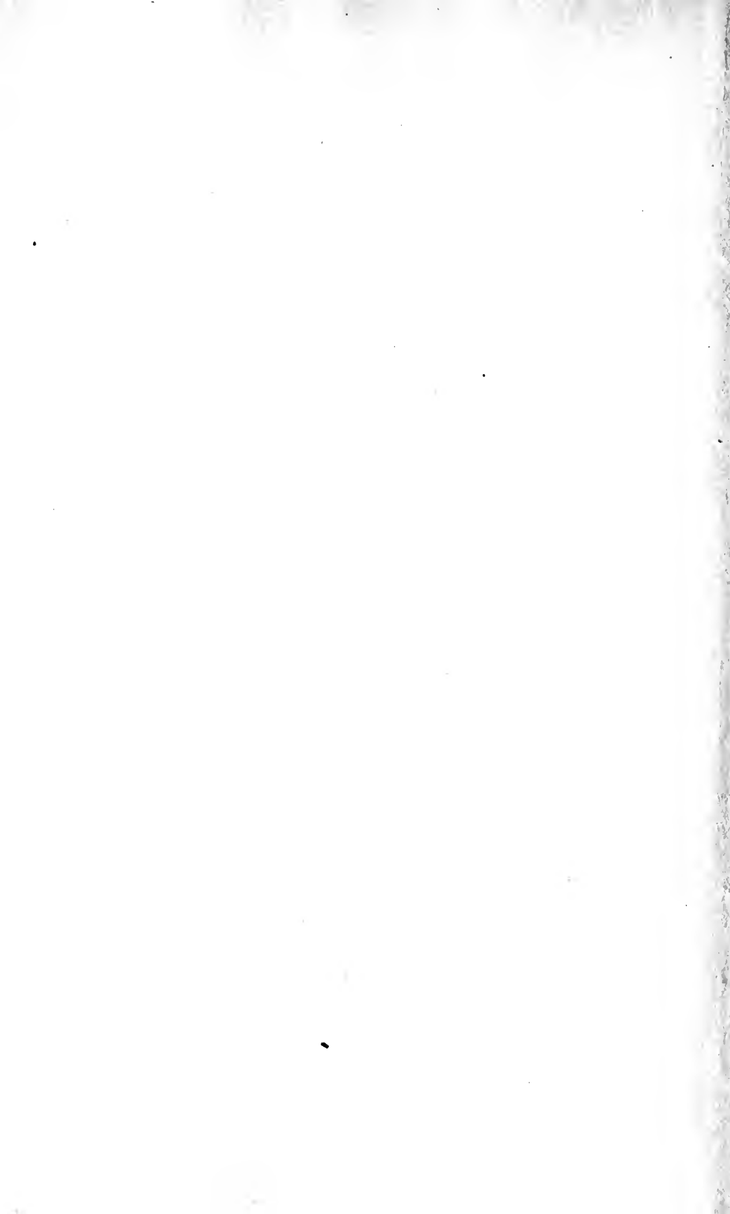

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THE PLACE DE GREVE.

FRONTISPIECE—Victor Hugo, Vol. I.

Hugo, Victor Marie, comte
[Works]

THE NOVELS

OF

VICTOR HUGO

NOTRE DAME

(PART ONE)

Profusely Illustrated with Elegant
Wood Engravings

VOLUME ONE

NEW YORK:
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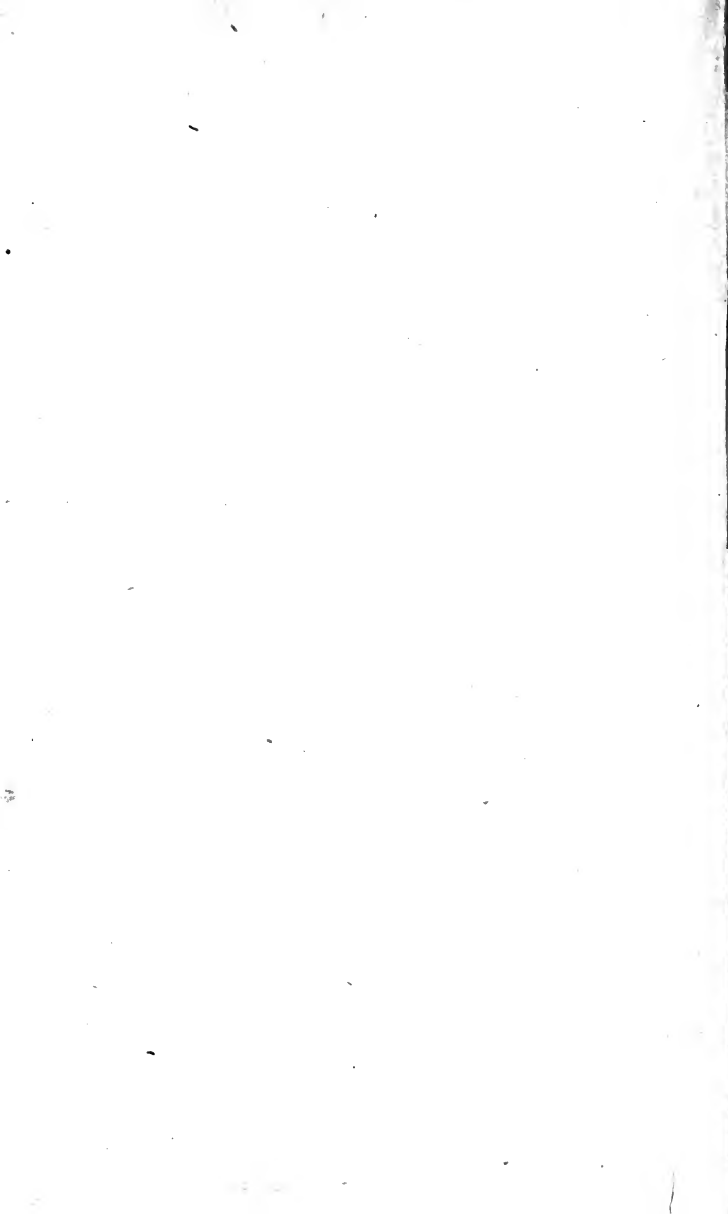


AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

Some years ago, while visiting the Cathedral of Notre-Dame, or, to speak more properly, exploring every corner of it, the author of this book discovered, in a dark corner in one of the towers, this word, in Greek capital letters, engraven upon the wall—

'ΑΝΆΓΚΗ.

These characters, black with age and deeply cut into the stone, with certain peculiarities of form and posture belonging to the Gothic calligraphy, as if to declare that they had been traced there by some hand of the middle ages—and, above all, the dismal and fatal meaning they conveyed—struck the author forcibly.

He asked himself, he strove to imagine, what suffering spirit it might be, who had determined not to quit this life without stamping this memento of crime or misfortune on the walls of the old cathedral.

Since then the wall has been washed over, or scraped—I remember not which—and the inscription has disappeared. For thus it is that the wonderful churches of the middle ages have been dealt with for two hundred years past. Mutilation attacks them in every direction, from within

as well as from without, the priest smears them over—the architect scrapes them—then come the people and demolish them.

Thus, excepting only the frail memory here preserved of it by the author of this book, nothing now remains of the mysterious word engraven in the gloomy tower of Notre-Dame—nothing of the unknown destiny which it so mournfully recorded. The man who wrote that word upon the wall, passed away several centuries ago from among men—the word, in its turn, has passed away from the walls of the church—the church itself will soon, perhaps, pass away from the face of the earth.

It is upon the text of that word that this book has been written.

NOTRE-DAME.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

THE GREAT HALL.

Exactly three hundred and forty-eight years, six months and nineteen days have passed away since the Parisians were awakened by the noise of all the bells within the triple walls of the city, the university, and the town, ringing a full peal. Yet the 6th of January, 1482, was not a day of which history has preserved any record. There was nothing remarkable in the event which thus put in agitation so early in the morning the bells and the good people of Paris. It was neither an assault of Picards or of Burgundians; nor a shrine carried in procession; nor a revolt of scholars in the *vigne de Laas*, nor an entry of their most dread lord the king:

nor a grand hanging up of thieves, male and female, at the Justice de Paris. Neither was it the sudden arrival, so frequent in the fifteenth century, of some ambassador and his train, all covered with lace and plumes. Scarcely two days had elapsed since the last cavalcade of this sort, that of the Flemish envoys commissioned to conclude the marriage treaty between the Dauphin and Margaret of Flanders, had made its entry into Paris, to the great annoyance of Monsieur le Cardinal de Bourbon, who, to please the king, had been obliged to give a gracious reception to that rude train of Flemish burgomasters, and entertain them at his Hôtel de Bourbon, with one of the rude dramatic exhibitions of the time, while a beating rain drenched the magnificent tapestry at his door.

But on the 6th of January, that which set in motion the whole *populaire* of Paris, as old Jean de Troyes phrases it, was the double holiday, united since time immemorial, of the *jour des rois*, or festival of the kings, and the *fête des fous*, or festival of fools.

On that day, then, the last of the Christmas holidays, in 1482, a bonfire was to be made in the Place de Grève, a maypole planted at the Chapelle de Braque, and a mystery performed at the Palais de Justice. Proclamation to that effect had been made the day before, by sound of trumpet,

at the crossings of the streets, by the provost's men, dressed in fine hacqueton, or sleeveless frocks, of violet colored camlet, with large white crosses on the breast.

The crowd of people accordingly took their way in the morning from all quarters of the town, leaving their houses and shops shut up, toward one of the three places appointed. Each one had made his choice, for the bonfire, the maypole, or the mystery. It must be said, however, to the praise of the ancient good sense of the Parisian cockneys, that the greater part of the multitude directed their steps toward the bonfire, which was perfectly seasonable, or toward the mystery, which was to be performed in the Grande Salle, or great hall of the Palais de Justice, well roofed and windowed; judiciously leaving the poor ill-dressed maypole to shiver all alone, under a January sky, in the cemetery of the Chapelle de Braque.

The people flocked chiefly into the approaches of the Palais de Justice, because it was known that the Flemish ambassadors, who had arrived the day but one before, intended to be present at the performance of the mystery and the election of the Fools' Pope, which was likewise to take place in the Grande Salle.

It was no easy matter, on the day with which our narrative opens, for a person to make his way into that great hall, although it was then reputed to be the largest single

apartment in the world—whence its popular designation as La Grande Salle, the great hall *par excellence.* It is true that Sauval had not yet measured the great hall of the castle of Montargis. The open space in front of the Palais, thronged with people, presented to the gazers from the windows the appearance of a sea, into which five or six streets, like the mouths of so many rivers, were every moment discharging fresh floods of human heads. The waves of this multitude, incessantly swelling, broke against the angles of the houses, which projected here and there like so many promontories, into the irregularly-shaped basin of the Place. In the center of the high Gothic front of the Palais, the great steps, incessantly ascended and descended by a double stream, which, after being broken by the intermediate *perron* or staircase leading from the basement story, spread in broad waves over its two lateral declivities—the great steps, we say, poured their stream incessantly into the Place, like a cascade into a lake. The shouts, the peals of laughter, the clattering of those thousands of feet, made all together a great noise and clamor. From time to time this noise and clamor were redoubled ; the stream which carried all the multitude toward the steps of entrance was checked, disturbed, and thrown into an eddy. This was occasioned by the thrust of some archer, or the horse of some

one of the provost's sergeants, prancing about to restore order, which admirable expedient the *prevôté* has handed down to the *connétablie*, the *connétablie* to the *maréchaussée*, and the *maréchaussée* to our gendarmerie of Paris.

At the doors, at the casements and small round attic windows, and on the roofs, swarmed thousands of goodly bourgeois faces, looking calmly and soberly at the Palais or at the crowd, and exhibiting a most perfect satisfaction ; for many of the good people of Paris are quite content with the spectacle of the spectators—nay, even a wall behind which something is going on is to them an object of no small interest.

If it could be given to us to mingle, in imagination, among those Parisians of the fifteenth century, and to enter along with them, all thrust about, squeezed, and elbowed by the crowd, into that immense hall of the Palais, which was found so small on the 6th of January, 1842, the spectacle would have both interest and attraction for us, for we should find around us the most striking kind of novelty, that of great antiquity brought suddenly before the eye.

With the reader's permission we will endeavor to retrace, in idea, the impression which he would have received in crossing with us the threshold of that great hall, amidst that motley throng in surcoat, hacqueton, and cotte-hardie.

And first of all our ears are filled with the buzzing of the multitude, and our eyes dazzled by the objects around us. Over our head is a double vault of Gothic groining, lined with carved wainscoting, painted azure, and sprinkled with golden fleurs-de-lis. Under our feet, a pavement of black and white marble in alternate squares. A few paces from us, an enormous pillar—then another—then another, making, in all, seven pillars in the length of the hall, supporting, in a central line, the internal extremities of the double vaulting. Around the four first pillars are little shops or stalls, all glittering with glass and trinkets; and around the three last are oaken benches, worn and polished by the breeches of the pleaders and the gowns of the procureurs. Around the hall, along the lofty walls, between the doors, between the windows, between the pillars, we behold the interminable range of the statues of all the Frech kings, from Pharamond downward; the *rois fainéans*, or do-nothing kings, with their eyes upon the ground and their arms hanging down; the valiant and battling kings, with their faces and hands boldly lifted up to heaven. Then, in the long pointed windows, glows painted glass of a thousand colors; at the large entrances of the hall are rich doors finely carved; and the whole—vaults, pillars, walls, cornices, and door-cases, wainscoting, doors, and statues—are

splendidly illuminated from top to bottom with blue and gold which, already a little tarnished at the period to which we have carried ourselves back, had almost entirely disappeared under dust and cobwebs in the year of grace 1549, in which the early Parisian antiquary, Du Breuil, still admired it by tradition.

Let the reader now imagine that immense oblong hall, made visible by the wan light of a January day, and entered by a motley and noisy crowd, pouring along by the walls and circling round the pillars; and he will at once have a general idea of the scene, of which we will endeavor to point out more precisely the curious particulars.

It is certain that if Ravaillac had not assassinated Henry IV., there would have been no documents relative to the trial of Ravaillac deposited in the registry of the Palais de Justice, no accomplices interested in causing the disappearance of the said documents, and therefore no incendiaries obliged, for want of any better expedient, to burn the registry for the sake of burning the documents, and to burn the Palais de Justice for the sake of burning the registry—in short, no fire of 1618. The whole Palais would have been still standing, with its old Grande Salle; we might have said to the reader: "You have only to go to Paris and see it;" and so neither we should have been under the necessity

of writing, nor he of reading, any description of it whatever. All which proves this very novel truth—that great events have incalculable consequences.

It is indeed very possible that Ravaillac's accomplices had nothing at all to do with the fire of 1618. We have two other very plausible explanations of it. The first is, the great fiery star, a foot broad and half a yard high, which, as every Parisian knows, fell from the sky right upon the Palais, on the 7th of March, just after midnight.

The other is, this noble quatrain of the old humorist Theophile :

"Certes, ce fut un triste jeu
Quand à Paris dame Justice,
Pour avoir mange trop d'epice,
Se mit tout le palais en feu."*

Whatever may be thought of this triple explanation, politicial, physical, and poetical, of the conflagration of the Palais de Justice in 1618; the fact of which unfortunately there is no doubt, is the conflagration itself. Owing to that catastrophe, and above all to the divers successive restorations which have made away with what it had spared, there now remains very little of that original residence of the kings of France, of that palace the elder

* This stanza is unfortunately not translatable. The sense depends on a play of words, the word epice signifying "spice" and also fees.—Trans.

sister of the Louvre, and so ancient even in the time of Philippe-le-Bel, that it was then sought to discover the traces of the magnificent buildings erected there by King Robert, and described by Helgaldus. Nearly all has disappeared. What has become of the chancery chamber? What of the garden in which St. Louis administered justice, "clad in a cotte of camlet, a surcoat of tiretaine without sleeves, and over it a mantel of black sendal, lying upon carpets with Joinville?" Where is the chamber of the Emperor Sigismund?—that of Charles IV.?—that of Jean-sans-Terre? Where is the staircase from which Charles VI. promulgated his edict of pardon?—the flag-stone on which Marcel, in the presence of the Dauphin, murdered Robert de Clermont and the Marshal de Champagne?—the wicket at which the bulls of the anti-pope Benedict were torn, and through which the bearers of them set out on their return coped and mitred in derision, and thus making the *amende honorable* through all Paris?—and the great hall itself, with its gildings, its azure, its pointed arches, its pillars, its immense vaults all variegated with carving?—and the gilded chamber?—and the stone lion which knelt at its door, with his head bowed down and his tail between his legs, like the lions of Solomon's throne, in the posture of humiliation appropriate to Strength in the presence of Justice?—and

the rich doors?—and the beautiful stained glass?—and the carved iron-work, the perfection of which discouraged Biscornette?—and the delicate cabinet-work of Du Hancey? "What has time, what has man done with all those wonders?" asks our author. "What has been given us in exchange for all this, for all that Gaulish history, for all that Gothic art? In art we have the heavy, lowering arches of M. de Brosse, the awkward architect of the Portail Saint-Gervais; and as for history, we have the gabbling reminiscences of the great pillar, still resounding with the prattle of the Patrus. Here is not much to boast of. Let us go back to the real Grand Salle of the real old Palais."

The two extremities of that vast parallelogram were occupied, the one by the famous marble table of a single piece, so long, so broad, and so thick that, say the old court-rolls in a style which might have given an appetite to Rabelais' Gargantua, "never was there such a slice of marble seen in the world,"—the other by the chapel in which the reigning king, Louis XI., had caused his own figure to be sculptured kneeling before the Virgin, and into which he had conveyed, regardless that he was leaving two niches empty in the file of the royal statues, those of Charlemagne and St. Louis, two saints whom, as kings of France, he supposed to be very influential in heaven. This chapel, which

PIERRE GRINGOIRE.

—Victor Hugo, Vol. I., p. 32.

was still quite new, having scarcely been built six years, was all in that charming taste of delicate architecture, miraculous sculpture, and bold and exquisite carving, which characterizes the close of the Gothic era, and which we find perpetuated through the first half of the sixteenth century in the fantastic fairy-work of the period of the revival. The little pierced *rosace* or rose-shaped window above the entrance of the chapel was, in particular, a masterpiece of grace and lightness; it had almost the airiness of lace. In the middle of the hall, opposite to the great door, an *estrade* or short projecting gallery, covered with gold brocade, fixed against the wall, and a private entrance to which has been contrived by means of a funnel window of the gilded chamber, had been erected for the Flemish envoys and the other personages invited to the performance of the mystery.

It was upon the marble table that, according to custom, this exhibition was to take place. It had been prepared for that purpose early in the morning; and the rich slab of marble, scrawled all over by the heels of the lawyers' clerks, supported a high wooden frame-work, the upper surface of which, visible from every part of the hall, was to form the stage, while its interior, hidden by drapery, was to serve the actors as a dressing-room. A ladder, placed with great simplicity, outside, established a communication between the

stage and the dressing-room, serving alike for entrance and for exit. No character ever so unexpected, no turn of events, no stroke of stage effect, but had to ascend this ladder. Innocent and venerable infancy of the art and of machinery!

Four sergeants of the bailiff of the Palais, the appointed guardians of all the popular pleasures, whether on holidays or on execution days, stood on duty at the four corners of the marble table.

The piece was not to commence until the twelfth stroke of noon from the great clock of the Palais. This was undoubtedly thought very late for a theatrical performance; but it had been necessary to consult the convenience of the ambassadors.

Now all this multitude had been waiting since the early morning. A good many of these worthy people, in the greatness of their curiosity, had stood shivering since daybreak before the great steps of the Palais; some even affirmed that they had lain all night against the great door, to be sure of getting in first. The crowd was growing denser every moment; and, like a body of water overflowing its borders, began to ascend the walls, to squeeze round the pillars, to inundate the architraves, the cornices, the window-cases, every architectural or scriptural projection. The general impatience and uncomfortableness, the freedom allowed by a licentious holiday, the quarrels incessantly

produced by the pressure of some sharp elbow or iron heel, and the wearisomeness of long expectation, infused, long before the hour at which the ambassadors were to arrive, a tone of sourness and bitterness into the clamors of this shut-up, squeezed, trodden and stifled multitude. Nothing was heard but complaints and imprecations against the Flemings—the *prevôt des marchands*—the Cardinal de Bourbon—the bailiff of the Palais—the Lady Marguerite d'Autriche—the sergeants of the wand—the cold—the heat—the bad weather—the Bishop of Paris—the fools' pope—the pillars—the statues—a door shut here—a window open there—all to the great amusement of the tribes of scholars from the University, and of lackeys from all quarters, scattered among the crowd, who mingled up with this mass of dissatisfaction all their mischievous tricks and jests, thus goading, as it were, the general ill-humor.

Amongst others, there was a group of these merry devils, who, after bursting out the glass of a window, had boldly seated themselves upon the entablature, and from thence cast their looks and their railleries by turns within and without the hall, upon the internal and the external crowd. By their mimic gestures, their peals of laughter, and the jocoseness with which they exchanged calls with their comrades the whole length of the hall, it was evident enough that those young

clerks did not share the weariness and exhaustion of the rest of the assemblage, and that they very well knew how, for their own particular enjoyment, to extract from what was already under their eyes an entertainment which enabled them to wait patiently for the other.

"Upon my soul, it's you, Joannes Frollo de Molendino," shouted one of them to a little light-complexioned fellow, with a pretty, roguish face, clinging to the foliage of one of the capitals; "rightly are you called John of the Mill, for your arms and legs look very much like the sails. How long have you been here?"

"By the devil's mercy," answered Jehan Frollo, commonly called *Du Moulin*, or of the Mill, "above four hours; and I'm in good hopes that they'll be deducted from my time in purgatory. I heard the King of Sicily's eight chanters strike up the first verse of the high mass of seven hours, in the Sainte Chapelle."

"Fine chanters, truly," returned the other, "with voices still sharper than the points of their caps. Before founding a mass in honor of St. John, it would have been as well if the king had inquired whether St. John be fond of hearing Latin droned out with a Provençal accent."

"It was all for the sake of employing those cursed chanters of the King of Sicily that he did it," screamed an old woman in the crowd beneath the window. "What

think you of a thousand livres parisis for a mass, and charged, too, upon the farm of the salt-water fish of the fish-market of Paris!"

"Peace, old woman!" replied a portly personage, who was stopping his nose at the side of the fish-seller; it was quite necessary to found a mass. Would you have had the king fall sick again?"

"Bravely spoken, Sir Gilles *Lecornu*, master furrier to the king's wardrobe!" cried the little scholar clinging to the capital.

A burst of laughter from the whole tribe of the scholars greeted the unlucky name of the poor furrier to the king's wardrobe.

"Lecornu! Gilles Lecornu!" said some.

"*Cornutus et hirsutus*," answered another.

"Oh, to be sure," continued the little imp at the top of the pillar; "what have they to laugh at? Is not worthy Gilles Lecornu brother to Maître Jehan Lecornu, provost of the king's household, son of Maître Mahiet Lecornu, first porter of the Bois de Vincennes—all citizens of Paris—all married, from father to son?"

This grave appeal redoubled their gayety. The fat furrier, without answering a word, strove to escape the looks fixed upon him from all sides; but he exerted himself in vain, for all his efforts served only to wedge more solidly between the shoulders of his neighbors his great apoplectic face,

purple with anger and vexation.

One of these neighbors, however, fat, short and reverend looking, like himself, at length raised his voice on his behalf.

"Abominable!" he exclaimed, "that scholars should talk thus to a townsman. In my time they would have been first beaten with a fagot and then burned with it."

At this the whole tribe burst out afresh.

"Hollo! who sings that stave! who's that ill-boding screech-owl?"

"Oh! I see who it is," said one; "it's Maître Andry Musnier."

"Because he's one of the four sworn booksellers to the University," said the other.

"All goes by fours in that shop," cried a third; "there are four nations, the four faculties, the four attorneys, and the four booksellers."

"Well, then," resumed Jehan Frollo, "we must play four hundred devils with them all."

"Musnier, we'll burn thy books."

"Musnier, we'll beat thy lackey."

"Musnier, we'll kiss thy wife——"

"The good fat Mademoiselle Oudarde——"

"Who's as fresh and buxom as if she were a widow."

"The devil take you!" muttered Maître Andry Musnier.

"Maître Andry," said Jehan, still hang-

ing by the capital, "hold your tongue, or I'll drop upon your head."

Maître Andry looked up, seemed to calculate for a moment the height of the pillar and the weight of the young rogue, multiplied in his mind that height by the square of the velocity, and was silent.

Jehan, being thus master of the field, continued triumphantly—

"Yes, I would do it, though I am brother to an arch deacon."

"Fine fellows, in truth, are our gentlemen of the University, not even to have taken care that our privileges were respected on a day like this: for here are a maypole and a bonfire in the Town; a mystery, a fools' pope, and Flemish ambassadors, in the City; and in the University, nothing at all!"

"And yet the Place Maubert is large enough," observed one of the young clerks posted in the recess of the window.

"Down with the rector, the electors, and the attorneys!" cried Joannes.

"We must make a bonfire to-night in the Champ-Gaillard," continued the other, "with Maître Andry's books."

"And the desks of the scribes," said his neighbor.

"And the wands of the beadles."

"And the spitting-boxes of the deans."

"And the buffets of the attorneys."

"And the tubs of the electors."

"And the rector's stools."

"Down, then," said little Jehan, winding up the stave, "down with Maître Andry, the beadles, and the scribes—the theologians, the physicians, and the decretists—the attorneys, the electors, and the rector!"

"Ah! then the world is at end," muttered Maître Andry, stopping his ears.

"Apropos! the rector himself! here he comes through the Place!" cried one of those in the window-case.

They all now strove to turn themselves toward the Place.

"Is it really our venerable rector, Maître Thibaut?" asked Jehan Frollo du Moulin, who, as he was clinging to one of the internal pillars, could not see what was passing outside.

"Yes, yes," answered all the rest, "it is he—he himself—Maître Thibaut, the rector."

It was, in fact, the rector and all the dignitaries going in procession to meet the ambassadors, and crossing at that moment the Place of the Palais. The scholars, all crowded together at the window, greeted them as they passed by with sarcasms and ironical plaudits. The rector, marching at the head of his band, received the first broadside, and it was a rough one.

"Good-day, monsieur le recteur! Hollo! good-day to you!"

"How has the old gambler contrived to be here? has he really quitted his dice?"

"How he goes trotting along on his mule—its ears are not so long as his."

"Hollo! good-day to you, monsieur le recteur Thibaut! *Tybalde aleator!*—Ah! you old noodle! you old gamester!"

"God preserve you! did you often throw twelve last night?"

"Oh! what a scarecrow countenance; all blue and battered through his love of dice and gaming."

"Where are you going to now, Thibaut, *Tybalde aa dados*—turning your back on the University and trotting toward the town?"

"No doubt he's going to seek a lodging in the Rue Thibautodé," cried Jehan du Moulin.

The whole gang repeated the pun with a voice of thunder and a furious clapping of hands.

"You are going to seek lodgings in the Rue Thibautodé, aren't you, monsieur le recteur, the devil's own gamester?"

Then came the turn of the other dignitaries.

"Down with the beadles! down with the mace-bearers!"

"Tell me, Robin Poussepain, who's that man there?"

"It's Gilbert de Suilly, *Gilbertus de Soliaco,* chancellor of the college of Autun."

"Here, take my shoe—you're better placed than I am—throw it in his face."

"*Saturnalitias, mittimus ecce nuces.*"

"Down with the six theologians with their white surplices!"

"Are those the theologians? I thought they were the six white geese that Ste. Geneviève gave to the Town for the fief of Roogny."

"Down with the physicians!"

"Down with the disputations, cardinal, and quadlibetary!"

"Here goes my cap at yon chancellor of Saint Geneviève—I owe him a grudge."

"True—and he gave my place in the nation of Normandy to little Ascanio Falzaspada, belonging to the province of Bourges, because he's an Italian."

"It's an injustice!" exclaimed all the scholars.

"Ho, there! Maître Joachim de Ladehors! Ho! Louis Dalmille! Ho! Lambert Hoctement!"

"The devil smother the attorney of the nation of Germany!"

"And the chaplains of the Sainte Chapelle, with their gray amices, *cum tunicis grisis?*"

"*Seu de pellibus grisis fourratis.*"

"Hollo! the masters of arts! All the fine black copes; all the fine red copes!"

"That makes the rector a fine tail!"

"It might be a doge of Venice going to marry the sea."

"Now, again, Jehan! the canons of St. Geneviève!"

"The devil take all the canons together!"

"Abbé Claude Choart! Doctor Claude Choart, are you seeking Marie-la-Giffarde?"

"She's in the Rue de Glatigny."

"She's making the bed for the king of the ribalds."

"She's paying her four deniers, *quatuor denarios*."

"*Aut unum bombum.*"

"Would you have her pay you in the nose?"

"Comrades, there goes Maître Simon Sanguin, elector of Picardy, with his wife mounted behind him."

"*Post equitem sedet atra cura.*"

"Courage, Maître Simon!"

"Good-day to you, monsieur l'électeur."

"Good-night, madame l'électrice."

"Now, aren't they happy, to be seeing all that?" said Joannes de Molendino, with a sigh, from his perch on the capital.

Meanwhile the sworn bookseller to the University, Maître Andry Musnier, whispered in the ear of the king's furrier, Maître Gilles Lecornu:

"I tell you, monsieur, the world's at an end. Never were there seen such breakings-out of the scholars! It's the accursed inventions of the age that are ruining everything—the artillery—the serpentines

—the bombards—and, above all, the printing-press, that German pest! No more manuscripts—no more books! Printing puts an end to bookselling—the end of the world is coming!"

"I see it is, by velvet's coming so much into fashion," sighed the furrier.

At that moment it struck twelve.

"Ha!" exclaimed the whole crowd, with one voice of satisfaction.

The scholars held their peace.

Then there was a great shuffling about, a great movement of feet and heads, a general detonation of coughing and blowing of noses, each one striving to place himself to the best advantage for the spectacle. Then there was a deep silence, every neck remaining outstretched, every mouth opened, every eye turned toward the marble table—but nothing appeared. The bailiff's four sergeants still kept their posts, as stiff and motionless as if they had been four painted statues. All eyes then turned toward the gallery reserved for the Flemish envoys. The door remained shut, and the gallery empty. The multitude had been waiting since the early morning for three things, that is to say, for the hour of noon, for the French embassy, and for the mystery; but only the first of the three had kept its time.

This was rather too bad.

They waited one—two—three—five minutes—a quarter of an hour—but nothing

came. The estrade remained solitary; the stage, mute. Meanwhile impatience was succeeded by displeasure. Angry words circulated about, though as yet only in whispers. "The mystery! the mystery!" was uttered in an undertone. The heads of the multitude began to ferment. A storm, which as yet only growled, was agitating the surface of the human sea. It was our friend Jehan du Moulin that elicited the first explosion.

"The mystery! and the devil take the Flemings!" cried he, with the whole force of his lungs, twisting himself, like a serpent, about his pillar.

The multitude clapped their hands. "The mystery!" they all shouted, "and let Flanders go to all the devils!"

"We must have the mystery!" immediately resumed the scholar; "else, for my part, I would have us hang up the bailiff of the Palais by way of play and morality."

"Well said!" exclaimed the people, "and let us begin the hanging with his sergeants?"

A great acclamation followed. The four poor devils of sergeants began to turn pale and look anxiously at each other. The multitude pressed toward them, and they already saw the slight wooden balustrade which separated them from the crowd bending inwards under the pressure.

The moment was critical.

"Bag them! bag them!" was shouted from all sides.

At that instant the hangings of the dressing-room which we have described above were lifted up to make way for the advance of a personage, the first sight of whom sufficed to stop the eager multitude, and changed their anger into curiosity as if by enchantment.

"Silence! silence!" was now the cry.

This personage, but little reassured, and trembling in every limb, came forward to the edge of the marble table, making a profusion of bows, which, the nearer he approached, approximated more and more to genuflexions.

Tranquillity, however, was almost restored. Only that slight murmur was heard which is always exhaled from the silence of a great crowd.

"Messieurs les bourgeois," said he, "and mesdemoiselles les bourgeoises; we shall have the honor of declaiming and performing before his eminence monsieur le cardinal, a very fine morality, entitled The Good Award of our Lady the Virgin Mary. I play Jupiter. His eminence is at this moment accompanying the most honorable embassy from monsieur the Duke of Austria, which is just now detained by hearing the harangue of monsieur the rector of the University, at the Bandets gate. As soon as the most eminent cardinal is arrived, we shall begin."

It is certain that nothing less than the intervention of Jupiter was necessary to save the four unhappy sergeants of the bailiff of the Palais. If we had had the happiness of inventing this very true and veritable history, and had consequently been responsible for it before Our Lady of Criticism, it is not in this place, at all events, that we should have incurred any citation against us of the classical precept, *nec Deus intersit*, etc. Besides, the costume of Seigneur Jupiter was a very fine one, and had contributed not a little to calm the irritated assemblage by attracting all their attention. Jupiter was clad in a brigandine covered with black velvet and gilt nails; his head-dress was a bicoquet decorated with silver-gilt buttons; and but for the rouge and the great beard which covered each one-half of his face—but for the scroll of gilt pasteboard strewed with passequilles and stuck all over with shreds of tinsel, which he carried in his hand, and in which experienced eyes easily recognized his thunderbolts—and but for his flesh-colored feet, sandal-bound with ribbons *à la Grecque*—he might have borne a comparison, for the severity of his aspect, with a Breton archer of that day, of Monsieur de Berry's corps.

CHAPTER II.

PIERRE GRINGOIRE.

However, while Jupiter was delivering his speech, the satisfaction, the admiration unanimously excited by his costume, were dissipated by his words; and when he arrived at that unlucky conclusion, "as soon as the most eminent cardinal is arrived, we shall begin," his voice was lost in a thunder of hooting.

"Begin directly! The mystery! the mystery directly!" cried the people. And above all the other voices was heard that of Joannes de Molendino, piercing through the general uproar, like the sound of the fife in a charivari at Nimes. Begin directly!" squeaked the scholar.

"Down with Jupiter and the Cardinal de Bourbon!" vociferated Robin Poussepain and the other young clerks nestling in the window.

"The morality directly!" repeated the crowd immediately; "begin! begin! The sack and the rope for the players and the cardinal!"

Poor Jupiter, all haggard, aghast, pale under his rouge, let fall his thunderbolts, took his bicoquet in his hand; then, bowing and trembling, he stammered out: "His eminence . . . . the ambassadors . . . . the Lady Margaret of

Flanders . . . ."—he knew not what to say. But the fact was, he was afraid he should be hanged—hanged by the populace for waiting, or hanged by the cardinal for not having waited—on either hand he beheld an abyss.

Happily, some one came forward to extricate him and take the responsibility on himself.

An individual who stood within the balustrade, in the space which it left clear around the marble table, and whom no one had yet perceived, so completely was his long and slender person sheltered from every visual ray by the diameter of the pillar against which he had set his back—this individual, we say, tall, thin, pale, light complexioned—still young, though wrinkles were already visible in his forehead and his cheeks—with sparkling eyes and a smiling mouth—clad in a garment of black serge, threadbare with age—approached the marble table, and made a sign to the poor sufferer; but the other, in his perturbation, did not observe it.

The new-comer advanced another step forward.

"Jupiter," said he, "my dear Jupiter!"

The other did not hear him.

At last the tall, fair man, losing all patience, shouted in his ear, "Michel Giborne!"

"Who calls me?" said Jupiter, as if starting from a trance.

"I do," answered the other personage.

"Ah!" exclaimed Jupiter.

"Begin directly," returned the other, "satisfy the people, and I take upon myself to appease monsieur the bailiff, who will appease monsieur the cardinal.

Jupiter now took breath. "Messeigneurs les bourgeois," cried he, at the utmost stretch of his lungs, to the multitude who continued to hoot him, "we are going to begin directly."

"*Evoe! Jupiter! plaudite, cives!*" cried the scholars.

"Noël! Noël!" cried the people; that cry being the burden of a canticle sung in the churches at Christmas, in honor of the Nativity, whence, apparently, it was adopted by the populace as a general mark of approbation and jubilation as long as the season lasted.

Then followed a deafening clapping of hands, and the hall still shook with acclamations when Jupiter had withdrawn behind his tapestry.

Meanwhile, the unknown, who had so magically changed the tempest into a calm, had modestly retired under the penumbra of his pillar, and would no doubt have remained there, invisible, and motionless, and mute as before, if he had not been drawn from it by two young women, who, being in the first line of the spectators, had remarked his colloquy with Michel Giborne Jupiter.

"Maître," said one of them, beckoning to him to approach.

"Hush! my dear Liénarde," said her fair neighbor, pretty, blooming, and quite courageous by virtue of her holiday attire—"it is not a clerk, it is a layman. You should not say *Maître*, but *Messire*."

"Messire!" then said Liénarde.

The unknown approached the balustrade.

"What is your pleasure with me, mesdemoiselles?" asked he, with an air of complaisance.

"Oh, nothing," said Liénarde, all confused. "It's my neighbor here, Gisquette-la-Gencienne, that wants to speak to you."

"No, no," rejoined Gisquette, blushing; "it was Liénarde that said '*Maître*' to you—I only taught her that she ought to say, *Messire*."

The two girls cast down their eyes. The gentleman, who felt quite disposed to enter into conversation with them, looked at them, smiling "You have nothing to say to me, then, mesdemoiselles?"

"Oh no, nothing at all," answered Gisquette.

"No, nothing," said Liénarde.

The tall, fair young man now made a step to retire; but the two curious damsels were not inclined to let him go so soon.

"Messire," said Gisquette, with the impetuosity of water escaping through a sluice, or a woman taking a resolution, "then you're acquainted with that soldier

that's going to play Our Lady the Virgin in the mystery?"

"You mean the part of Jupiter," returned the unknown.

"Oh, dear, yes," said Liénarde: "is she stupid? You're acquainted with Jupiter, then?"

"With Michel Giborne," answered the unknown, "yes, madam."

"He has a fierce-looking beard," answered Liénarde.

"Will it be very fine, what they are all going to say?" asked Gisquette, timidly.

"Very fine, indeed, mademoiselle," answered the informant without the least hesitation.

"What will it be?" said Liénarde.

"The Good Award of Our Lady the Virgin—a morality, if it please you, mademoiselle."

"Ah! that's different," returned Liénarde.

A short silence followed, which was broken by the stranger. "It is a morality entirely new," said he, "which has never yet been played."

"Then it's not the same," said Gisquette, "as what was played two years ago on the day of the entry of monsieur the legate, and in which three beautiful girls performed——"

"As sirens," interrupted Liénarde.

"And quite naked," added the young man.

Liénarde modestly cast down her eyes. Gisquette looked at her, and did likewise. The other continued, smiling, "It was a very pretty thing to see. But to-day it is a morality made on purpose for the Lady of Flanders."

"Will they sing bergerettes?" asked Gisquette.

"Oh, fie!" said the unknown. "What! in a morality! We must not confound one kind of pieces with another. In a *sottie*, indeed, it would be quite right."

"That's a pity," rejoined Gisquette. "That day there were, at the fountain du Ponceau, savage men and women fighting, and making different motions, singing little motets and bergerettes all the while."

"That which is suitable for a legate," said the stranger, very dryly, "is not suitable for a princess."

"And near them," continued Liénarde, "was playing a number of bass instruments, that gave out wonderful melodies."

"And to refresh the passengers," resumed Gisquette, "the fountain threw out by three mouths, wine, milk, and hyppocrass, and everybody drank that liked."

"And a little below the Ponceau fountain," continued Liénarde, "at the Trinity fountain, there was a Passion performed without any speaking."

"Oh, yes, don't I remember it!" exclaimed Gisquette: "God on the cross,

and the two thieves on each side of Him!"

Here the young gossips, getting warm in the recollection of the legate's entry, began to talk both at once.

"And further on, at the Porte-aux-Peintres, there were other characters very richly dressed——"

"And do you remember, at St. Innocent's fountain, that huntsman following a hind, with a great noise of dogs and hunting-trumpets?"

"And then at the Bouchere de Paris, those scaffolds that presented the Bastile of Dieppe——"

"And when the legate was going by, you know, Gisquette, that gave the assault, and the English all had their throats cut——"

"And what fine characters there were against the Châtelet gate!"

"And on the Pont-au-Change, which was all covered over with carpeting from one end to the other."

"And when the legate went over it, they let fly from the bridge above two hundred dozen of all kinds of birds. Wasn't that a fine sight, Liénarde?"

"There will be a finer to-day," at length interrupted their interlocutor, who seemed to listen to them with impatience.

"You promise us that this mystery shall be a fine one," said Gisquette.

"Assuredly," returned he. And then he added with peculiar emphasis, "Mes-

demoiselles, 'tis *I* who am the author of it."

"Really!" said the young woman, all amazed.

"Yes, really," answered the poet, bridling up a little—"that is to say, there are two of us — Jehan Marchand, who has sawn the planks and put together the woodwork of the theatre; and myself, who have written the piece. My name is *Pierre Gringoire.*

The author of the Cid himself could not have said with a loftier air, "My name is Pierre Corneille."

Our readers may have observed that some time must already have elapsed since the moment at which Jupiter retired behind the drapery, and that at which the author of the new morality revealed himself thus abruptly to the simple admiration of Gisquette and Liénarde. It is worthy of remark that all that multitude, who a few minutes before had been so tumultuous, now waited quietly on the faith of the player's promise—an evidence of this everlasting truth, still daily experienced in our theatres—that the best means of making the audience wait patiently is, to assure them that the performance will commence immediately.

However, the scholar Joannes was not asleep. "Hollo!" shouted he suddenly, amidst the peaceful expectation which had succeeded the disturbance. "Jupiter!

madame the Virgin! you rowers of the devil's boat! are you joking to one another? The piece! the piece! Begin! or we'll begin again!"

This was enough. A music of high and low-keyed instruments now struck up in the apartment underneath the stage; the hangings were lifted up; and four characters in motley attire, with painted faces, came out, clambered up the steep ladder already mentioned, arrived safe upon the upper platform, and drew up in line before the audience, whom they saluted with a profound obeisance, whereupon the symphony was silent, for the mystery was now really commencing.

The four characters, after receiving abundant payment for their obeisances in the plaudits of the multitude, commenced, amidst a profound silence, the delivery of a prologue, which we willingly spare the reader. However, as still happens in our own time, the audience paid more attention to the dresses they wore than to the parts they were enacting—and in truth they did right. They were all four dressed in gowns half yellow and half white, differing from each other only in the nature of the material; the first being of gold and silver brocade, the second of silk, and the third of wool, and the fourth of linen. The first character carried in the right hand a sword; the second, two golden keys; the third, a pair of scales, and the fourth a

spade: and in order to assist such indolent understanding as might not have seen clearly through the transparency of these attributes, there might be read in large black letters worked at the bottom of the brocade dress, JE M'APPELLE NOBLESSE (my name is Nobility); at the bottom of the silk dress, JE M'APPELLE CLERGÉ (my name is Clergy); at the bottom of the woolen dress, JE M'APPELLE MARCHANDISE (my name is Trade); and at the bottom of the linen garment, JE M'APPELLE LABOR (my name is Tillage). The sex of the two male characters, Clergé and Labor, was clearly indicated to every judicious spectator by the comparative shortness of their garments and the *cramignole* which they wore upon their heads; while the two female ones, besides that their robes were of ampler length, were distinguishable by their hoods.

It would also have argued great perverseness, not to have discovered through the poetic drapery of the prologue, that Labor was married to Merchandise, and Clergé to Noblesse, and that these two happy couples possessed in common a magnificent golden dolphin which they intended to adjudge only to the most beautiful damsel. Accordingly, they were going all over the world in search of this beauty; and after successfully rejecting the Queen of Golconda, the Princess of Trebizond,

the daughter of the Cham of Tartary, etc., etc., Labor and Clergé, Noblesse and Marchandise, were come to rest themselves upon the marble table of the Palais de Justice, and deliver at the same time to the worthy auditory as many moral sentences and maxims as might in that day be expended upon the members of the faculty of arts, at the examinations, sophisms, determinances, figures, and acts, at which the masters took their degrees.

All this was in truth very fine.

Meanwhile, in all that assemblage upon which the four allegorical personages seemed to be striving which could pour out the most copious floods of metaphor, no ear was so attentive, no heart so palpitating, no eye so eager, no neck so outstretched, as were the eye, ear, neck, and heart of the author, the poet, the brave Pierre Gringoire, who a moment before had been unable to forego the satisfaction of telling his name to two pretty girls.

He had returned to the distance of a few paces from them, behind his pillar; and there it was that he listened, looked, and enjoyed. The benevolent plaudits which had greeted the opening of his prologue, were still resounding in his breast; and he was completely absorbed in that species of ecstatic contemplation with which a dramatic author marks his ideas dropping one by one from the lips of the actor, amid

the silence of a crowded auditory. Happy Pierre Gringoire!

It pains us to relate it—but this first ecstasy was very soon disturbed. Scarcely had the lips of Gringoire approached this intoxicating cup of joy and triumph, before a drop of bitterness was cruelly mingled in it.

A tattered mendicant who, lost as he was among the crowd, could receive no contributions, and who, we may suppose, had not found sufficient indemnity in the pockets of his neighbors, had bethought himself of finding some conspicuous perch from which to attract the attention and the alms of the good people. Accordingly, while the first lines of the prologue were delivering, he had hoisted himself up by means of the pillars that supported the reserve estrade, to the cornice which ran along the bottom of its balustrade; and there he had seated himself, soliciting the attention and the pity of the multitude by the display of his rags, and of a hideous sore that covered his right arm. However, he did not utter a word.

The silence which he kept allowed the prologue to proceed without any distraction; and no sensible disorder would have occurred but that, as ill luck would have it, the scholar Joannes espied, from his own perch upon one of the great pillars, the beggar and his grimaces. The young wag was seized with an immoderate fit of

laughter; and, regardless of the interruption to the performance, and the disturbance to the general attention, he cried out in a tone of gayety, "Look at that sham leper there asking alms!"

Any one that has ever thrown a stone into a pond full of frogs, or fired a gun among a flock of birds, may form an idea of the effect produced by these unseasonable words dropped in the midst of the universal attention fixed upon the heroes of the mystery. Gringoire started as if he had felt an electric shock. The prologue was cut short; and all heads were turned tumultuously toward the mendicant; who, far from being disconcerted, found in this incident a good opportunity of making a harvest, and began to cry out with a doleful look, half shutting his eyes, "Charity! if you please."

"Why, on my soul," cried Joannes, "it's Clopin Troillefou. Hollo! friend—so thy sore wasn't comfortable on thy leg, that thou'st put it on thy arm."

So saying he threw, with the dexterity of a monkey, a small white coin into the old greasy hat which the beggar held out with his diseased limb. The beggar received without flinching both the alms and the sarcasm, and continued in a piteous tone, "Charity! if you please."

This episode had considerably distracted the auditory; and a good many of the spectators, with Robin Poussepain and all

the clerks at their head, merrily applauded this whimsical duet which had been struck up thus unexpectedly in the middle of the prologue, between the scholar with his shrill clamorous voice, and the beggar with his imperturbable drone.

Gringoire was grievously dissatisfied. Having recovered from his first stupefaction, he was tearing his lungs with crying out to the four characters on the stage, "Go on!—what the devil!—go on;" without even deigning to cast a look of disdain upon the two interrupters.

At that moment he felt some one pulling at the skirt of his coat; he turned round, not without some little ill-humor, and had much ado to smile. Nevertheless he found it necessary to do so, for it was the pretty arm of Gisquette-la-Gencienne, which, extended through the balustrade, thus solicited his attention.

"Monsieur," said the girl, "will they go on?"

"To be sure," answered Gringoire, much shocked at the question.

"Oh, then, messire," she resumed, "would you just have the courtesy to explain to me——"

"What they are going to say?" interrupted Gringoire. "Well—listen."

"No," said Gisquette, "but what they have said already."

Gringoire started as if touched to the quick. "A plague on the little stupid wit-

less wench!" muttered he, and from that moment Gisquette was utterly ruined in his estimation.

Meanwhile the actors had obeyed his injunction; and the audience, observing that they were once more trying to make themselves heard, had again set themselves to listen—not, however, without the loss of many a poetic beauty, in the sort of soldering that had been made of the two parts of the piece which had been so abruptly cut short. Gringoire whispered to himself this bitter reflection. However, tranquillity had been gradually restored; the scholar held his tongue, the beggar was counting some coin in his hat, and the piece had resumed its ascendency.

It was really a very fine composition, and we really think it might be turned to some account, even now, by means of a few modifications. The exposition, rather long indeed, and rather dry, was simple; and Gringoire, in the candid sanctuary of his own judgment, admired its clearness. As may well be supposed, the four allegorical personages were a little fatigued with traveling over the three known quarters of the world without finding an opportunity of suitably disposing of their golden dolphin. Hence a long eulogy upon the marvelous fish, with numberless delicate allusions to the young prince betrothed to Margaret of Flanders—which young prince was at that time in very dismal

seclusion at Amboise, without the slightest suspicion that Labor and Clergé, Noblesse and Marchandise, had just been making the tour of the world on his account. The dolphin aforesaid, then, was young, was handsome, was vigorous, and above all (magnificent origin of all the royal virtues!) was son of the lion of France. "Now, I declare," says our author, "that this bold metaphor is admirable, and that dramatic natural history, on a day of allegory and of a royal epithalamium, finds nothing at all shocking in a dolphin the son of a lion. On the contrary, it is precisely those rare and pindaric mixtures that prove the poet's enthusiasm. However, to have disarmed criticism altogether, the poet might have developed this fine idea in less than two hundred lines. It is true that the mystery was to last, according to the order of monsieur the provost, from noon till four o'clock, and that it was necessary to say something. Besides, it was very patiently listened to.

All at once, just in the middle of a fine quarrel between Mademoiselle Marchandise and Madame Noblesse, at the moment when Maître Labor was pronouncing this wondrous line,

Beast more triumphant ne'er in woods I've seen,

the door of the reserved gallery, which had until then been so unseasonably shut, opened more unseasonably still, and the stentorian voice of the *huissier*, door-

keeper or usher, abruptly announced, "Son Eminence Monseigneur le Cardinal de Bourbon!"

CHAPTER III.

THE CARDINAL.

Poor Gringoire! The noise of all the great double petards let off on St. John's day—the discharge of a score of cracking arquebusses — the report of that famous serpentine of the Tour de Billy, which, at the time of the siege of Paris, on Sunday, the 29th of September, 1465, killed seven Burgundians at a shot—the explosion of all the gunpowder stored up at the Temple gate—would have split his ears less violently at that solemn and dramatic moment, than those few words from the lips of an usher, "His Eminence Monseigneur le Cardinal de Bourbon."

Not that Pierre Gringoire either feared the cardinal or despised him; he was neither weak enough to do the one, nor self-sufficient enough to do the other. A true eclectic, as he would nowadays be called, Gringoire was one of those firm and elevated spirits, calm and temperate, who can preserve their composure under all circumstances—*stare in dimidio rerum*—and who are full of reason and of a liberal

philosophy even while making some account of cardinals. Invaluable and uninterrupted line of philosophers—to whom wisdom, like another Ariana, seems to have given a clew, which they have gone on unwinding from the beginning of the world through the labyrinth of human affairs. They are to be found in all times, and ever the same—that is to say, ever conforming themselves to the time. And not to mention our Pierre Gringoire, who would be their representative of the fifteenth century if we could succeed in obtaining for him the distinction which he deserves, it was certainly their spirit which animated Father du Breul in the sixteenth, when writing these words of sublime simplicity, worthy of any age: "I am a Parisian by my birth-place, and a *parrhisian* by my speech; for *parrhisia* in Greek signifies liberty of speech, which liberty I have used even to messeigneurs the cardinals, uncle and brother to monseigneur the Prince of Conti, albeit with respect for their greatness, and without offending any one of their train, and that is a great deal to say."

So there was neither hatred for the cardinal, nor contempt of his presence, in the disagreeable impression which it made upon Pierre Gringoire. On the contrary, our poet had too much good sense and too threadbare a frock not to attach a particular value to the circumstance, that many

an allusion in his prologue, and in particular the glorification of the dolphin, son of the lion of France, would fall upon the ear of an *éminentissime.* But interest is not the ruling motive in the noble nature of poets. Supposing the entity of a poet to be represented by the number ten, it is certain that a chemist, on analyzing and pharmacopœizing it, as Rabelais says, would find it to be composed of one part of self-interest with nine parts of self-esteem. Now, at the moment that the door opened for the entrance of his eminence, Gringoire's nine parts of self-esteem, inflated and expanded by the breath of popular admiration, were in a state of prodigious enlargement, quite overwhelming and smothering that imperceptible particle of self-interest which we just now discriminated in the constitution of poets—an invaluable ingredient, by-the-way, a ballast of reality and humanity, without which they would never touch the earth. It was enjoyment for Gringoire to see and feel that an entire assemblage (of poor creatures, it is true, but what then?) were stupefied, petrified, and asphyxiated by the immeasurable tirades which burst from every part of his epithalamium. We affirm that he himself shared the general beatitude; and that, quite the reverse of La Fontaine, who, at the performance of his play of "The Florentine," asked, "What poor wretch has

written that rhapsody?" Gringoire would willingly have asked the person nearest to him, "Whose masterpiece is this?" Hence it may be supposed what sort of effect was produced upon him by the sudden and untimely arrival of the cardinal.

All his fears were but too fully realized. His eminence's entrance threw the whole auditory into motion. All eyes were turned toward the estrade, and there was a general buzz: "The cardinal! the cardinal!" repeated every tongue. The unfortunate prologue was cut short a second time.

The cardinal stopped a moment upon the threshold of the gallery; and while casting his eyes with great indifference over the assemblage, the tumult redoubled. Everybody wanted to obtain a better view of him, each one stretching his neck over his neighbor's shoulder.

He was in truth an exalted personage, the sight of whom was worth almost any other spectacle. Charles, Cardinal de Bourbon, Archbishop and Count of Lyons, and Primate of Gaul, was allied both to Louis XI., through his brother Pierre, Seigneur of Beaujeu, who had espoused the king's eldest daughter, and at the same time to the Burgundian duke, Charles-le-Téméraire, through his mother Agnes of Burgundy. Now, the ruling, the characteristic, the distinctive feature in the character of the Primate of Gaul, was his courtier-like spirit and his devot-

edness to power. Hence, it may well be supposed in what numberless perplexities this double relationship had involved him, and among how many temporal shoals his spiritual bark must have tacked about, to have escaped foundering either upon Louis or upon Charles, the Charybdis and the Scylla which had swallowed up the Duke of Nemours and the Constable of Saint-Pol. However, Heaven be praised! he had got happily through his voyage, and had reached Rome without any cross accident. But although he was now in port—and indeed, precisely because he was in port—he never recollected, without a feeling of uneasiness, the various chances of his political life, which had so long been perilous and laborious. So, also, he used to say, that the year 1476 had been to him both a black and white year; meaning thereby that he had lost in that one year his mother, the Duchess of Bourbonnais, and his cousin, the Duke of Burgundy, and that one mourning had consoled him for the other.

However, he was a very worthy man; he led a joyous cardinal's life; was wont to make merry with wine of the royal vintage of Challuau; had no dislike to Richarde-la Gamoise and Thomasse-la-Saillarde; gave alms to pretty girls in preference to old women; and for all these reasons was in great favor with the good people of Paris. He always went sur-

rounded by a little court of bishops and abbots of high lineage, gallant, jovial, and fond of good eating; and more than once had the good devotees of Saint Germain d'Auxerre, in passing at night under the windows of the Hôtel de Bourbon, all blazing with light, been scandalized by hearing the same voices which had been singing vespers to them in the daytime, striking up, to the sound of glasses, the bacchanalian sentiment of Benedict XII., the pope who had added a third crown to to the tiara—*Bisbamus papaliter.*

No doubt it was this popularity, so justly acquired, which preserved him at his entrance from anything like ill reception on the part of the crowd, who a few moments before had been so dissatisfied, and so little disposed to pay respect to a cardinal, even on the day when they were going to elect a pope. But the Parisians bear little malice; and besides, by making the performance begin of their own authority, the good citizens had had the better of the cardinal, and this triumph satisfied them. Moreover, Monsieur le Cardinal de Bourbon was a handsome man —he had on a very handsome scarlet gown, which he wore in excellent style—which is as much as to say, that he had in his favor all the women, and, consequently, the better part of the audience. Certainly it would be both injustice and bad taste, to hoot a cardinal for being too late at the

play, when he is a handsome man, and wears handsomely his scarlet robe.

He entered, then; saluted the company with that hereditary smile which the great have always in readiness for the people; and stepped slowly towards the *fauteuil* or state chair of scarlet velvet placed for his reception; looking as if some other matter occupied his mind. His train—what a Frenchman might now call his staff—of bishops and abbots, issued after him upon the estrade, not without exciting redoubled tumult and curiosity among the spectators below. All were busied in pointing them out, or in telling their names, each one striving to show that he knew at least some one of them; some pointing to the Bishop of Marseilles (Alaudet, if we remember right); some to the *Primicier* of Dean of St. Denis; others to Robert de Lespinasse, Abbot of the great neighboring monastery of Saint-Germain-des-Près, the libertine brother of a mistress of Louis XI.—all their names being repeated with a thousand mistakes and mispronunciations. As for the scholars, they swore. It was their own day—their feast of fools—their saturnalia—the annual orgies of the *basoche* and the *école.* No turpitude but was a matter of right, to be held sacred that day. And then there were mad gossips among the growd—Simone Quatre-livres, Agnès-la-Gadine, Robine Piėdebou. Was it not the least that could

be expected, that they should swear at their ease, and profane God's name a little, on such a day as that, in such good company with churchmen and courtezans? And accordingly, they made no mincing of the matter; but amidst the uproarious applause a frightful din of blasphemies and enormities proceeded from all those tongues let loose, those tongues of clerks and scholars, tied up all the rest of the year by the fear of St. Louis's branding-iron. Poor St. Louis! how did they banter him in his own Palais de Justice! Each one of them had singled out among the newly-arrived company some one of the cassocks, black, gray, white, or violet. As for Joannes Frollo de Molendino, and his being brother to an arch-deacon, it was the red robe that he audaciously assailed, singing out as loud as he could bawl, and fixing his shameless eyes upon the cardinal, "*Cappa repleta mero!*"

All these particulars, which are thus clearly detailed for the reader's edification, were so completely drowned in the general hum of the multitude, that they were lost before they could reach the reserved gallery; though, indeed, the cardinal would have been little moved by them; so intimately did the license of the day belong to the manners of the age. He had something else to think of, which pre-occupation appeared in his countenance—another cause of solicitude, which

followed closely behind him and made its appearance in the gallery almost at the same time as himself. This was the Flemish embassy.

Not that he was a profound politician, or concerned himself about the possible consequences of the marriage of madame, his cousin, Margaret of Burgundy, with monsieur, his cousin, Charles, Dauphin of Vienne—nor how long the patched-up reconciliation between the Duke of Austria and the French King might endure—nor how the King of England would receive this slight toward his daughter. All that gave him little anxiety; and he did honor every night to the wine of the royal vineyard of Chaillot without ever suspecting that a few flasks of that same wine, revised and corrected a little by the physician Coictier, and cordially presented to Edward IV. by Louis XI., might possibly, some fine morning, rid Louis XI. of Edward IV. *La moult honorée ambassade de Monsieur le Duc d'Autriche* brought none of these cares to the Cardinal's mind, but annoyed him in another respect. It was, in truth, rather too bad, and we have already said a word or two about it in the first pages of this volume, that he should be obliged to give good reception and entertainment—he, Charles de Bourbon—to obscure burghers; he, a cardinal, to a pack of scurvy échevins—he, a Frenchman and a connoisseur in good living, to

Flemish beer-drinkers—and in public too! Certes, it was one of the most irksome parts he had ever gone through for the *bon plaisir* of the king.

However, he had so perfectly studied it, that he turned toward the door with the best grace in the world, when the usher announced in a sonorous voice, "Messieurs the Envoys of the Duke of Austria!" It is needless to say that the whole hall did likewise.

Then appeared, two by two, with a gravity which strongly contrasted with the flippant air of the cardinal's ecclesiastical train, the forty-eight ambassadors from Maximilian of Austria, having at their head the reverend father in God, Jehan, Abbott of Saint-Bertin, chancellor of the Golden Fleece, and Jacques de Goy, Sieur Dauby, high bailiff of Ghent. A deep silence now took place in the assemblage, a general titter being suppressed, in order to listen to all the uncouth names and mercantile additions which each one of these personages transmitted with imperturbable gravity to the usher, who then gave out their names and callings, pell-mell and with all sorts of mutilations, to the crowd below. They were Maitre Loys Roelof, échevin of the town of Louvain; Messire Clays d'Etuelde, échevin of Brussels; Messire Paul de Baeust, sieur of Voirmizelle, president of Flanders; Maitre Jehan Coleghens, burgo-

master of the city of Antwerp; Maitre George de la Moere, principal échvin of of the *kuere* of the city of Ghent; Maitre Gheldolf vander Hage, principal échevin of the *parchons* of the said city; and the Sieur de Bierbecque, and Jehan Pinnock, and Jehan Dimaerzelle, etc., etc., etc., bailiffs, échevins, and burgomasters — burgomasters, échevins, and bailiffs—all stiff, sturdy, drawn-up figures, dressed out in velvet and damask, and hooded with black velvet *cramignoles* decorated with great tufts of gold thread of Cyprus —good Flemish heads after all, with severe and respectable countenances, akin to those which Rembrandt has made stand out with such force and gravity from the dark background of his picture of "Going the rounds at night" — personages on every one of whose foreheads it was written, that Maximilian of Austria had done right in "confiding to the full," as his manifesto expressed it, "in their sense, valor, experience, loyalty, and good endowments."

There was one exception, however, to this description; it was a subtle, intelligent, crafty-looking face—a sort of mixture of the monkey and the diplomatist—to whom the cardinal made three steps in advance and a low bow, but who, nevertheless, was called simply Guillaume or William Rym, counselor and pensionary of the town of Ghent.

Few persons at the time knew anything about Guillaume Rym—a rare genius, who, in a time of revolution, would have appeared with *éclat* on the surface of events; but who, in the fifteenth century, was confined to the practice of covert intrigue and to "live in the mines," as the Duke de Saint-Simon expresses it. However, he was appreciated by the first "miner" in Europe—he was familiarly associated in the secret operations of Louis XI.—all which was perfectly unknown to this multitude, who were amazed at the cardinal's politeness to that sorry-looking Flemish bailiff.

CHAPTER IV.

MASTER JACQUES COPPENOLE.

WHILE the pensionary of Ghent and his eminence were exchanging a very low bow, and a few words in a tone still lower, man of lofty stature, large-featured, and broad-shouldered, presented himself to enter abreast with Guillaume Rym, looking something like a mastiff dog by the side of a fox. His bicoquet of felt and his leathern jerkin were oddly conspicuous amidst the velvet and silk that surrounded him. Presuming it to be some groom who knew not whither he was going, the usher

stopped him with "Hold, friend! you can't pass here."

The man of the leathern jerkin shouldered him aside. "What would this fellow with me?" said he, in a thundering voice, which drew the attention of the whole hall to this strange colloquy. "Seest thou not I'm one of them?"

"Your name?" demanded the usher.

"Jacques Coppenole."

"Your description?"

"A hosier, at the sign of the Three Chains at Ghent."

The usher shrank back. To announce échevins and burgomasters might indeed be endured—but a hosier!—it was rather too bad. The cardinal was upon thorns. All the people were looking and listening. For two days his eminence had been doing his utmost to lick these Flemish bears into rather more presentable shape, and this freak was too much for him. Meanwhile Guillaume Rym, with his cunning smile, went up to the usher: "Announce Maître Jacques Coppenole, clerk to the échevins of the city of Ghent," said he to the officer in a very low whisper.

"Usher," then said the cardinal aloud, "announce Maître Jacques Coppenole, clerk to the échevins of the illustrious city of Ghent."

This was an error. Guillaume Rym, by himself, would have snatched the difficulty out of the way; but Coppenole had heard

the cardinal's direction. "No! *Croix-Dieu!*" he cried, with his voice of thunder: "Jacques Coppenole, hosier. Dost thou hear, usher? Neither more nor less. Croix-Dieu! a hosier—that's fine enough. Monsieur the archduke has more than once looked for his *gant* in my hose."

This play upon the word *gant*, a glove, pronounced exactly alike *Gand* or *Ghent*, the great manufacturing town in Flanders, occasioned a burst of laughter and applause from the people below.

We must add that Coppenole was one of the people, and that the auditory around him were of the people also; so that the communication between them and him had been quick, electric, and, as it were, on equal footing. This lofty air which the Flemish hosier gave himself, by humbling the courtiers, had stirred in the plebeian breasts a certain latent feeling of dignity, which, in the fifteenth century, was as yet vague and undefined. They beheld one of their equals in this hosier, who had just borne himself so sturdily before the cardinal—a welcome reflection to poor devils accustomed to pay respect and obedience to the servants of the sergeants of the bailiff of the abbot of Sainte-Geneviève, the cardinal's train-bearer.

Coppenole made a stiff bow to his eminence, who returned the salute of the all-powerful burgher, formidable to Louis XI. Then, while Guillaume Rym *sage homme et*

malicieux, as Philippe de Comines expresses it, followed them both with a smile of raillery and superiority, they moved each to his place—the cardinal thoughtful and out of countenance—Coppenole quite at his ease, thinking, no doubt, that, after all, his title of hosier was as good as any other, and that Mary of Burgundy, mother of that Margaret for whose marriage he was now treating, would have feared him less as a cardinal than as a hosier, for no cardinal would have stirred up the people of Ghent against the favorites of the daughter of Charles the Rash; nor could any cardinal, by a single word, have fortified the multitude against her tears and prayers, when the Lady of Flanders came and supplicated her people on their behalf, even to the foot of their scaffold, while the hosier had only had to raise his leathern elbow to cause both your heads to be struck off, most illustrious seigneurs, Guy d'Hymbercourt and Chancellor Guillaume Hugonet.

Yet the poor cardinal had not gone through all his penance; he was doomed to drain the cup of being in such bad company, even to the dregs.

The reader has doubtless not forgotten the audacious mendicant, who at the time of the commencement of the prologue, had climbed up to the fringes of the gallery reserved for the cardinal. The arrival of the illustrious guests had not in the least

disturbed him; and while the prelates and the ambassadors were barreling themselves up like real Flemish herrings within the narrow compass of the gallery, he had put himself quite at his ease, with his legs bravely crossed upon the architrave. This piece of insolence was extraordinary; yet nobody had remarked it at the first moment, every one's attention being fixed elsewhere. He, for his part, took notice of nothing in the hall; he was moving his head backward and forward with the unconcern of a Neapolitan, repeating, from time to time, amidst the general hum, and as if by a mechanical habit, "Charity, if you please!" and indeed, among all present, he was probably the only one who would not have deigned to turn his head on hearing the altercation between Coppenole and the usher. Now it so chanced that his hosiership of Ghent, with whom the people already so warmly sympathized, and upon whom all eyes were fixed, went and seated himself in the front line of the gallery, just over the place where the beggar was sitting; and it excited no small astonishment to see the Flemish ambassador, after scrutinizing the fellow beneath him, give him a friendly slap upon his ragged shoulder. The beggar turned round. Surprise, mutual recognition, and kindly gratulation, were visible in both faces; then, without giving themselves the slightest concern about the spectators,

the hosier and the leper fell into conversation in a low voice, holding each other by the hand; while the tattered arm of Clopin Trouillefou, displayed at length upon the cloth of gold that decorated the gallery, had somewhat the appearance of a caterpillar upon an orange.

The novelty of this singular scene excited such noisy mirth among the crowd, that the cardinal quickly remarked it: he leaned gently aside; and as, from the point where he was situated, he caught only an imperfect glimpse of Trouillefou's ignominious garment, he exclaimed, "Monsieur the bailiff of the Palace, throw me that fellow into the river."

"Croix-Dieu! monseigneur le cardinal," said Coppenole, without leaving hold of Clopin's hand, "this is one of my friends."

"Noël! Noël!" cried the mob. And from that moment Maître Coppenole was at Paris, as at Ghent, "in great favor with the people; for men of great stature are so," says Philippe de Comines, "when they are thus disorderly."

The cardinal bit his lip. He leaned toward the Abbot of Sainte Geneviève, who sat next him, and said in a half-whisper: "Pretty ambassadors, truly, monsieur the archduke sends us to announce the Lady Margaret."

"Your eminence's politeness," returned the abbot, "is thrown away upon these Flemish grunters—*Margaritas ante porcus.*"

"Say rather," rejoined the cardinal, smiling, "*porcus ante Margaritam.*"

The whole of the little court of churchmen were in ecstasy at this *jeu de mot.* The cardinal felt a little relieved. He was now even with Coppenole, for he too had had his pun applauded.

And now, such of our readers as have the power of generalizing an image or an idea, as we say nowadays, will permit us to ask them whether they figure to themselves quite clearly the spectacle presented, at the moment at which we give this pause to their attention, by the vast parallelogram of the great hall of the Palais.

In the middle of the western side is a spacious and magnificent gallery, with drapery of gold brocade, which is entered, in procession, through a small Gothic doorway, by a series of grave-looking personages, announced successively by the clamorous voice of the usher; while on the first benches are already seated a number of reverend figures wrapped in velvet, ermine, and scarlet cloth. Below and all about this gallery, which remains still and stately —below, in front, and around, are a great multitude and a great hum of voices. A thousand looks are cast from the crowd upon every face in the gallery—a thousand muttered repetitions are made of every name. The spectacle is indeed curious and well worthy the attention of the spectators. But, at the same time, what is that down

there, quite at the extremity of the hall—that sort of mountebank stage, with four puppets in motley upon it, and four others below? And at one side of the stage, who is that white-faced man in a long black coat? Alas! dear reader, it is Pierre Gringoire with his prologue.

We had all utterly forgotten him; and that is just what he had apprehended.

From the moment at which the cardinal entered, Gringoire had been incessantly exerting himself for the salvation of his prologue. He had first of all enjoined the actors to proceed, and elevate their voices; then, finding that no one listened, he had stopped them; and for nearly a quarter of an hour during which the interruption had continued, he had been constantly beating with his foot and gesticulating, calling upon Gisquette and Liénarde, and urging those near him to have the prologue proceeded with—but all in vain. No one could be turned aside from the cardinal, the embassy, and the gallery—the sole center of that vast circle of visual rays. It is also credible, we regret to say it, that the prologue was beginning to be a little tiresome to the auditory at the moment that his eminence's arrival had made so terrible a distraction. And after all, in the gallery itself, as on the marble table, it was still in fact the same spectacle—the conflict of Labor with Clergé, of Noblesse with Marchandise; and many people liked better to

see them in downright reality, living, breathing, acting, elbowing one another in plain flesh and blood, in that Flemish embassy, in that episcopal court, under the cardinal's robe, under Coppenole's jerkin, than tricked out, painted, talked in verse, and packed up, as it were, in straw, under the yellow and white gowns in which Gringoire had muffled them.

Nevertheless, when our poet saw tranquillity a little restored, he bethought himself of a stratagem which might have saved the performance.

"Monsieur," said he, turning to one of the persons nearest him, of fair round figure, with a patient-looking countenance, "suppose they were to begin again?"

"Begin what?" said the man.

"Why, the mystery," said Gringoire.

"Just as you please," returned the other.

This demi-approbation was enough for Gringoire, and taking the affair into his own hands, he began to call out, confounding himself at the same time as much as possible with the multitude. "Begin the mystery again!—begin again!"

"The devil!" said Joannes de Molendino; "what is it they're singing out at yon end?" for Gringoire made as much noise as four people. "Tell me, comrades, isn't the mystery finished? They want to begin it again; that's not fair."

"No! no!" cried all the scholars to-

gether, "down with the mystery!—down with it!"

But Gringoire only multiplied himself the more, and cried out the louder—"Begin again!—begin again!"

These clamors attracted the attention of the cardinal. "Monsieur the bailiff of the Palais," said he to a tall, dark man standing a few paces from him, "what possesses those fellows that they make that infernal noise?"

The bailiff of the Palais was a kind of amphibious magistrate, a sort of bat of the judicial order, a sort of compound of the rat and the bird, of the judge and the soldier. He approached his eminence, and with no small apprehension of his displeasure, he stammered out to him an explanation of the people's refractoriness—that noon had arrived before his eminence, and that the players had been forced to begin without waiting for his eminence.

The cardinal laughed aloud. "I'faith," said he, "monsieur the rector of the University should e'en have done likewise. What say you, Maître Guillaume Rym?"

"Monseigneur," answered Rym, "let us be satisfied with having escaped one-half of the play. 'Tis so much gained, at any rate."

"May those rogues go on with their farce?" asked the bailiff.

"Go on—go on," said the cardinal, "'tis

all the same to me; I will be reading my breviary the while."

The bailiff advanced to the edge of the gallery, and called out, after procuring silence by a motion of his hand—"Townsmen! householders! and inhabitants!—to satisfy those who desire the play to begin again, and those who desire it to finish, his eminence orders that it shall go on."

Thus both parties were obliged to yield, although both the author and the auditors long bore a grudge on this score against the cardinal. The characters on the stage accordingly took up their text where they had laid it down; and Gringoire hoped that at least the remainder of his composition would be listened to. This hope, however, was soon dispelled, like the rest of his illusions. Silence had indeed been somehow or other restored in the auditory; but Gringoire had not observed that, at the moment when the cardinal had given his order for the continuance of the play, the gallery was far from being full, and that subsequently to the arrival of the Flemish envoys, there were come other persons forming part of the cardinal's train, whose names and descriptions, thrown out in the midst of his dialogue by the intermitted bawling of the usher, made considerable ravage in it. Only imagine, indeed, in the midst of a dramatic piece, the yelp of a doorkeeper, throwing in, between the two lines of a couplet, and often

between the first half of a line and the last, such parentheses as these:

"Maître Jacques Charmolue, king's attorney in the ecclesiastical court!"

"Jehan de Harlay, esquire, keeper of the office of horseman of the night-watch of the town of Paris!"

"Messire Galiot de Genoilhac, knight, seigneur of Brussac, master of the king's artillery!"

"Maître Dreux-Raguier, commissioner of our lord the king's waters and forests in the domains of France, Champagne, and Brie!"

"Messire Louis de Graville, knight, councillor, and chamberlain to the king, admiral of France, keeper of the Bois de Vincennes!"

"Maître Denis le Mercier, keeper of the house of the blind at Paris!" etc., etc., etc.

This became insupportable. All this strange accompaniment, which made it difficult to follow the tenor of the piece, was the more provoking to Gringoire, as he could not disguise from himself that the interest was going on increasing, and that nothing was wanting to his composition but to be listened to. It was, indeed, difficult to imagine a plot more ingeniously or dramatically woven. While the four personages of the prologue were bewailing their hopeless perplexity, Venus in person —*vera incessu patuit dea*—had presented

herself before them, clad in a fine cotte-hardie, having blazoned fair upon its front the ship displayed on the old city escutcheon of Paris. She was come to claim for herself the dolphin promised to the most beautiful. She was supported by Jupiter, whose thunder was heard to rumble in the dressing-room; and the goddess was about to bear away the prize—that is, in plain terms, to espouse monsieur the dauphin—when a little girl dressed in white damask, and carrying a marguerite or daisy in her hand, a lucid personification of the Lady of Flanders, had come to contend with Venus. Here were at once *coup-de-théâtre* and preparation for the catastrophe. After a proper dispute, Venus, Margaret, and those behind the scenes, had agreed to refer the matter to the award of the Holy Virgin. There was another fine part, that of Don Pedro, King of Mesopotamia; but amid so many interruptions it was difficult to discover what was his share of the action. All these personages climbed up the ladder to the stage.

But it was all over with the play; not one of these beauties was felt or understood. It seemed as if, at the cardinal's entrance, some invisible and magical thread had suddenly drawn away every look from the marble table to the gallery, from the southern extremity of the hall to its western side. Nothing could disenchant the auditory; all eyes remained

fixed in that direction; and the persons who successively arrived on that side, with their cursed names, and their faces, and their dresses, made a continual diversion. The case was desperate. Except Gisquette and Liénarde, who turned aside from time to time when Gringoire pulled them by the sleeve—except the lusty patient man that stood near him—no one listened to, no one looked at, the poor abandoned morality. Gringoire could see in the faces of the auditory nothing but profiles.

With what bitterness did he see all his fabric of poetry and of glory thus falling to pieces! Only to think that this multitude had been on the point of rebelling against monsieur the bailiff through their impatience to hear his composition: and now that they had it, they cared nothing about it—that same performance which had begun amid such unanimous acclamation! Everlasting ebb and flow of the popular favor! Only to think, that they had been near hanging the bailiff's sergeants!—what would he not have given to have recalled that blissful moment! However, the usher's brutal monologue ceased at length; everybody had arrived: so that Gringoire took breath; and the actors were going on bravely, when all at once Maître Coppenole, the hosier, got upon his legs, and Gringoire heard him deliver, in the midst of the universal at-

tention to his piece, this abominable harangue:

"Messieurs the bourgeois and hobereaux of Paris—Croix-Dieu! I know not what we're doing here. I do indeed see, down in that corner, upon that stage, some people who look as if they wanted to fight. I know not whether that be what you call a mystery; but I do know it's not amusing. They belabor one another with their tongues, but that's all. For this quarter of an hour I've been waiting to see the first blow—but nothing comes—they're cowards, and maul one another only with foul words. You should have had boxers from London or Rotterdam; and then indeed we should have had hard knocks, which you might have heard the length of this hall—but those creatures there are quite pitiful. They should at least give us a morris-dance or some other piece of mummery. This is not what I was told it was to be—I'd been promised a feast of fools with an election of a pope. We at Ghent, too, have our fools' pope; and in that, Croix-Dieu! we're behind nobody. But we do thus:—a mob gets together, as here for instance; then each in his turn goes and puts his head through a hole and makes faces at the others; he that makes the ugliest face according to general acclamation, is chosen pope. That's our way, and it's very diverting. Shall we make your pope after the fashion of my country?

At any rate it will not be so tiresome as listening to those babblers. If they've a mind to come and try their hands at face-making, they shall have their turn. What say you, my masters? Here's a droll sample enough of both sexes to give us a right hearty Flemish laugh, and we can show ugly phizzes enow to give us hopes of a fine grinning match."

Gringoire would fain have replied, but amazement, resentment, and indignation deprived him of utterance. Besides, the motion made by the popular hosier was received with such enthusiasm by those townsfolk flattered at being called hobereaux (a term in that day somewhat approaching to a gentleman as now used in England in addressing a mixed multitude, though in this day it is no longer used complimentarily), that all resistance would have been unavailing. All that could now be done was to go with the stream. Gringoire hid his face with both his hands, not being so fortunate as to possess a mantle wherewith to veil his countenance like the Agamemnon of Timanthes.

CHAPTER V.

QUASIMODO, THE HUNCHBACK.

In the twinkling of an eye, everything was ready for putting Coppenole's idea into execution. Townspeople, scholars, and basochians had all set themselves to work. The small chapel, situated opposite to the marble table, was fixed upon to be the scene of the grinning match. The glass being broken out of one the divisions of the pretty rose-shaped window over the door-way, left open a circle of stone through which it was agreed that the candidates should pass their heads. To get up to it they had only to climb upon two casks which had been laid hold of somewhere or other, and set one upon another just as it happened. It was settled that each candidate, whether man or woman (for they might make a she-pope), in order to leave fresh and entire the impression of their grin, should cover their face and keep themselves unseen in the chapel until the moment of making their appearance at the hole. In a moment the chapel was filled with competitors, and the door was closed upon them.

Coppenole, from his place in the gallery, ordered everything, directed everything,

arranged everything. During the noisy applause that followed his proposal, the cardinal, no less out of countenance than Gringoire himself, had, on pretext of business, and of the hour of vespers, retired with all his suite; while the crowd, among whom his arrival had caused so strong a sensation, seemed not to be in the slightest degree interested by his departure. Guillaume Rym was the only one who remarked the discomfiture of his eminence. The popular attention, like the sun, pursued its revolution; after setting out at one end of the hall, it had stayed for awhile at the middle of it, and was now at the other end. The marble table, the brocaded gallery, had each had its season of interest; and it was now the turn of Louis XI.'s chapel. The field was henceforward clear for every sort of extravagance; the Flemings and the mob had it all to themselves.

The grinning commenced. The first face that appeared at the hole, with eyelids turned up with red, a mouth gaping like the swallow of an ox, and a forehead wrinkled in large folds like our hussar boots in the time of the Empire, excited such an inextinguishable burst of laughter, that Homer would have taken all those boors for gods. Nevertheless the Grand Salle was anything but an Olympus, as no one could better testify than Gringoire's own poor Jupiter. A second face, and a third, succeeded—then another—then an-

other—the spectators each time laughing and stamping with their feet with redoubled violence. There was in this spectacle a certain peculiar whirling of the brain—a certain power of intoxication and fascination—of which it is difficult to give an idea to the reader of the present day, and the frequenter of our modern drawing-rooms. Imagine a series of visages, presenting in succession every geometrical figure, from the triangle to the trapezium, from the cone to the polyhedron—every human expression, from that of anger to that of lust—every age, from the wrinkles of the new-born infant to those of extreme old age—every religious phantasm, from Faunus to Beelzebub—every animal profile, from the jowl to the beak, from the snout to the muzzle. Figure to yourself all the grotesque heads carved on the Pont-Neuf, those nightmares petrified under the hand of Germain Pilon, taking life and breath, and coming one after another to look you in the face with flaming eyes—all the masks of a Venetian carnival passing successively before your eyeglass—in short, a sort of human kaleidoscope.

The orgie became more and more Flemish. Teniers himself would have given but a very imperfect idea of it. Imagine, if you can, the "battle" of Salvator Rosa bacchanalized. There was no longer any distinction of scholars, ambassadors, townspeople, men, or women. There was now

neither Clopin Trouillefou, nor Giles Lecornu, nor Marie Quatre-Livres, nor Robin Poussepain. All was confounded in the common license. The Grande Salle had become, as it were, one vast furnace of audacity and joviality, in which every mouth was a shout, every eye a flash, every face a grin, every figure a gesticulation—all was bellowing and roaring. The strange visages that came one after another to grind their teeth at the broken window, were like so many fresh brands cast upon the fire; and from all that effervescent multitude there escaped, as the exhalation of the furnace, a humming noise, like the buzzing of the wings of ten thousand gnats.

"Curse me," cries one, "if ever I saw anything like that."

"Only look at that phiz," cries another

"It's good for nothing."

"Let's have another."

"Guillemette Maugerepuis, just look at that pretty bull's head—it wants nothing but horns. It can't be thy husband."

"Here comes another."

"Bless the pope! what sort of a grin's that?"

"Hollo! that's not fair. You must show nothing but your face."

"That devil, Perette Calebotte! That must be one of her tricks."

"Noël! noël!"

"Oh! I'm smothered!"

"There's one that can't get his ears through"—etc., etc.

We must, however, do justice to our friend Jehan. In the midst of this infernal revel, he was still to be seen at the top of his pillar like a ship-boy on a top-sail. He was exerting himself with incredible fury. His mouth was wide open, and there issued from it a cry which, however, was not audible—not that it was drowned by the general clamor, all intense as that was—but because, no doubt, it attained the utmost limit of perceptible sharp sounds, of the twelve thousand vibrations of Sauveur, or the eight thousand of Biot.

As for Gringoire—as soon as the first moment of depression was over, he had resumed his self-possession. He had hardened himself against adversity. "Go on," he had said for the third time to his players—"go on, you talking machines," then pacing with great strides before the marble table, he felt some temptation to go and take his turn at the hole in the chapel-window, if only to have the pleasure of making faces at the ungrateful people. "But no—that would be unworthy of us—no revenge—let us struggle to the last," muttered he to himself—"the power of poetry over the people is great—I will bring them back. We will see which of the two shall prevail—grinning, or the belles-lettres."

Alas! he was left the sole spectator of his piece.

This was worse than before; for instead of profiles, he now saw nothing but backs.

We mistake. The big, patient man whom he had already consulted at one critical moment had remained with his face toward the stage; as for Gisquette and Liénarde, they had deserted long ago.

Gringoire was touched to the soul by the fidelity of his only remaining spectator; he went up to and accosted him, giving him at the same time a slight shake of the arm, for the good man had leaned himself against the balustrade, and was taking a gentle nap.

"Monsieur," said Gringoire, "I thank you."

"Monsieur," answered the big man with a yawn, "what for?"

"I see what annoys you," returned the poet; "all that noise prevents you from hearing as you could wish; but make yourself easy—your name shall go down to posterity. Will you please to favor me with your name?"

"Renauld Château, seal-keeper of the Châtelet of Paris, at your service."

"Monsieur," said Gringoire, "you are here the sole representative of the Muses."

"You are too polite, monsieur," answered the seal-keeper of the Châtelet.

"You are the only one," continued Gringoire, "who has given suitable at-

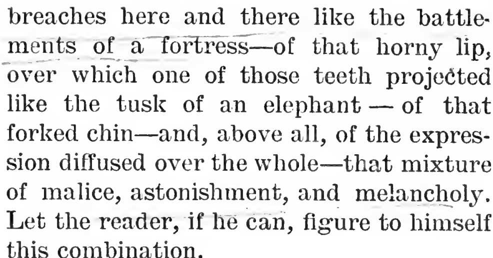
tention to the piece. What do you think of it?"

"Why — why," returned the portly magistrate, but half awake—"it's very diverting indeed."

Gringoire was obliged to content himself with this eulogy; for a thunder of applause, mingled with a prodigious exclamation, cut short their conversation. The fool's pope was at last elected.

"Noël! noël! noël!" cried the people from all sides.

It was indeed a miraculous grin that now beamed through the circular aperture. After all the figures, pentagonal, hexagonal, and heteroclite, which had succeeded each other at the round hole, without realizing that idea of the grotesque which had formed itself in the imagination of the people excited by the orgie, it required nothing less to gain their suffrages than the sublime grin which had just dazzled the assemblage. Maître Coppenole himself applauded; and Clopin Trouillefou, who had been a candidate (and God knows his visage could attain an intensity of ugliness) acknowledged himself to be outdone. We shall do likewise. We shall not attempt to give the reader an idea of that tetrahedron nose — that horse-shoe mouth—that small left eye overshadowed by a red bushy brow, while the right eye disappeared entirely under an enormous wart — of those straggling teeth with



breaches here and there like the battlements of a fortress—of that horny lip, over which one of those teeth projected like the tusk of an elephant — of that forked chin—and, above all, of the expression diffused over the whole—that mixture of malice, astonishment, and melancholy. Let the reader, if he can, figure to himself this combination.

The acclamation was unanimous; the crowd rushed toward the chapel, and the blessed pope of the fools was led out in triumph. And now the surprise and admiration of the people rose still higher, for they found the wondrous grin to be nothing but his ordinary face.

Or rather, his whole person was a grimace. His large head, all bristling with red hair—between his shoulders an enormous hump, to which he had a corresponding projection in front—a framework of thighs and legs, so strangely gone astray that they could touch one another only at the knees, and when viewed in front, looked like two pairs of sickles brought together at the handles—sprawling feet—monstrous hands—and yet, with all that deformity, a certain gait denoting formidable vigor, agility and courage—a strange exception to the everlasting rule which prescribes that strength, like beauty, shall result from harmony. Such was the pope whom the fools had just chosen. He

looked like a giant that had been broken and awkwardly mended.

When this sort of cyclop appeared on the threshold of the chapel, motionless, squat, and almost as broad as he was high—squared by the base, as a great man has expressed it—the populace, by his coat half red and half violet, figured over with little silver bells, and still more by the perfection of his ugliness—the populace recognized him at once, and exclaimed with one voice: "It's Quasimodo the ringer! It's Quasimodo the hunchback of Notre-Dame! Quasimodo the one-eyed! Quasimodo the bandy-legged! Noël! noël!" The poor devil, it seems, had a choice of surnames.

"All ye pregnant women get out of the way!" cried the scholars.

"And all that want to be so," added Joannes.

The women, in fact, hid their faces.

"Oh, the horrid baboon!" said one.

"As mischievous as he's ugly," added another.

"It's the devil!" cried a third.

"I've the misfortune to live near Notre-Dame; and at night I hear him scrambling in the gutter."

"With the cats."

"He's constantly upon our roofs."

"He's cast spells at us down the chimneys."

"The other night he came and grinned

at me through my attic window. I thought it was a man. I was in such a fright!"

"I'm sure he goes to meet the witches — he once left a broomstick on my leads."

"Oh, the shocking face of the hunchback!"

"Oh, the horrid creature!"

The men, on the contrary, were delighted, and made great applause.

Quasimodo, the object of the tumult, kept standing in the doorway of the chapel, gloomy and grave, letting himself be admired.

One of the scholars (Robin Poussepain, we believe) came and laughed in his face, rather too near him. Quasimodo quietly took him by the waist and threw him half-a-score yards off among the crowd, without uttering a word.

Maître Coppenole, wondering, now went up to him. "Croix-Dieu! Holy Father! why, thou hast the prettiest ugliness I ever saw in my life! Thou wouldst deserve to be pope at Rome as well as at Paris."

So saying, he clapped his hand merrily upon the other's shoulder. Quasimodo stirred not an inch. Coppenole continued: "Thou art a fellow whom I long to feast with, though it should cost me a new douzain of twelve livres tournois. What say'st thou to it?"

Quasimodo made no answer.

"Croix-Dieu!" cried the hosier, "art thou deaf?"

He was indeed deaf.

However, he began to be impatient at Coppenole's motions, and he all at once turned toward him with so formidable a grinding of his teeth, that the Flemish giant recoiled like a bull-dog before a cat.

A circle of terror and respect was thne made round the strange personage, the radius of which was at least fifteen geometrical paces. And an old woman explained to Maître Coppenole that Quasimodo was deaf.

"Deaf?" cried the hosier, with his boisterous Flemish laugh. "Croix-Dieu! then he's a pope complete!"

"Ha! I know him," cried Jehan, who was at last come down from his capital to have a nearer look at the new pope: "it's my brother the archdeacon's ringer. Good-day to you, Quasimodo."

"What a devil of a man," said Robin Poussepain, who was all bruised with his fall. "He shows himself—and you see he's a hunchback. He walks—and you see he's bow-legged. He looks at you—and you see he's short of an eye. You talk to him—and you find he's deaf. Why, what does the Polyphemus do with his tongue?"

"He talks when he likes," said the old woman. "He's lost his hearing with ringing the bells. He's not dumb."

"No—he's that perfection short," observed Jehan.

"And he's an eye too many," added Robin Poussepain.

"No, no," said Jehan, judiciously; "a one-eyed man is much more incomplete than a blind man, for he knows what it is that's wanting."

Meanwhile, all the beggars, all the lackeys, all the cut-purses, together with the scholars, had gone in procession to fetch from the wardrobe of the basoche, the pasteboard tiara and the mock robe appropriated to the Fools' Pope. Quasimodo allowed himself to be arrayed in them without a frown, and with a sort of proud docility. They then seated him upon a parti-colored chair. Twelve officers of the brotherhood of Fools, laying hold of the poles that were attached to it, hoisted him upon their shoulders; and a sort of bitter and disdainful joy seemed to spread itself over the sullen face of the cyclops when he beheld under his deformed feet all those heads of good-looking and well-shaped men. Then the whole bawling and tattered procession set out to make, according to custom, the internal circuit of the galleries of the Palais, before parading through the streets.

CHAPTER VI.

ESMERALDA.

We are delighted to have to inform our readers that during all this scene Gringoire and his piece had held out. His actors, goaded on by himself, had not discontinued the enacting of his play, nor had he ceased to listen to it; he had taken his part in the uproar, and was determined to go to the end, not despairing of a return of public attention. This gleam of hope revived when he saw Quasimodo, Coppenole, and the deafening train of the Fools' Pope march with great clamor out of the hall, while the rest of the crowd rushed eagerly after them. "Good!" said he to himself—"there go all the disturbers at last!" But, unfortunately, all the disturbers made the whole assemblage; and in a twinkling the great hall was empty.

It is true there still remained a few spectators, some scattered about, and others grouped around the pillars—women, old men, and children—weary and exhausted with the squeezing and the clamor. A few of the scholars, too, still remained, mounted on the entablature of the windows, and looking out into the Place.

"Well," thought Gringoire, "here are still enow of them to hear the end of my

mystery. They are few, but they are a chosen, a lettered audience."

But a moment afterward, a symphony which was to have had the greatest effect at the arrival of the Holy Virgin, was missing. Gringoire discovered that his music had been carried off by the procession of the Fools' Pope. "Pass it over," said he, stoically.

He approached a group of townspeople who seemed to him to be talking about his piece, and caught the following fragment of their conversation:

"Maître Cheneteau, you know the Hôtel de Navarre, which belonged to Monsieur de Nemours?"

"Oh, yes—opposite to the Chapelle de Braque."

"Well—the Government have just let it to Guillaume Alixandre, heraldry-painter, for six livres eight sols parisis a year."

"How rents are rising!"

"So!" said Gringoire, with a sigh—"but the others are listening."

"Comrades!" suddenly cried one of the young fellows at the windows, "La Esmeralda! La Esmeralda in the Place!"

This word produced a magical effect. All who remained in the hall rushed toward the windows, climbing up the walls to see, and repeating, "La Esmeralda! la Esmeralda!" At the same time was heard a great noise of applauses outside.

"What is the meaning of La Esmer-

alda?" said Gringoire, clasping his hands in despair. "Ah, my God! it seems to be the turn of the windows now!"

He returned toward the marble table, and saw that the performance was interrupted. It was precisely the moment at which Jupiter was to enter with his thunder. But Jupiter remained motionless at the foot of the stage.

"Michel Giborne!" cried the irritated poet, "what are you doing there? is that your part?—go up, I say."

"Alas!" exclaimed Jupiter, "one of the scholars has just taken away the ladder."

Gringoire looked. It was but too true. All communication between his plot and his catastrophe was cut off. "The fellow!" muttered he; "and why did he take that ladder?"

"To go and see La Esmeralda," cried Jupiter, in a piteous tone. "He came and said, 'Here's a ladder that nobody's using;' and away he went with it."

This was the finishing blow. Gringoire received it with resignation. "The devil take you all!" said he to the players; "and if they pay me, I'll pay you."

Then he made his retreat, hanging his head, indeed, but still the last in the field, like a general who has fought well. And as he descended the winding stairs of the Palais, "What a fine drove of asses and dolts are these Parisians!" grumbled he.

"They come to hear a mystery, and pay no attention to it. They've attended to everybody else—to Clopin Trouillefou—to the cardinal—to Coppenole—to Quasimodo—to the devil!—but to our Lady, the Virgin, not at all. If I'd known it, I'd have given you Virgin Mary, I dare say, you wretched cockneys! And then, for me to come here to see faces, and see nothing but backs!—to be a poet, and have the success of an apothecary! True it is that Homerus begged his bread through the villages of Greece, and that Naso died in exile among the Muscovites. But the devil flay me if I understand what they mean with their Esmeralda. Of what language can that word be?—it must be Egyptian!"

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

FROM CHARYBDIS INTO SCYLLA.

THE night comes on early in January. The streets were already growing dark when Gringoire quitted the Palias. This nightfall pleased him; he longed to reach some obscure and solitary alley, that he might there meditate at his ease, and that the philosopher might lay the first unction to the wound of the poet. Besides, philosophy was now his only refuge; for he knew not where to find a lodging for the night. After the signal miscarriage of his first dramatic attempt, he dared not return to that which he occupied in the Rue Grenier-sur-l'Eau, opposite to the Port-au-Foin; having relied upon what the provost was to give him for his epithalamium to enable him to pay to Maître Guillaume Doulx-Sire, farmer of the duty upon cloven-footed beasts brought into Paris, the six months' rent which he owed him; that is to say, twelve sols parisis, twelve times the value of all he possessed in the world, including his breeches, his shirt and his bicoquet hat. After consid-

ering, then, for a moment, provisionally sheltered under the wicket-gate of the prison belonging to the treasurer of the Sainte-Chapelle, as to what place of lodging he should select for the night, all the pavements of Paris being at his service, he recollected having espied, the week before, in the Rue de la Savaterie, at the door of a counselor to the parliament, a footstone for mounting on mule-back, and having said to himself that this stone might serve upon occasion as an excellent pillow for a beggar or a poet. He thanked Providence for having sent him this happy idea ; but as he was preparing to cross the Place du Palais in order to reach the tortuous labyrinth of the City, formed by the windings of all those sister streets, the Rue de la Barillerie, Rue de la Vieille-Draperie, Rue de la Savaterie, Rue de la Juiverie, etc., which are yet standing, with their houses of nine stories, he saw the procession of the Fools' Pope, which was also issuing from the Palais, and rushing across the Place with loud cries, with great glare of torches, and with Gringoire's own band of music. The sight revived his anguish, and he fled away from it. In the bitterness of his dramatic misadventure, everything which recalled to his mind the festival of the day irritated his wound, and made it bleed afresh.

He turned to cross the Point Saint-

Michel, but found boys running up and down it with squibs and crackers.

"A plague on the fireworks!" said Gringoire; and he turned back upon the Pont-au-Change. There were attached to the front of the houses at the entrance of the bridge, three drapels or pieces of painted cloth, representing the king, the dauphin, and Margaret of Flanders, and six smaller pieces of drapelets, on which were portrayed the Duke of Austria, and the Cardinal de Bourbon, and Monsieur de Beaujeu, and Madame Jeanne of France, and Monsieur the bastard of Bourbon, and we know not who besides, all lighted by torches — and a crowd stood admiring them.

"Happy painter, Jeanne Fourbault!" said Gringoire with a heavy sigh; and he turned his back upon the drapels and drapelets. A street lay before him; and it seemed so dark and forsaken, that he hoped there to forget all his mental sufferings by escaping every ray of the illuminations, and he plunged down it accordingly. He had not gone far before he struck his foot against some obstacle; he stumbled and fell. It was the bundle of may which the clerks of the basoche had placed in the morning at the door of a president of the parliament in honor of the day. Gringoire bore this new accident heroically; he arose, and reached the

water-side. After leaving behind him the Tournelle Civile and the Tour Criminelle, and passing along by the great wall of the king's gardens, on that unpaved strand in which he sank to the ankles in mud, he arrived at the western point of the City, and gazed for some time upon the small island of the Passeur-aux-Vaches, or ferryman of the cows, which has since disappeared under the brazen horse and the esplanade of the Pont-Neuf. The islet appeared to his eyes in the darkness as a black mass beyond the narrow stream of whitish water which separated him from it. He could discern upon it, by the rays of a small glimmering light, a sort of hut in the form of a beehive, in which the ferryman sheltered himself during the night.

"Happy ferryman!" thought Gringoire, "thou dreamest not of glory! thou writest not epithalamiums! — what are royal marriages, of Duchesses of Burgundy, to thee! Thou knowest no Marguerites, but the daisies which thy April greensward gives thy cows to crop!— while I, a poet, am hooted—and shiver— and owe twelve sous—and my shoe-sole is so transparent that thou mightest use it to glaze thy lantern! I thank thee, ferryman! thy cabin gives rest to my eyes, and makes me forget Paris!"

He was awakened from his almost lyric ecstasy by a great double St. John's

rocket (so called from the custom of discharging it on St. John's day) which suddenly issued from the blessed cabin. It was the ferryman himself, taking his share in the festivities of the day, and letting off his firework.

This rocket made Gringoire's hair stand on end.

"Oh, cursed holiday!" cried he, "wilt thou follow me everywhere—oh, my God! even to the ferryman's hut?"

Then he looked upon the Seine at his feet, and felt a horrible temptation.

"Oh!" said he, "how gladly would I drown myself—if the water were not so cold!"

Then he took a desperate resolution. It was—since he found that he could not escape the fools' pope, Jehan Fourbault's paintings, the bundles of may, the squibs and the rockets—to plunge boldly into the very heart of the illumination, and go to the Place de Grève.

"At least," thought he, "I shall perhaps get a brand there to warm my fingers; and I shall manage to sup on some morsel from the three great chests of sugar plums that will have been set out there on the public sideboard of the town."

CHAPTER II.

THE PLACE DE GRÈVE.

There now remains but a very small and scarcely perceptible vestige of the Place de Grève, such as it existed formerly; and that is, the charming turret which occupies the northern angle of the Place, and which, already buried under the ignoble washing which encrusts the delicate lines of its carving, will soon, perhaps, have totally disappeared, under that increase of new houses which is so rapidly consuming all the old fronts in Paris.

Those who, like ourselves, never pass over the Place de Grève without casting a look of pity and sympathy on this poor turret, squeezed between two paltry houses of the time of Louis XV., can easily reconstruct in their mind's eye the assemblage of edifices to which it belonged, and thus imagine themselves in the old Gothic Place of the fifteenth century.

It was then, as now, an irregular square, bounded on one side by the quay, and on the three others by a series of lofty houses, narrow and gloomy. In the daytime you might admire the variety of these buildings, all carved in stone or in wood, and already presenting complete specimens of the various kinds of domestic architecture of the Middle Ages, going back from the

fifteenth to the eleventh century—from the perpendicular window which was beginning to supersede the Gothic, to the circular arch which the Gothic had supplanted, and which still occupied underneath it the first story of that ancient house of the Tour-Rolland or Roland's Tower, at the angle of the Place adjoining to the Seine, on the side of the Rue de la Tannerie. By night, nothing was distinguishable of that mass of buildings but the black indentation of their line of gables, extending its range of acute angles round three sides of the Place. For it is one of the essential differences between the towns of that day and those of the present, that now it is the fronts of the houses that look to the squares and streets, but then it was the backs. For two centuries past they have been turned fairly round.

In the center of the eastern side of the Place rose a heavy and heterogeneous pile formed by three masses of buildings in juxtaposition. The whole was called by three several names, expressing its history, its purpose, and its architecture; it was called the Maison-au-Dauphin, or Dauphin's House, because Charles V., when dauphin, had lived in it—the Marchandise, because it was used as the Hôtel-de-Ville, or Town House—and the Maison-aux-Piliers (*domus ad piloria*) or Pillared House, on account of a series of large pillars which supported its three stories. The Town had there all

that a good town like Paris wants, a chapel to pray in; a plaidoyer, or court-room, for holding magisterial sittings; and, on occasion, reprimanding the king's officers; and, at the top of all, a magazine stored with artillery and ammunition. For the good people of Paris, well knowing that it was not sufficient, in every emergency, to plead and to pray for the franchises of their city, had always in reserve, in the garrets of the Hôtel-de-Ville, some few good rusty arquebusses or other.

La Grève (as this ancient square was familiarly and elliptically called) had then that sinister aspect which it still derives from the execrable ideas which it awakens and from the gloomy-looking Hôtel-de-Ville, of Dominique Bocador's erection, which has taken the place of the Maison-aux-Piliers. It must be observed that a permanent gibbet and pillory, a justice and an échelle, as they were then called, erected side by side in the middle of the square, contributed not a little to make the passenger avert his eyes from this fatal spot, where so many beings in full life and health had suffered their last agony; and which was to give birth, fifty years later, o that St. Vallier's fever, as it was called, that terror of the scaffold, the most monstrous of all maladies, because it is inflicted not by the hand of God, but by that of man.

"It is consolatory," here observes our

author, " to reflect that the punishment of death, which, three centuries back, still encumbered with its iron wheels, with its stone gibbets, with all its apparatus for execution permanently fixed in the ground, the Grève, the Halles, the Place Dauphine, the Croix du Trahoir, the Marché aux Pourceaux, or Hog Market, the hideous Montfauçon, the Barrière des Sergens, the Place aux Chats, the Porte Saint-Denis, Champeaux, the Porte Baudets, the Porte Saint-Jacques—not to mention the innumerable échelles of the provosts, of the bishop, of the chapters, of the abbots, of the priors having justice—not to mention the judicial drownings in the River Seine—it is consolatory to reflect that now, after losing, one after another, every piece of her panoply— her profusion of executions—her refined and fanciful torments—her torture, for applying which she made afresh every five years a bed of leather in the Grand-Châtelet—this old queen of feudal society, nearly thrust out of our laws and of our towns, tracked from code to code, driven from place to place, now possesses, in our vast metropolis of Paris, but one dishonored corner of the Grève—but one miserable guillotine—stealthy—anxious—ashamed—which seems always afraid of being taken in the fact, so quickly does it disappear after giving its blow."

CHAPTER III.

BESOS PARA GOLPES.

When Pierre Gringoire arrived at the Place de Grève, he was in a shiver. He had gone over the Pont-aux-Meuniers, or Miller's Bridge, to avoid the crowd on the Pont-au-Change and Jehan Fourbault's drapelets; but the wheels of all the bishop's mills had splashed him as he went by, so that his coat was wet through; and he thought that the fate of his piece had rendered him yet more chilly. Accordingly, he hastened toward the bonfire which was burning magnificently in the middle of the Place, but a considerable crowd encircled it.

"You damned Parisians!" said he to himself (for Gringoire, like a true dramatic poet, was subject to monologues), "so, now you keep me from the fire! And yet I've some occasion for a chimney-corner. My shoes let in wet—and then, all those cursed mills have been raining upon me. The devil take the Bishop of Paris with his mills! I wonder what a bishop can do with a mill! Does he expect, from being a bishop, to turn miller? If he only wants my malediction to do so, I heartily give it him, and his cathedral, and his mills! Let us see, now, if any of those cockneys will

stand aside. What are they doing there all this while? Warming themselves—a fine pleasure, truly! Looking at a hundred logs burning—a fine sight, to be sure!"

On looking nearer, however, he perceived that the circle was much wider than was requisite to warm themselves comfortably at the bonfire, and that this concourse of spectators were not attracted solely by the beauty of a hundred blazing logs.

In a wide space left clear between the fire and the crowd, a young girl was dancing. Whether she was a human being, a fairy, or an angel, was what Gringoire, skeptical philosopher and ironical poet as he was, could not at the first moment decide, so much was he fascinated by this dazzling vision.

She was not tall, but the elasticity of her slender shape made her appear so. She was brown; but it was evident that, in the daylight, her complexion would have that golden glow seen upon the women of Andalusia and of the Roman States. Her small foot, too, was Andalusian; for it was at once tight and easy in its light and graceful shoe. She was dancing, turning, whirling upon an old Persian carpet spread negligently under her feet; and each time that, in turning round, her radiant countenance passed before you, her large black eyes seemed to flash upon you.

Around, every look was fixed upon her,

every mouth was open; and, indeed, while she was dancing thus, to the sound of the tambourine which her two round and delicate arms lifted aloft above her head—slender, fragile, brisk, as a wasp in the sunshine—with her golden corset without a plait—her parti-colored skirt swelling out below her slender waist—her bare shoulders—her fine-formed legs, of which her dress gave momentary glimpses—her black hair and her sparkling eyes—she looked like something more than human.

"Truly," thought Gringoire, "'tis a salamander—a nymph—a goddess—a bacchante of Mount Mænalus!"

At that moment one of the braids of the salamander's hair came undone, and a small piece of brass that had been attached to it rolled upon the ground.

"Ah! no," said he, "it's a gypsy." All the illusion had disappeared.

She resumed her dance. She took up from the ground two swords, the points of which she supported upon her forehead, making them turn in one direction while she turned in the other. It was indeed no other than a gypsy. Yet, disenchanted as Gringoire found himself, the scene, taken altogether, was not without its charm, not without its magic. The bonfire cast upon her a red flaring light, which flickered brightly upon the circle of faces of the crowd and the brown forehead of the girl, and, at the extremities of the Place

threw a pale reflection, mingled with the wavering of their shadows—on one side, upon the old, dark, wrinkled front of the Maison-aux-Piliers—on the other, upon the stone arms of the gibbet.

Among the thousand visages which this light tinged with scarlet, there was one which seemed to be more than all the rest absorbed in the contemplation of the dancer. It was the face of a man, austere, calm, and sombre. This man, whose dress was hidden by the crowd that surrounded him, seemed to be not more than thirty-five years of age; yet he was bald, having only a few thin tufts of hair about his temples, which were already gray; his broad and high forehead was beginning to be furrowed with wrinkles; but in his deep-sunken eyes there shone an extraordinary youth, an ardent animation, a depth of passion. He kept them constantly fixed upon the gypsy; and while the sportive girl of sixteen was dancing and bounding to the delight of all, his revery seemed to grow more and more gloomy. From time to time a smile and a sigh encountered each other on his lips, but the smile was yet more dismal than the sigh.

The girl, having at length danced herself quite out of breath, stopped, and the people applauded with fondness.

"Djali!" cried the gypsy.

Gringoire then saw come up to her a little white she-goat, lively, brisk, and

glossy, with gilt horns, gilt feet, and a gilt collar, which he had not before observed; as, until that moment it had been lying squat upon one corner of the carpet, looking at his mistress dance.

"Djali," said the dancer, "it's your turn now;" and sitting down, she gracefully held out her tambourine to the goat. "Djali," she continued, "what month of the year is this?"

The animal lifted its fore foot and struck one stroke upon the tambourine. It was, in fact, the first month of the year. The crowd applauded.

"Djali!" resumed the girl, turning her tambourine another way, "what day of the month is it?"

Djali lifted her little golden foot, and struck six times upon the tambourine.

"Djali!" said the gypsy, each time altering the position of the tambourine, "what hour of the day is it?"

Djali struck seven strokes, and at that very moment the clock of the Maison-aux-Piliers struck seven. The people were wonderstruck.

"There is witchcraft in all that," said a sinister voice in the crowd. It was that of the bald man who had his eyes constantly upon the gypsy.

She shuddered and turned away. But the plaudits burst forth and smothered the sullen exclamation. Indeed, they so completely effaced it from her mind, that she continued to interrogate her goat.

"Djali!" said she, "how does Maître Guichard Grand-Remy, captain of the town pistoliers, go in the procession at Candlemas?"

Djali reared up on her hind legs and began to bleat, marching at the same time with so seemly a gravity that the whole circle of spectators burst into a laugh at this mimicry of the self-interested devotion of the captain of pistoliers.

"Djali!" resumed the girl, emboldened by this increased success, "how does Maître Jacques Charmolue, the king's attorney in the ecclesiastical court—how does he preach?"

The goat sat down upon his posteriors and began to bleat, shaking its fore-paws after so strange a fashion, that, with the exception of the bad French and worse Latin of the preacher, it was Jacques Charmolue to the life, gesture, accent, and attitude; and the crowd applauded with all their might.

"Sacrilege! profanation!" cried the voice of the bald-headed man.

The gypsy turned away once more. "Ah!" said she, "it's that odious man!" Then putting out her lower lip beyond her upper, she made a little pouting grimace which seemed familiar to her, turned upon her heel, and began to collect in her tambourine the contributions of the multitude.

All sorts of small coins, grands blancs, petits blancs, targes, liards à l'aigle, were

now showered upon her. In taking her round, she all at once came before Gringoire; and as he, in perfect absence of mind, put his hand into his pocket, she stopped, expecting something. "Diable!" exclaimed the poet, finding at the bottom of his pocket the reality, that is to say, nothing at all; the pretty girl standing before him all the while, looking at him with her large eyes, holding out her tambourine, and waiting. Gringoire perspired profusely. Had all Peru been in his pocket, he would assuredly have given it to the dancer; but Gringoire had not Peru in his pocket—nor, indeed, was America yet discovered.

Fortunately an unexpected incident came to his relief. "Wilt thou be gone, thou Egyptian locust?" cried a harsh voice from the darkest corner of the Place. The girl turned away affrighted. This was not the voice of the bald-headed man; it was the voice of a woman—it was one, too, of devotion and of malice.

However, this cry, which frightened the gypsy, highly delighted a troop of children that were rambling about there. "It's the recluse of the Tour-Rolland," cried they with inordinate bursts of laughter—"it's the sachette that's scolding. Hasn't she had her supper? Let's carry her something from the town sideboard." And they all ran toward the Maison-aux-Piliers.

Meanwhile, Gringoire availed himself of this disturbance of the dancer to disappear among the crowd. The shouts of the children reminded him that he too had not supped. He therefore hastened to the public buffet or sideboard. But the little rogues had better legs than he, and when he arrived they had cleared the table. They had not even left one wretched camichon at five sous the pound. There was nothing now against the wall, but the light fleurs-de-lys intermingled with rose-trees painted there in 1434 by Mathieu Biterne; and they offered but a meager supper.

'Tis an unpleasant thing, after going without one's dinner, to go to bed supperless. 'Tis less gratifying still, to go without one's supper, and not know where to go to bed. Yet so it was with Gringoire. Without food, without lodging, he found himself pressed by Necessity on every side, and he thought Necessity very ungracious. He had long discovered this truth—that Jupiter created man in a fit of misanthropy, and that throughout the life of the wisest man his destiny keeps his philosophy in a state of siege. For his own part, he had never found the blockade so complete. He heard his stomach sound a parley, and he thought it very ill ordained, that his evil destiny should reduce his philosophy by simple starvation. He was sinking more and more deeply into this

melancholy revery, when he was suddenly startled from it by the sound of a fantastically warbling voice. It was the young gypsy singing.

Her voice had the same character as her dance and as her beauty. It had an undefinable charm—something clear, sonorous, aërial—winged, as it were. There was a continued succession of swells, of melodies, of unexpected falls—then simple strains, interspersed with sharp and whistling notes—then a running over the gamut that would have bewildered a nightingale, yet ever harmonious—then soft octave undulations, which rose and fell like the bosom of the youthful songstress. The expression of her fine countenance followed with singular flexibility every capricious variation of her song, from the wildest inspiration to the most chastened dignity. She seemed now all frolic, and now all majesty.

The words that she sang were in Spanish, a language unintelligible to Gringoire, and which seemed to be unknown to herself, so little did the expression which she gave in singing correspond with the sense of the words. For instance, she gave these four lines, from an old ballad of the time of the Moors, with the most sportive gayety—

Un cofre de gran riqueza
Hallaron dentro un pilar;
Dentro del, nuevas banderas
Con figuras de espantar.

And then, a moment after, at the tone which she gave to this stanza—

> Alarabes de cavallo
> Sin poderse menear,
> Con espadas, y a los cuellos
> Ballestas de buen echar.

Gringoire felt the tears come to his eyes. Yet joyfulness predominated in her tones, and she seemed to warble, like a bird, from pure lightness of heart.

The gypsy's song had disturbed Gringoire's revery, but it was as the swan disturbs the water. He listened to it with a sort of ravishment and forgetfulness of everything else. It was the first moment, for several hours, in which he felt no suffering.

The moment was a short one, the same female voice which had interrupted the gypsy's dance, now interrupted her song. "Wilt thou be silent, thou hell cricket?" it cried, still from the same dark corner of the Place.

The poor cricket stopped short, and Gringoire stopped his ears. "Oh!" he cried, "thou cursed, broken-toothed saw, that comest to break the lyre!"

The rest of the bystanders murmured like himself. "The devil take the sachette!" cried some of them. And the old invisible disturber might have found cause to repent of her attacks upon the gypsy, had not their attention been diverted at

that moment by the procession of the Fools' Pope, which, after traversing many a street, was now debouching upon the Place de Grève, with all its torches and all its clamor.

The procession, which our readers have seen take its departure from the Palais, had organized itself on the way, and been recruited with all the ragamuffins, the unemployed thieves, and disposable vagabonds in Paris, so that when it reached the Grève it presented a most respectable aspect.

First of all marched the tribes of Egypt. The Duke of Egypt was at their head, with his counts on foot, holding his bridle and stirrup; behind them came the Egyptians, men and women, pell-mell, with their little children squalling upon their shoulders; all of them, duke, counts, and people, covered with rags and tinsel. Then followed the kingdom of Argot, that is, all the rest of the vagabond community, arranged in bands according to the order of their dignities, the moines or monks walking first. Thus marched on, four abreast, with the different insignia of their degrees in that strange faculty, most of them crippled in some way or other—some limping, some with only one hand—the courtaux de boutanche, the coquillarts, the hubins, the sabouleux, the calots, the francmitoux, the polissons, the piètres, the capons, the malingreux, the rifodés, the marcandiers,

the narquois, the orphelins, the archisuppôts, the cagoux—denominations enough to have wearied Homer himself to enumerate, and some explanation of which will occur as we proceed. It was with some difficulty that you could discern, in the center of the band of cagoux and archisuppôts, the King of Argot himself, the grand-coësre, as he was called, sitting squat in a little wagon drawn by two large dogs. After the nation of the Argotiers came the empire of Galilee. Guillaume Rousseau, Emperor of the empire of Galilee, walked majestically in his robe of purple stained with wine, preceded by mummers dancing warlike dances, and surrounded by his mace-bearers, his suppôts, and the clerks of the chambre des comptes. Lastly came the members of the basoche, with their garlanded may-poles, their black gowns, their music, worthy of a witches' meeting, and their great candles of yellow wax. In the center of this latter crowd, the great officers of the brotherhood of Fools bore upon their shoulders a brancard, or chair carried upon poles, more loaded with wax-tapers than was the shrine of Ste. Geneviève in time of pestilence; and upon this chair shone, crosiered, and mitred, the new Fools' Pope, the ringer of Notre-Dame, Quasimodo the hunchback.

Each division of this grotesque procession had its particular music. The Egyptians sounded their balafos and their

African tambourines. The Argotiers, a very unmusical race, had advanced no further than the viol, the bugle-horn, and the Gothic rubebbe of the twelfth century. The empire of Galilee had not made much greater progress. You could but just distinguish in its music some wretched rebeck of the infancy of the art still confined to the re, la, mi. But it was around the Fools' Pope that were displayed, in magnificent discordance, all the musical riches of the age; there were rebeck trebles, rebeck tenors, and rebeck countertenors; not to mention the flutes and the cuivres. Alas! our readers will recollect that it was poor Gringoire's orchestra.

It is not easy to give an idea of the expression of proud and beatific satisfaction, to which the melancholy and hideous visage of Quasimodo had attained in the journey from the Palais to the Grève. It was the first feeling of self-love that he had ever enjoyed. He had hitherto experienced nothing but humiliation, disdain for his condition, disgust for his person So that, deaf as he was, he nevertheless relished, like a true pope, the acclamations of that crowd whom he hated because he felt himself hated by them. What though his people were a people of fools, an assemblage of cripples, thieves, and beggars—still they were a people, and he was a sovereign. And he took in earnest all the ironical applause and mock reverence

which they gave him; with which, at the same time, we must not forget to observe that there was mingled, in the minds of the crowd, a degree of fear perfectly real; for the hunchback was strong; though bow-legged, he was active; though deaf, he was malicious—three qualities which have the effect of moderating ridicule.

However, that the new Pope of the Fools analyzed the feelings which he experienced, and those which he inspired, we by no means imagine. The spirit that was lodged in that misshapen body, was necessarily itself incomplete and dull of hearing; so that what it felt at that moment was to itself absolutely vague, indistinct, and confused. Only, joy beamed through, and pride predominated. Around that dismal and unhappy countenance there was a perfect radiance.

It was, therefore, not without surprise and dread that all at once, at the moment when Quasimodo, in that state of demi-intoxication, was passing triumphantly before the Maison-aux-Piliers, a man was seen to issue from the crowd, and, with an angry gesture, snatch from his hands his crosier of gilt wood, the ensign of his mock papacy.

The person who had this temerity was the man with the bald forehead, who, the moment before, standing in the crowd that encircled the gypsy, had chilled the poor girl's blood with his words of menace and

hatred. He was in an ecclesiastical dress. The moment he stood forth from the crowd, he was recognized by Gringoire, who had not before observed him. "What!" said he, with a cry of astonishment. "Why, 'tis my master in Hermes, Dom Claude Frollo, the archdeacon! What the devil can he want with that one-eyed brute? He's going to get himself devoured!"

Indeed, a cry of terror proceeded from the multitude. The formidable Quasimodo had leaped down from his chair; and the women turned away their eyes, that they might not see him tear the archdeacon to pieces.

He made one bound up to the priest, looked in his face, and then fell upon his knees before him. The priest snatched his tiara from his head, broke his crosier, and rent his tinsel cope. Quasimodo remained upon his knees, bowed down his head, and clasped his hands. They then entered into a strange dialogue of signs and gestures, for neither of them uttered a word; the priest erect, angry, threatening, imperious; Quasimodo prostrate, humble, suppliant. And yet it is certain that Quasimodo could have crushed the priest with a single grip. At last the priest, roughly shaking Quasimodo's powerful shoulder, made him a sign to rise and follow him, and Quasimodo rose accordingly.

Then the brotherhood of Fools, their first amazement being over, offered to de-

fend their pope, thus abruptly dethroned. The Egyptians, the Argotiers, and all the Basoche, came yelping round the priest. But Quasimodo, placing himself before the priest, put the muscles of his athletic fists in play, and faced the assailants, gnashing his teeth like an enraged tiger. The priest resumed his sombre gravity, made a sign to Quasimodo and withdrew in silence. Quasimodo walked before him, scattering the crowd as he passed along.

When they had made their way through the populace and across the Place, the mob of the curious and the idle offered to follow them. Quasimodo then placed himself in the rear, and followed the archdeacon backwards, looking squat, snarling, monstrous, shaggy, gathering up his limbs, licking his tusks, growling like a wild beast, and impressing immense vibrations on the crowd by a mere look or gesture.

At length they both plunged down a dark narrow street, into which no one ventured after them; so effectually was its entrance barred by the mere image of Quasimodo gnashing his teeth.

"All this is wonderful enough," said Gringoire to himself, "but where the devil shall I find a supper?"

Q is like a watchdog

CHAPTER IV.

THE DANGER OF FOLLOWING A PRETTY WOMAN IN THE STREETS BY NIGHT.

Gringoire, at a venture, had set himself to follow the gypsy girl. He had seen her, with her goat, turn down the Rue de la Contellerie; and, accordingly, he turned into the Rue de la Contellerie likewise—"Why not?" said he to himself.

As a practical philosopher of the streets of Paris, Gringoire had remarked that nothing is more favorable to a state of revery than to follow a pretty woman without knowing whither she is going. In this voluntary abdication of one's free-will—in this fancy subjecting itself to the fancy of another, while that other is totally unconscious of it—there is a mixture of fantastic independence with blind obedience, a something intermediate between slavery and freedom, which was pleasing to the mind of Gringoire, a mind essentially mixed, undecided, and complex—holding the medium between all extremes—in constant suspense amongst all human propensities, and neutralizing one of them by another. He likened himself with satisfaction to the tomb of Mahomet, attracted by the two lodestones in opposite directions, and hesitating eternally between the top and the bottom, between the roof and

the pavement, between fall and ascension, between the zenith and the nadir.

Had Gringoire been living in our time, what a fine medium, what a *juste milieu*, he would have kept between the classic and the romantic! But he was not primitive enough to live three hundred years; and 'tis really a pity. His absence leaves a void which, in these days of ours, is but too sensibly felt.

However, for thus following the passengers through the streets, especially the female ones, which Gringoire readily did, there is nothing that better disposes a man than not to know where to go to bed.

He walked along, therefore, all pensive, behind the young girl, who quickened her step, making her pretty little four-footed companion trot beside her, as she saw the townspeople reaching home, and the taverns shutting up, the only shops that had been opened that day. "After all," he half thought to himself, "she must have a lodging somewhere — the gypsy women have good hearts—who knows?"—And there were some points of suspension about which he went on weaving this web in his mind — certain very flattering ideas, or shadows of ideas.

Meanwhile, at intervals, as he passed by the last groups of bourgeois closing their doors, he caught some fragment of their conversation which snapped the thread of his pleasing hypotheses.

Now, it was two old men accosting each other.

"Maître Thibaut Fernicle, do you know, it's very cold?"

(Gringoire had known it ever since the winter had set in.)

"Yes, indeed, Maître Boniface Disome. Are we going to have such a winter as we had three years ago, in the year '80 when wood rose to eight sols a load, think you?"

"Bah! it's nothing at all, Maître Thibaut, to the winter of 1407, when it froze from Martinmas to Candlemas—and so sharp that the ink in the pen in the parliament's registrar's hands froze, in the Grande Chambre, at every three words—which interrupted the registering of the judgments!"

Then farther on, there were two good female neighbors, talking to each other through their windows with candles in their hands that glimmered through the fog.

"Has your husband told you of the mishap, Mademoiselle la Boudraque?"

"No, Mademoiselle Turquant, what is it?"

"The horse of Monsieur Giles Godin, notary at the Châtalet, took fright at the Flemings and their procession, and ran over Maître Philipot Avrillot, lay-brother of the Celestines."

"Did it indeed?"

"Yes, indeed."

"A paltry hack-horse, too! That was rather too bad—had it been a cavalry horse, now, it would not have been so much amiss."

And the windows were shut again. But Gringoire had completely lost the thread of his ideas.

Luckily, he soon found it again, and easily pieced it together, at the sight of the gypsy girl and of Djali, who were still trotting on before him, two slender, delicate, and charming creatures, whose small feet, pretty figures, and graceful motions he gazed at with admiration, almost confounding them together in his contemplation; their common intelligence and mutual affection seeming those of two young girls; while for their light, quick, graceful step, they might have been both young hinds.

Meanwhile, the streets were every moment becoming darker and more solitary. The curfew had long ceased to ring, and now it was only at long intervals that a person passed you on the pavement, or a light was to be seen at a window. Gringoire, in following the gypsy, had involved himself in that inextricable labyrinth of alleys, courts, and crossings which surrounds the ancient sepulchre of the Holy Innocents, and may be compared to a skein of thread raveled by the playing of a kitten. "Very illogical streets, in truth!"

muttered Gringoire, quite lost in the thousand windings which seemed to be everlastingly turning back upon themselves, but through which the girl followed a track that seemed to be well known to her, and with a pace of increasing rapidity. For his own part, he would have been perfectly ignorant as to his "whereabout," had he not observed, at the bend of a street, the octagonal mass of the pillory of the Halles, the perforated top of which traced its dark outline upon a solitary patch of light yet visible in a window of the Rue Verdelet.

A few minutes before, his step had attracted the girl's attention: she had several times turned her head towards him, as if with uneasiness: once, too, she had stopped short; had availed herself of a ray of light that escaped from a half-open bakehouse, to survey him steadily from head to foot; then, when she had taken that glance, Gringoire had observed her make that little mow which he had already remarked, and she had gone on without more ado.

This same little mow furnished Gringoire with a subject of reflection. There certainly was disdain and mockery in that pretty little grimace. So that he was beginning to hang down his head, to count the paving-stones, and to follow the girl at a rather greater distance; when, just after she had made a turn into a street

which took her for a moment out of his sight, he heard her utter a piercing shriek.

He quickened his pace. The street was quite dark. However, a twist of tow steeped in oil, which was burning in a sort of iron cage, at the foot of a statue of the Virgin at the corner of the street, enabled Gringoire to discern the gypsy struggling in the arms of two men, who were endeavoring to stifle her cries, while the poor little goat, all wild with affright, hung down its head, bleating.

"Hither! hither! gentlemen of the watch!" cried Gringoire; and he advanced bravely. One of the men who had laid hold of the girl, turned toward him. It was the formidable visage of Quasimodo. Gringoire did not fly—but he did not advance another step.

Quasimodo came up to him, threw him four paces off upon the pavement with a backstroke of his hand, and plunged rapidly into the darkness, bearing off the girl, her figure dropping over his arm almost as flexibly as a silken scarf. His companion followed him, and the poor goat ran behind with its plaintive bleat.

"Murder! murder!" cried the unfortunate gypsy.

"Stand, there! you scoundrels! and let that wench go!" was all at once heard in a voice of thunder, from a horseman, who suddenly made his appearance from the neighboring crossway.

It was a captain of that description of household troops which were still called archers (from the cross-bows which they carried before the invention of fire-arms), armed cap-à-pie, with his espadon, or great two-edged sword in his hand. He snatched the gypsy from the grasp of the amazed Quasimodo, laid her across his saddle; and, at the moment when the redoubtable hunchback, having recovered from his surprise, was rushing upon him to seize his prey a second time, fifteen or sixteen archers, who followed close upon their captain, made their appearance, each brandishing his broadsword. They were a detachment going the counter-watch, by order of Messire Robert d'Estouteville, keeper of the provostry of Paris.

Quasimodo was surrounded, seized and bound. He roared, he foamed, he bit; and had it been daylight, no doubt his visage alone, rendered yet more hideous by rage, would have put the whole detachment to flight. But, being in the dark, he was disarmed of his most formidable weapon, his ugliness. His companion had disappeared during the struggle.

The gypsy girl gracefully gained her seat upon the officer's saddle; leaned both her hands upon the young man's shoulders, and looked fixedly at him for a few seconds, as if delighted with his fine countenance and the effectual succor he had rendered her. Then speaking first, and

making her sweet voice still sweeter, she said to him, "Monsieur le gendarme, what is your name?"

"Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers, at your service, my fair one," said the officer, drawing himself up.

"Thank you," said she.

And while Captain Phœbus was curling his moustache *à la Bourguignonne,* she glided down from the horse like an arrow falling to the ground, and fled with the speed of lightning.

"*Nombril du Pape!*" exclaimed the captain, while he made them tighten the bands upon the limbs of Quasimodo, "I'd rather have kept the wench."

"Why, captain," said one of the gendarmes, "what would you have? The linnet is flown—we've made sure of the bat."

CHAPTER V.

SEQUEL OF THE DANGERS.

Gringoire, quite stunned with his fall, had remained stretched upon the pavement before the good Virgin of the corner of the street. By degrees, however, he recovered his senses. At first, he was for some minutes in a sort of half-somnolent revery, which was not altogether disagreeable, and in which the airy figures of

the gypsy and the goat were confounded in his imagination with the weight of Quasimodo's fist. This state of his feelings, however, was of short duration. A very lively impression of cold upon that part of his body which was in contact with the ground, suddenly awoke him, and brought back his mind to the surface. "Whence is this coolness that I feel?" said he hastily to himself. He then perceived that he lay somewhere about the middle of the gutter.

"The devil take the humpbacked Cyclop!" grumbled he, and he strove to get up. But he was too much stunned, and too much bruised; so that he was forced to remain where he was. Having, however, the free use of his hand, he stopped his nose, and resigned himself to his situation.

"The mud of Paris," thought he (for he now believed it to be decided that the kennel was to be his lodging:

Et que faire en un gite â moins que l'on ne songe?)

"the mud of Paris is particularly offensive. It must contain a large proportion of volatile and nitrous salts. Such too is the opinion of Maître Nicholas Flamel and the hermetics."

This word hermetics reminded him of the Archdeacon Claude Frollo. He reflected on the scene of violence of which he had just before had a glimpse; that he

had seen the gypsy struggling between two men; that Quasimodo had a companion with him; and the sullen and haughty countenance of the archdeacon floated confusedly in his recollection. "That would be strange," thought he; and then, with this datum and upon this basis, he began to rear the fantastic framework of hypothesis, that house of cards of the philosophers; then suddenly returning once more to reality, "Oh, I freeze!" he cried.

The position was in fact becoming less and less tenable. Each particle of water in the channel carried off a particle of caloric from the loins of Gringoire; and an equality of temperature between his body and the fluid that ran under it was beginning to establish itself without mercy.

All at once he was assailed by an annoyance of quite a different nature. A troop of children, of those little barefooted savages that have in all times run about the streets of Paris, with the everlasting name of gamins, "and who," says our author, "when we were children also, used to throw stones at us all as we were leaving school in the evening, because our trowsers were not torn,"—a swarm of these young rogues ran to the crossway where Gringoire was lying, laughing and shouting in a manner that showed very little concern about the sleep of the neighbors. They

were dragging after them some sort of a shapeless pack; and the noise of their wooden shoes alone were enough to waken the dead. Gringoire, who was not quite dead yet, half raised himself up.

"Hollo! Hennequin Dandèche! Hollo! Jehan Princebourde!" cried they as loud as they could bawl; "old Eustache Moubon, the old ironseller at the corner is just dead. We've got his straw mattress, and we're going to make a bonfire with it. This is the Flamings' day!"

And so saying, they threw down the mattress precisely upon Gringoire, whom they had come up to without perceiving him. At the same time one of them took a handful of straw, and went to light it at the Blessed Virgin's torch.

"*Mort-Christ!*" muttered Gringoire, "am I now going to be too hot?"

The moment was critical. He was about to be fixed between fire and water. He made a supernatural effort, such as a coiner might have made in trying to escape when they were going to boil him to death. He rose up, threw back the mattress upon the gamins, and took to his heels.

"Holy Virgin!" cried the boys, "it's the old ironseller's ghost!" And they ran away.

The mattress remained master of the field. Those judicious historians, Belleforêt, Father Le Juge, and Corrozet,

assure us that the next morning it was taken up with great solemnity by the clergy of that part of the town, and carried in great pomp to the treasury of Sainte-Opportune's church, where until the year 1789, the sacristan drew a very handsome income from the great miracle worked by the statue of the Virgin at the corner of the Rue Mauconseil, which, by its presence alone, in the memorable night between the 6th and the 7th of January, 1482, had exorcised the deceased Jehan Moubon, who, to cheat the devil, had, when dying, slyly hidden his soul within his mattress.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BROKEN LEG.

After running for some time as fast as his legs would carry him, without knowing whither, whisking round many a corner, striding over many a gutter, traversing many a court and alley, seeking flight and passage through all the meanders of the old pavement of the Halles, exploring what are called in the elegant Latin of the charters *tota via, cheminum, et viaria,* our poet all at once made a halt, first because he was out of breath, and then because a dilemma had suddenly arisen in

his mind. "It seems to me, Maître Pierre Gringoire," said he to himself, applying his finger to his forehead, "that you are running all this while like a brainless fellow that you are. The little rogues were no less afraid of you than you were of them—it seems to me, I say, that you heard the clatter of their wooden shoes running away southward while you were running away northward. Now, one of two things must have taken place; either they have run away, and then the mattress which they must have forgotten in their fright is precisely that hospitable couch after which you have been hunting ever since the morning, and which the Lady Virgin miraculously sends you to reward you for having composed, in honor of her, a morality, accompanied with triumphs and mummeries—or the boys have not run away, and in that case they will have set a light to the mattress, and that will be exactly the excellent fire that you're in want of, to comfort, warm, and dry you. In either case — good bed or good fire—the mattress is a present from heaven. The ever-blessed Virgin Mary that stands at the corner of the Rue Mauconseil, perhaps caused Jehan Moubon to die for the very purpose; and 'tis folly in you to scamper away at such a rate, like a Picard running from a Frenchman, leaving behind you what you are running forward to seek—blockhead that you are!"

Then he began to retrace his steps, and ferreting about to discover where he was —snuffing the wind, and laying down his ears—he strove to find his way back to the blessed mattress—but in vain. All was intersections of houses, courts, and clustering streets, amongst which he incessantly doubted and hesitated, more entangled in that strange network of dark alleys than he would have been in the labyrinth of the Hôtel des Tournelles itself. At length he lost patience, and vehemently exclaimed, "A curse upon the crossings! the devil himself has made them after the image of his pitchfork!"

This exclamation relieved him a little; and a sort of reddish reflection, which he at that moment discovered at the end of a long and very narrow street, completed the restoration of his courage. "God be praised," said he, "there it is! There is my blazing mattress!" And, likening himself to the pilot foundering in the night-time, "*Salve*," added he, piously, "*salve, maris stelle!*"

Did he address this fragment of a litany to the Holy Virgin, or to the straw mattress? We really can not say.

He had no sooner advanced a few paces down the long street or lane, which was on a declivity, unpaved, descending quicker and becoming more miry the farther he proceeded, than he observed something very singular. The street was not quite

solitary; for here and there were to be seen crawling in it, certain vague, shapeless masses, all moving toward the light which was flickering at the end of the street; like those heavy insects which drag themselves along at night, from one blade of grass to another, toward a shepherd's fire.

Nothing makes a man so adventurous as an empty stomach. Gringoire went forward, and soon came up with that one of the larvæ which seemed to be dragging itself along most indolently after the others. On approaching it, he found that it was nothing other than a miserable stump of a man, without legs or thighs, jumping along upon his two hands, like a mutilated father-long-legs with only two of its feet remaining. The moment he came up to this sort of spider with a human face, it lifted up to him a lamentable voice: "*La buona mancia, signor! la buona mancia!*"

"The devil take thee!" said Gringoire, "and me along with thee, if I know what you mean." And he passed on.

He came up to another of these ambulatory masses, and examined it. It was a cripple, both legless and armless, after such a manner that the complicated machinery of crutches and wooden legs that supported him made him look for all the world like a mason's scaffolding walking along. Gringoire, being fond of noble and classical similes, compared him, in his

mind, to the living tripod of Vulcan.

This living tripod saluted him as he went by; but staying his hat just at the height of Gringoire's chin, after the manner of a shaving dish, and shouting in his ears, "*Señor Cabarellero, para comprar un pedaso de pan!*"

"It appears," said Gringoire, "that this one talks too; but it's a barbarous language, and he's more lucky than I am if he understands it." Then striking his forehead through a sudden transition of idea: "Apropos! what the devil did they mean this morning with their Esmeralda?"

He resolved to double his pace; but for the third time something blocked up the way. This something, or rather this somebody, was a blind man, a little man, with a bearded Jewish face, who, rowing in the space about him with a great stick, and towed along by a great dog, snuffled out to him with a Hungarian accent, "*Facitote caritatem!*"

"Oh, come!" said Pierre Gringoire, "here is one at last that talks a Christian language. Truly, I must have a most almsgiving mien, that they should just ask charity of me in the present extenuated state of my purse. My friend," said he, turning to the blind man, "last week I sold my last shirt; that is to say, as you understand no language but that of Cicero, *Vendidi hebdomade nuper transitâ meam ultimam chemisam.*"

Then, turning his back upon the blind man, he went forward on his way. But the blind man quickened his pace at the same time; and now, also, the cripple and the stump came up in great haste, with great clatter of the platter that carried one of them, and the crutches that carried the other. Then all three, shoving one another aside at the heels of poor Gringoire, began to sing him their several staves:

"*Caritatem!*" sang the blind man.

"*La buona mancia!*" sang the stump.

And the man of the wooden legs took up the stave with, "*Un pedasode pan!*"

Gringoire stopped his ears. "Oh, tower of Babel!" he cried.

He began to run. The blind man ran. The wooden legs ran. The stump ran.

And then, as he advanced still farther down the street, stump men, wooden-legged men, and blind men came swarming around him—and one-handed men, and one-eyed men, and lepers with their sores—some coming out of the houses, some from the little adjacent streets, some from the cellar-holes—howling, bellowing, yelping—all hobbling along, making their way toward the light, and wallowing in the mire like so many slugs after the rain.

Gringoire, still followed by his three persecutors, and not well knowing what was to come of all this, walked on affrighted among the others, turning aside the limpers, striding over the stumpies, his feet en-

tangled in that ant-hill of cripples, like the English captain who found himself beset by a legion of crabs.

The idea just occurred to him of trying to retrace his steps. But it was too late; all this army had closed upon his rear, and his three beggars were still upon him. He went on, therefore, urged forward at once by that irresistible flood, by fear, and by a dizziness which made it all seem to him like a sort of horrible dream.

At last he reached the extremity of the street. It opened into an extensive place, in which a thousand scattered lights were waving in the thick gloom of the night. Gringoire threw himself into it, hoping to escape by the speed of his legs from the three deformed specters that had fixed themselves upon him.

"*Onde vas, hombre?*" cried the wooden legs, throwing aside his scaffolding, and running after him with as good a pair of legs as ever measured a geometrical pace upon the pavement of Paris. Meanwhile the stump-man, erect upon his feet, clapped his heavy iron-sheathed platter upon his head, while the blind man stared him in the face with great, flaming eyes.

"Where am I?" said the terrified poet.

"In the Court of Miracles," answered a fourth specter who had accosted them.

"On my soul," returned Gringoire, "I do indeed find here that the blind see and the lame walk--but where is the Saviour?"

They answered him with a burst of laughter of a sinister kind.

The poor poet cast his eyes around him. He was, in fact, in that same terrible Cour des Miracles, or Cours of Miracles, into which no honest man had ever penetrated at such an hour—a magic circle, in which the officers of the Châtelet and the sergeants of the provosery, when they ventured thither, disappeared in morsels—the city of the thieves—a hideous wen on the face of Paris—a sink from whence escaped every morning, and to which returned to stagnate every night, that stream of vice, mendicity and vagrancy which ever flows through the streets of a capital—a monstrous hive, into which all the petty hornets of society returned each evening with their booty—a lying hospital, in which the gypsy, the unfrocked monk, the abandoned scholar—the worthless of every nation, Spaniards, Italians, Germans—of every religion, Jews, Christians, Mahometans, idolaters—covered with simulated sores, beggars in the daytime, transformed themselves at night into robbers—an immense dressing-room, in short, in which dressed and undressed at that period all the actors in that everlasting drama which robbery, prostitution, and murder enacted upon the pavements of Paris.

It was a large open space, irregular and ill-paved, as was at that time every place in Paris. Fires, around which strange

groups were gathered, were gleaming here and there. All was motion and clamor. There were shrieks of laughter, squalling of children, and screaming of women. The arms and heads of this crowd cast a thousand fantastic gestures in dark outline upon the luminous background. Now and then, upon the ground, over which the light of the fires was wavering, intermingled with great undefined shadows, was seen to pass a dog resembling a man, or a man resembling a dog. The limits of the different races and species seemed to be effaced in this commonwealth as in a pandemonium. Men, women, beasts; age, sex; health, sickness; all seemed to be in common among this people; all went together mingled, confounded, placed one upon another, each one participating in all.

The weak and wavering rays that streamed from the fires enabled Gringoire, amid his perturbation, to distinguish, all around the extensive enclosure, a hideous range of old houses, the decayed, shriveled, and stooping fronts of which, each perforated by one or two circular attic windows with lights behind them, seemed to him, in the dark, like enormous old women's heads, ranged in a circle, looking monstrous and crabbed, and winking upon the diabolical rebel.

It was like a new world, unknown, unheard-of, deformed, creeping, swarming, fantastic.

Gringoire, growing wilder and wilder with affright, held by the three mendicants as by three pairs of pincers and deafened by a crowd of other vagrants that flocked barking round him—the unlucky Gringoire strove to muster presence of mind enough to recollect whether he was really at a witches' sabbath or not; but his efforts were vain; the thread of his memory and his thoughts was broken; and, doubting of everything—floating between what he saw and what he felt—he put the insoluble question to himself—"Am I really in being? do I really exist?"

At that moment a distinct shout was raised from the buzzing crowd that surrounded him, of "Let's take him to the king! let's take him to the king!"

"Holy Virgin!" muttered Gringoire, "the king of this place must surely be a he-goat!"

"To the king! to the king!" repeated every voice.

They dragged him along, each striving to fix his talons upon him. But the three beggars kept their hold, and tore him away from the others, vociferating, "He is ours!"

The poet's poor doublet, already in piteous plight, gave up the ghost in this struggle.

In crossing the horrible place his dizziness left him. After proceeding a few paces the feeling of reality had returned to

him. His apprehension began to adapt itself to the atmosphere of the place. At the first moment, from his poet's head, or perhaps, indeed, quite simply and prosaically, from his empty stomach, there had risen a fume, a vapor, as it were, which, spreading itself between him and the surrounding objects, had allowed him to survey them only in the incoherent mist of a nightmare in that dark shrouding of our dreams, which distorts every outline, and clusters the objects together in disproportioned groups, dilating things into chimeras, and human figures into phantoms. By degrees this hallucination gave way to a less bewildered and less magnifying state of vision. The real made its way to his organs—struck upon his eyes—struck against his feet—and demolished, piece by piece, all the frightful poetry with which he had at first thought himself surrounded. He could not but perceive at last that he was walking, not in the Styx, but in the mud; that he was elbowed, not by demons but by thieves; that not his soul, but, in simple sooth, his life was in danger—seeing that he was unaccompanied by that invaluable conciliator who places himself so effectually between the robber and the honest man—the purse. In short, on examining the orgie more closely and more coolly, he found that he descended from the witches' revel to the pot-house.

The Court of Miracles was, in truth, no

other than one great public-house—but it was a public-house, a cabaret, of brigands, in which blood flowed almost as frequently as wine.

The spectacle which presented itself to him when his tattered escort at length deposited him at the term of its march, was little adapted to bring back his mind to poetry, though it were the poetry of hell. It was more than ever the prosaic and brutal reality of the tavern. Were we not writing of the fifteenth century, we should say that Gringoire had descended from Michael Angelo to Callot.

Round a great fire which was burning upon a large round flagstone, and the blaze of which had heated red-hot the legs of an iron trivet which was empty for the moment, some worm-eaten tables were set out here and there, as if by chance, without the smallest geometrician of a waiter having condescended to adjust their parallelism, or mind that, at least, they should not meet at too unaccustomed angles. Upon these tables shone some pots flowing with wine and beer, around which were grouped a number of bacchanalian visages, reddened by the fire and the wine. There was one man with a fair round belly and a jovial face, noisily throwlng his arms round a girl of the town, thick-set and brawny. Then there was a sort of false soldier, a *narquois*, as he was called in the Argotian tongue, who

whistled away while he was undoing the bandages of his false wound, and unstiffening his sound and vigorous knee, which had been bound up since the morning in a thousand ligatures. On the other hand there was a malingreux preparing, with celandine and ox-blood, his *jambe de Dieu*, or sore leg, for the morrow. Two tables higher up, a coquillart, with his complete pilgrim's habit (from the coquilles or shells of which this denomination arose) was conning a spiritual song, the complaint of Sainte-Reine, the psalmody and the nasal drone included. In another place a young hubin was taking a lesson in epilepsy from an old sabouleux, or hustler, who was teaching him the art of foaming at the mouth by chewing a piece of soap; while four or five women thieves, just by them, were contending, at the same table, for the possession of a child stolen in the course of the evening. All which circumstances, two centuries later, "seemed so laughable at court," says Sauval, "that they furnished pastime to the king, and an opening to the royal ballet entitled 'Night,' which was divided into four parts, and danced upon the stage of the Petit Bourbon." And "never," adds an eye-witness in the year 1653, "were sudden metamorphoses of the Court of Miracles more happily represented. Benserade prepared us for them by some very pleasant verses."

The loud laugh everywhere burst forth, and the obscene song. Each one let off his own exclamation, passing his remark, and swearing, without attending to his neighbor. The pots rattled, and quarrels were struck out of their collision, the smashing of pots thus leading to the tearing of rags.

A large dog, sitting on his tail, was looking into the fire. There were some children mingled in this orgie. The stolen child was crying. Another, a bouncing boy of four years old, was seated with his legs dangling upon a bench which was too high for him, with his chin just above the table, said not a word. A third was gravely spreading over the table with his finger the melted tallow running from a candle. And a fourth, a very little one, squatting in the mud, was almost lost in a great iron pot which he was scraping with a tile, drawing from it a sound, enough certainly to have agonized the most obdurate nerves.

There was a barrel near the fire, and upon the barrel was seated one of the beggars. This was the king upon his throne.

The three who had possession of Gringoire brought him before this cask, and the whole bacchanalia were silent for a moment, excepting the caldron tenanted by the child.

Gringoire was afraid to breathe or to lift up his eyes.

"*Hombre, quita tu sombrero!*" said one of the three fellows who had told of him; and before he could understand what that meant, another of them had taken off his hat—a wretched covering, it is true, but still of use on a day of sunshine or a day of rain. Gringoire heaved a sigh.

Meanwhile the king, from the top of his barrel, put the interrogatory, "What is this rascal?"

Gringoire started. This voice, though speaking in a tone of menace, reminded him of another voice which that very morning had struck the first blow at his mystery, by droning out in the midst of the audience, "Charity, if you please!" He raised his eyes—it was indeed Clopin Trouillefou.

Clopin Trouillefou, arrayed in his regal ensigns, had not one rag more or less upon him. His sore on the arm had indeed disappeared. He held in his hand one of those whips with lashes of whitleather, which were, at that time, used by the sergeants of the wand to drive back the crowd, and were called boullayes. He had upon his head a sort of coiffure formed into a circle and closed at the top; but it was difficult to distinguish whether it was a child's cushion or a king's crown, the two things are so much alike.

However, Gringoire, without knowing why, had felt some revival of hope on recognizing in the king of the Court of

Miracles his cursed beggar of the Grand Salle. "Maître," stammered he, "—— Monseigneur——Sire——How must I call you?" said he at last, having mounted to his utmost stretch of ascent, and neither knowing how to mount higher nor how to come down again.

"Monseigneur—Your Majesty—or Comrade—call me what you like, only despatch. What hast thou to say in thy defense?"

"In my defense!" thought Gringoire, "I don't like that." He replied, hesitating, "I am he—he who this morning——"

"By the devil's claws!" interrupted Clopin, "thy name, rascal! and nothing more. Hark ye—thou art before three mighty sovereigns: me, Clopin Trouillefou, King of Tunis, successor to the Grand Coësre, supreme sovereign of the kingdom of Argot; Mathias Hungadi Spicali, Duke of Egypt and Bohemia, that yellow old fellow that thou seest there with a clout round his head; and Guillaume Rousseau, Emperor of Galilee, that fat fellow, that's not attending to us, but to that wench. We are thy judges. Thou hast entered into the kingdom of Argot without being an Argotier—thou hast violated the privileges of our city. Thou must be punished, unless thou art either capon, a franc-mitou, or a rifodé, that is to say, in the Argot of the honest men, either a thief, a beggar, or a vagrant. Art thou anything of that sort? Justify thyself—tell over thy qualifications."

"Alas!" said Gringoire, "I have not that honor. I am the author——"

"That's enough," interrupted Trouillefou; "thou shalt be hanged. It's a matter of course, messieurs the honest townsfolk. Just as you treat our people amongst you, so we treat yours amongst us. Such law as you give to the Truands, the Truands give to you. If it's a bad law, it's your own fault. It's quite necessary that an honest man or two should now and then grin through the hempen collar—that makes the thing honorable. Come, my friend, merrily share thy tatters among these young ladies. I'll have thee hanged for the amusement of the Truands, and thou shalt give them thy purse to drink thy health. If thou hast any mumming to do first, there is down there, in that mortar, a very good stone God the Father that we stole from Saint-Pierre-aux-Bœufs. Thou hast four minutes' time to throw thy soul at his head."

This was a formidable harangue.

"Well said! upon my soul. Clopin Trouillefou preaches like a holy father the Pope!" cried the Emperor of Galilee, breaking his pot at the same time to prop his table-leg.

"Messeigneurs the emperors and kings!" said Gringoire coolly, for his resolution had somehow or other returned to him, and he spoke quite firmly, "you do not consider. My name is Pierre Gringoire—

I am the poet whose morality was performed this morning in the Grande Salle of the Palais."

"Ah! it's you, master, is it? I was there, *par la tête Dieu!* Well, comrade, is it any reason, because thou tiredst us to death this morning, that thou shouldst not be hanged to-night?"

"I shall not so easily get off," thought Gringoire. However, he made another effort.

"I don't very well see," said he, "why the poets are not classed among the Truands. A vagrant, forsooth—why, Æsopus was a vagrant. A beggar—well, Homerus was a beggar. A thief—was not Mercurius a thief?"

Clopin interrupted him. "Methinks," said he, "thou'st a mind to matagrabolize us with thy gibberish. *Pardieu!* Be hanged quietly, man; and don't make so much ado about nothing."

"Pardon me, monseigneur the king of Tunis," replied Gringoire, disputing the ground inch by inch; "it's really worth your while—Only one moment—Hear me —You'll not condemn me without hearing me——"

His unfortunate voice was in fact drowned by the uproar that was made around him; the little boy was scraping his kettle with more alacrity than ever, and, as the climax, an old woman had just come and set upon the red-hot trivet a

frying-pan full of fat, which yelped over the fire with a noise like the shouts of a flock of children running after a mask in carnival time.

Meanwhile, Clopin Trouillefou seemed to confer a moment with the duke of Egypt, and with the emperor of Galilee, who was completely drunk. Then he called out sharply, "Silence!" and as the pot and the frying-pan paid no attention to him, but continued their duet, he jumped down from his barrel, gave the caldron a kick which rolled it and the child half a score yards off; gave the frying-pan another, which upset all the fat into the fire; and then gravely reascended his throne, regardless of the smothered cries of the child, and of the grunting of the old woman, whose supper was evaporating in a beautiful white flame.

Trouillefou made a sign; whereupon the duke, and the emperor, and the archisuppôts, and the cagoux, came and ranged themselves about him in the form of a horseshoe, of which Gringoire, upon whom they still kept rough hands, occupied the center. It was a semi-circle of rags, tatters, and tinsel—of pitchforks and hatchets—of reeling legs and great naked arms—of sordid, dull, and sottish faces. In the midst of this Round Table of beggarhood, Clopin Trouillefou, as the doge of this senate, the king of this peerage, the pope of this conclave, predominated—in the first

place, by the whole height of his cask—and then, by a certain lofty, fierce, and formidable air, which made his eyeballs flash, and corrected in his savage profile the bestial type of the Truand race. He might be compared to a wild boar among swine.

"Hark ye," said he to Gringoire, at the same time shaking his shapeless chin with his horny hand, "I don't see why thou shouldst not be hanged. To be sure, thou dost not seem to like it, and that's but natural—you bourgeois aren't used to it. You think it very shocking. After all, we don't wish thee any harm. There's one way of getting off for the moment. Wilt thou be one of us?"

It may be supposed what an effect this proposal produced upon Gringoire, who saw life just about to escape him, and felt his grasp of it beginning to fail. He caught at it energetically. "That I will—certainly, assuredly," said he.

"You consent," said Clopin, "to enlist yourself among the men of the petite flambe?"

"Of the petite flambe—exactly so," responded Gringoire.

You acknowledge yourself a member of the franche-bourgeoisie?" added the king of Tunis.

"Of the franche-bourgeoisie."

"A subject of the kingdom of Argot?"

"Of the kingdom of Argot."

"A Truand?"

"A Truand."

"In your soul?"

"In my soul."

"I will just observe to thee," resumed the king, "that thou wilt be none the less hanged for all that."

"The devil!" exclaimed the poet.

"Only," continued Clopin, quite imperturbably, "thou wilt be hanged later, with more ceremony, at the expense of the good town of Paris, upon a good stone gibbet, and by honest men. That's some consolation."

"Just so," answered Gringoire.

"There are other advantages. As being a franc-bourgeois, a free burgess, thou wilt have to pay neither toward the pavements, the lamps, nor the poor; to which the burgess of Paris are subject."

"Be it so," said the poet; "I consent. I am a Truand, an Argotier, a franc-bourgeois, a petite-flambe, whatever you please—and indeed I was all that beforehand, monsieur the king of Tunis; for I am a philosopher; and, as you know, *Omnia in philosophiâ, omnes in philosopho continentur*——"

The king of Tunis knit his brows. "What dost thou take me for, friend? What Jew of Hungary's cant art thou singing us now? I don't understand Hebrew. Because a man's a robber, he's not obliged to be a Jew. Nay, I don't even

rob now—I'm above all that—a cut-throat, if you like, but no cut-purse."

Gringoire strove to slip in some sort of an excuse between these brief ejaculations, of which each succeeding one came bouncing out with increased momentum. "I ask your pardon, monseigneur—it's not Hebrew, it's Latin."

"I tell thee," rejoined Clopin, in a rage, "that I'm no Jew, and that I'll have thee hanged, *ventre de synagogue!* as well as that little marcandier of Judea that stands by thee, and whom I hope to see, one of these days, nailed to a counter like a piece of bad coin as he is!"

So saying, he pointed with his finger to the little bearded Hungarian Jew, who had accosted Gringoire with his *Facitote caritatem!* and who, understanding no other language, was surprised to see the ill-humor of the king of Tunis vent itself upon him.

At length, Monsieur Clopin's passion subsided. "Rascal," said he to our poet, "then thou'rt willing to be a Truand?"

"Undoubtedly," answered the poet.

"Willing isn't all," said Clopin, surlily. "Good-will doesn't put one onion more into the soup, and's of no use at all but for going to heaven—and there's a difference between heaven and Argot. To be received in Argot thou must prove that thou art good for something; and to do that, thou must feel the mannequin."

"I'll feel anything you like," said Gringoire.

Clopin made a sign; whereupon some Argotiers detached themselves from the circle, and returned in a minute. They brought two posts, terminated at the lower extremity by two broad feet, which made them stand firm on the ground. To the upper extremities of these two posts they applied a cross-beam; and the whole formed a very pretty portable gallows, which Gringoire had the satisfaction of seeing erected before him in the twinkling of an eye. Everything was there, including the rope, which gracefully depended from the transverse beam.

"What can be their meaning?" thought Gringoire to himself, with some uneasiness. But a noise of little bells which he heard at that moment put an end to his anxiety, for it proceeded from a stuffed figure of a man which the Truands were suspending by the neck to the rope, a sort of scarecrow, clothed in red, and so completely covered with little bells, and hollow jingling brasses, that there were enough to have harnessed thirty Castilian mules. These thousand miniature bells jingled for a time under the vibrations of the rope, their sound dying away gradually into a profound silence, which resulted from the state of perfect rest into which the body of the mannequin was speedily brought by that law of the pendulum

which has superseded the use of the hour-glass.

Then Clopin, pointing to an old tottering joint-stool, placed underneath the mannequin, said to Gringoire, "Get upon that."

"*Mort-diable!*" objected Gringoire, "I shall break my neck. Your stool halts like one of Martial's distichs—it has one hexameter leg and one pentameter."

"Get up," repeated Clopin.

Gringoire mounted upon the stool, and succeeded, not without some oscillations of his head and his arms, in recovering his center of gravity.

"Now," proceeded the king of Tunis, "turn thy right foot round thy left leg, and spring up on the toe of thy left foot."

"Monseigneur," said Gringoire, "you are then absolutely determined that I shall break some of my limbs!"

Clopin shook his head. "Hark ye, friend," said he, "you talk too much. It all amounts to this: you're to spring up on your toe—you'll then just be able to reach up to the mannequin's pocket—you'll put your hand into it—pull out a purse that's in it—and if you do all that without jingling one of the bells, well and good—thou shalt be a Truand. We shall then have nothing more to do but belabor thee soundly for a week."

"*Ventre-Dieu!* I shall not care to do it,"

said Gringoire. "And suppose I make the bells jingle?"

"Then thou shalt be hanged. Dost thou understand?"

"No, I don't understand it at all," answered Gringoire.

"Hark ye once more. You're to put your hand in the mannequin's pocket and take out his purse. If one single bell stirs while you're doing it, you shall be hanged. Now do you understand?"

"Well," said Gringoire, "I understand that. What next?"

"If you manage to draw out the purse without making any jingle at all, you're a Truand, and will be soundly belabored for eight days together. You understand now, I dare say."

"No, monseigneur, I don't understand this time. Where is my advantage? To be hanged in one case, or beaten in the other!"

"And to be a Truand into the bargain," rejoined Clopin—"to be a Truand! Is that nothing? It's for thy own advantage we shall beat thee, to harden thee against stripes."

"I am greatly ooliged to you," answered the poet.

"Come, quick!" said the king, striking his barrel with his foot, and making it ring. "Pick the mannequin's pocket, and let's have done with it. I tell thee, once for all, that if I hear the smallest tinkle, thou shalt take the mannequin's place."

The whole company of Argotiers applauded the words of Clopin, and ranged themselves in a circle round the gallows with so pitiless a laugh that Gringoire saw plainly enough that he gave them too much amusement not to have everything to fear from them. He had, therefore, no hope left but in the faint chance of succeeding in the terrible operation which was imposed upon him. He resolved to risk it: but he first addressed a fervent prayer to the man of straw from whose person he was going to do his best to steal, and whose heart was even more likely to be softened than those of the Truands. That myriad of bells, with their little brazen tongues, looked like so many asps with their mouths open, ready to hiss and to sting.

"Oh!" said he, in a low voice, "and can it be that my life depends upon the smallest vibration of the smallest of those bits of metal? Oh!" he added, clasping his hands, "ye bells, tinkle not—ye balls, jingle not!"

He made one more effort with Trouillefou. "And if there come a breath of wind," said he.

"Thou shalt be hanged," replied the other, without hesitation.

Finding that there was no respite, delay, or subterfuge whatsoever, he bravely set about the feat. He turned his right foot about his left leg, sprang up on the

toe of his left foot, and stretched out his arm: but the moment that he touched the mannequin, his body, which was now supported only by one foot, tottered upon the stool, which had only three, he mechanically caught at the mannequin, lost his balance, and fell heavily to the ground, quite deafened by the violent vibration of the scarecrow's thousand bells; while the figure, yielding to the impulse which his hand had given it, first revolved on his own axis, and then swung majestically backwards and forwards between the two posts.

"*Malédiction!*" he exclaimed as he fell; and he lay with his face to the ground as if he were dead.

However, he heard the awful chime above him, and the diabolical laughter of the Truands, and the voice of Trouillefou, saying, "Lift the fellow up, and hang him in a trice."

He rose of himself. They had already unhooked the mannequin to make room for him. The Argotiers made him get upon the stool again. Clopin came up to him, passed the rope round his neck, and, slapping him on the shoulder, "Good-bye, friend," said he; "thou'lt not get away now, though thou shouldst be as clever as the pope himself."

The word "Mercy!" expired on Gringoire's lips—he cast his eyes round, but saw no gleam of hope—all were laughing.

"Bellevigne de l'Etoile," said the king of Tunis to an enormous Truand, who stepped out of the ranks, "do you get upon the cross-beam."

Bellevigne de l'Etoile climbed nimbly up to the transvere bar; and an instant after, Gringoire, looking up, saw him with terror squatted just above his head.

"Now," continued Clopin Trouillefou, "as soon as I clap my hands do you, Andry-le-Rouge, push down the stool with your knee; you, François Chante-Prune, hang at the rascal's feet; and you, Bellevigne, drop upon his shoulders; and all three at the same time—do you hear?"

Gringoire shuddered.

"Are you ready?" said Clopin Trouillefou to the three Argotiers, about to throw themselves upon the poet. The poor sufferer had a moment of horrible expectation, while Clopin was quietly pushing into the fire with the point of his shoe some twigs which the flame had not reached. "Are you ready?" he repeated, and he held his hand ready to give the signal. A second more, and all would have been over.

But he stopped as if something suddenly occurred to him. "Wait a moment," said he; "I'd forgotten. It's customary for us not to hang a man without first asking him if there be a woman that'll have anything to say to him. Comrade, it's thy last chance! thou must marry either a she-Truand or the halter."

Gringoire took breath. This was the second time he had come to life again within half an hour; so that he could not venture to rely very much on it.

"Hollo!" shouted Clopin, who had reascended his task: "hollo, there! women! females! is there among you all, from the witch to her cat, ever a jade that'll have anything to say to this rogue? Hollo! Collette la Charonne! Elizabeth Trouvain! Simone Jodouyne! Marie Piédebou! Thonne-la-Longue! Bérarde Fanouel! Michelle Genaille! Claude Rougeorielle! Mathurine Girorou! — Hollo! Isabeau-la-Thierrye! Come and see! A man for nothing! Who'll have him?"

Gringoire, in this miserable plight, was, it may be supposed, not over inviting. The Truandesses displayed no great enthusiasm at the proposal. The unhappy fellow heard them answer: "No, no—hang him! it'll please us all!"

Three of them, however, stepped out of the crowd, and came to reconnoiter him. The first was a large, square-faced young woman. She carefully examined the philosopher's deplorable doublet. The coat was threadbare, and had more holes in it that a chestnut-roaster. The woman made a wry face at it. "An old rag!" muttered she; and then, addressing Gringoire, "Let's see thy cope."

"I've lost it," said Gringoire.

"Thy hat?"

"They've taken it from me."

"Thy shoes?"

"They've hardly a bit of sole left."

"Thy purse?"

"Alas!" stammered Gringoire, "I've not a single denier parisis."

"Let them hang thee—and be thankful," replied the Truandess, turning her back upon him.

The second woman, old, dark, wrinkled, of an ugliness conspicuous even in the Court of Miracles, now made the circuit of Gringoire. He almost trembled lest she should want to have him. But she only muttered, "He's too lean," and went her way.

The third that came was a young girl, fresh-complexioned, and not very ill-looking. "Save me!" whispered the poor devil. She looked at him for a moment with an air of pity, then cast down her eyes, made a plait in her skirt, and remained undecided. He watched her every motion—it was his last gleam of hope. "No," said the girl at last; "no—Guillaume Longue-joue would beat me." And she returned into the crowd.

"Comrade," said Clopin, "thou'rt unlucky." Then, standing up on his barrel, "So nobody bids?" cried he, mimicking the tone of an auctioneer, to the great diversion of them all—"so nobody bids? Going—going—going—" then turning toward the gallows with a motion of his head, "gone."

Bellevigne de l'Etoile, Andry-le-Rouge, and François Chante-Prune again approached Gringoire. At that moment a cry was raised among the Argotiers, of "La Esmeralda! la Esmeralda!"

Gringoire started, and turned toward the side from which the shout proceeded. The crowd opened, and made way for a clear and dazzling countenance. It was that of the gypsy girl.

"La Esmeralda!" said Gringoire, amazed, in the midst of his emotions, by the instantaneousness with which that magic word linked together all the recollections of that day.

This fascinating creature seemed to exercise, even over the Court of Miracles, her sway of grace and beauty. Argotiers, male and female, drew up gently to let her pass by; and their brutal countenances grew kindly at her look.

She approached the sufferer with her elastic step, her pretty Djali following her. Gringoire was more dead than alive. She gazed at him for a moment in silence.

"So you're going to hang that man," said she gravely to Clopin.

"Yes, sister," answered the king of Tunis, "unless thou wilt take him for thy husband."

She made her pretty little grimace with her under lip. "I take him," she said.

And now Gringoire was firmly persuaded that he must have been in a dream

ever since the morning, and that this was but a continuation of it. In fact, the turn of events, though gratifying, was a violent one. They undid the noose, and let the poet descend from the stool. The violence of his emotion obliged him to sit down.

The duke of Egypt, without uttering a word, brought forth a clay pitcher. The gypsy girl presented it to Gringoire. "Throw it on the ground," she said. The pitcher broke in four pieces. "Brother," then said the duke of Egypt, laying his hands upon their foreheads, "she is thy wife—sister, he is thy husband—for four years. Go your way."

CHAPTER VII.

A WEDDING NIGHT.

In a few minutes, our poet found himself in a little chamber with a Gothic-vaulted ceiling, the windows and doors well closed, and comfortably warm, seated before a table which seemed quite ready to borrow a few articles from a sort of small pantry or safe suspended just by; having a good bed in prospect, and tête-à-tête with a pretty girl. The adventure had something of enchantment. He began seriously to take himself to be a personage of the

fairy tales; and now and then he cast his eyes around him, as if to see whether the fiery chariot drawn by two hippogriffs, which alone could have conveyed him so rapidly from Tartarus to Paradise, were still there. At intervals, too, he fixed his eyes steadfastly upon the holes in his coat, by way of clinging to reality, so as not to let the earth altogether slip from under him. His reason, tossed to and fro in imaginative space, had only that thread left to hold by.

The girl seemed to pay no attention to him. She was going backwards and forwards, shifting first one article and then another, talking to her goat, making her little mow here and there. At length she came and sat down near the table, and Gringoire could contemplate her at leisure.

"You have been a boy, reader," our authority here exclaims, "and perhaps you have the happiness to be so still. It is quite certain, then, that you have more than once (and for my own part, I can say that I have passed whole days in that manner, the best spent days of my life), that you have followed from brier to brier, or the brink of a rivulet, on a sunshiny day, some pretty demoiselle fly, green or blue, checking its flight at acute angles, and kissing the extremity of every spray. You recollect with what amorous curiosity your thoughts and your looks were fixed upon that little whirl of whiz and hum, of wings

of purple and azure, in the midst of which floated a form which your eyes could not seize, veiled as it was by the very rapidity of its motion. The aërial being confusedly perceptible through all that fluttering of wings, appeared chimerical, imaginary, impossible to touch, impossible to see. But when, at last, the demoiselle settled on the point of a reed, and you could examine, holding in your breath all the while, the long gauze pinions, the long enamel robe, the two globes of crystal, what astonishment did you not experience, and what fear lest you should again see the form go off in shadow, and the being in chimera! Recall to your mind these impressions, and then you will easily understand what were the feelings of Gringoire in contemplating, under her visible and palpable form, that Esmeralda of whom, until then, he had only caught a glimpse amid a whirl of dance, song, and flutter."

Sinking deeper and deeper into his revery—

"So, then," said he to himself, as his eyes wandered over her, "I now see what this Esmeralda really is—a heavenly creature!—a dancer in the streets—so much, and yet so little! She it was who gave the finishing blow to my mystery this morning—she it is who saves my life to-night. My evil genius!—my good angel! A pretty woman, upon my word!—and who must

love me to distraction, to have taken me as she has done. By-the-by," said he, suddenly rising up from his seat, with that feeling of the real which formed the substance of his character and of his philosophy, "I don't very well know how it happens—but I'm her husband!"

With this idea in his head, and in his eyes, he approached the young girl in so military and gallant a manner that she drew back. "What do you want with me?" said she.

"Can you ask me such a question, adorable Esmeralda?" returned Gringoire, in so impassioned a tone that he himself was astonished to hear himself utter it.

The gypsy opened her large eyes. "I don't know what you mean."

"What!" rejoined Gringoire, growing warmer and warmer, and reflecting that, after all, he had only to do with a virtue of the Court of Miracles, "am I not thine, my sweet friend?—art not thou mine?" And without more ado, he threw his arms around her waist.

The gypsy's corset slipped through his hands like the skin of an eel. She sprang from one end of the cell to the other, stooped down, and rose again with a small poniard in her hand, and all before Gringoire had even time to observe whence the poniard came—looking irritated and indignant, her lips puffed out, her nostrils distended, her cheeks all scar-

let, and her eyeballs flashing. At the same time the little white goat placed itself before her, and presented a hostile front to Gringoire, lowering its two pretty gilt and very sharp horns. All this was done in the twinkling of an eye. The demoiselle turned wasp, and had every disposition to sting.

Our philosopher stood quite confused, looking sheepishly, first at the goat and then at its mistress. "Holy Virgin!" he exclaimed at last, as soon as his surprise permitted him to speak, "here are a pair of originals!"

The gypsy now broke silence. "You must be a very bold fellow!" she said.

"I ask your pardon, mademoiselle," said Gringoire, with a smile; "but why, then, did you take me for your husband?"

"Was I to let you be hanged?"

"So, then," rejoined the poet, a little disappointed in his enormous expectations, "you had no other intention in marrying me but to save me from the gallows?"

"Why, what other intention should I have had?"

Gringoire bit his lip. "Humph!" said he, "I'm not yet quite so triumphant in Cupido as I thought. But then what was the use of breaking that poor pitcher?"

Meanwhile the poniard of La Esmeralda and the horns of the goat were still in a posture of defense.

"Mademoiselle Esmeralda," said the

poet, "let us make a capitulation. As I am not registering clerk at the Châtelet, I shall not quibble with you about your thus carrying a dagger in Paris in the teeth of monsieur the provost's ordinances and prohibitions. You are aware, however, that Noël Lescrivain was condemned, only a week ago, to pay a fine of ten sous parisis for carrying a braquemard.* But that's no business of mine—and so, to the point. I swear to you, by my chance of salvation, that I will not approach you without your leave and permission. But pray, give me my supper."

The truth is, that Gringoire, like Despréaux, was "very little voluptuous." He was not of that cavalier and mousquetaire species who carry girls by assault. In a love affair, as in every other affair, he willingly resigned himself to temporizing and to middle terms; and a good supper, in comfortable tête-à-tête, appeared to him, especially when he was hungry, to be a very good interlude between the opening and the catastrophe of an amatory adventure.

The gypsy gave him no answer. She made her little disdainful mow; drew up her head like a bird; then burst into a laugh; and the little dagger disappeared, as it had come forth, without Gringoire's

*A sort of short cutlass which was worn hanging down by the thigh.

being able to discover whereabouts the wasp concealed its sting.

In a minute, there were upon the table a loaf of rye bread, a slice of bacon, some withered apples, and a jug of beer. Gringoire set to with perfect violence. To hear the furious clatter of his iron fork upon his earthen-ware plate, it seemed as if all his love had turned to hunger.

The girl, seated before him, witnessed his operations in silence, being evidently preoccupied by some other reflection, at which she smiled from time to time, while her delicate hand caressed the intelligent head of the goat pressed softly between her knees.

A candle of yellow wax lighted this scene of voracity and of musing.

And now, the first cravings of his stomach being appeased, Gringoire felt a twinge of false shame at seeing that there was only an apple left.

"Mademoiselle Esmeralda," said he, "you don't eat."

She answered by a negative motion of the head; and then her pensive look seemed to fix itself upon the vault of the chamber.

"What the devil is she attending to?" thought Gringoire; "it can't be that grinning dwarf's face carved upon that keystone, that attracts her so mightily. The devil's in it if I can't bear that comparison at any rate."

He spoke louder—"Mademoiselle!"

She seemed not to hear him.

He repeated, louder still, "Mademoiselle Esmeralda!" It was all in vain. The girl's mind was wandering elsewhere, and Gringoire's voice was unable to bring it back. Luckily, the goat interfered. It began to pull its mistress gently by the sleeve. "What do you want, Djali?" said the gypsy, sharply, as if starting out of her sleep.

"It's hungry," said Gringoire, delighted at an opportunity of entering into conversation.

La Esmeralda began to crumble some bread, which Djali gracefully ate out of the hollow of her hand.

Gringoire, however, allowed her no time to resume her revery. He ventured upon a delicate question: "You won't have me for your husband, then?"

The girl looked steadily at him, and answered, "No."

"For your lover?" proceeded Gringoire.

She thrust out her lip, and again answered, "No."

"For your friend?" then demanded the poet.

Again she looked at him steadily; and, after a moment's reflection, she said, "Perhaps."

This perhaps, so dear to philosophers, encouraged Gringoire. "Do you know what friendship is?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the gypsy, "it is to be like brother and sister—two souls meeting without mingling—two fingers on the same hand."

"And love?" proceeded Gringoire.

"Oh, love!" said she—and her voice trembled, and her eye beamed—"that is to be two and yet but one—a man and woman mingled into an angel — it is heaven!"

The street dancing-girl, while saying this, had a character of beauty which singularly struck Gringoire, and seemed to him to be in perfect harmony with the almost Oriental exaltation of her words. Her pure and roseate lips were half smiling. Her clear, calm forehead was momentarily ruffled by her thoughts, like the mirror dimmed by a passing breath. And from her long, dark, drooping lashes there emanated a kind of ineffable light, giving her profile that ideal suavity which Raphael afterward found at the mystic point of intersection of virginity, maternity, and divinity.

Gringoire, nevertheless, continued, "What must a man be, then, to please you?"

"He must be a man."

"And what am I, then?"

"A man has a helmet on his head, a sword in his hand, and gilt spurs at his heels."

"Good!" said Gringoire; "the horse

makes the man. Do you love anybody?"

"As a lover?"

"Yes—as a lover?"

She remained thoughtful for a moment. Then she said, with a peculiar expression, "I shall know that soon."

"Why not to-night?" rejoined the poet, in a tender tone. "Why not me?"

She gave him a grave look, and said: "I can never love a man who can not protect me."

Gringoire colored and took the reflection to himself. The girl evidently alluded to the feeble assistance he had lent her in the critical situation in which she had found herself two hours before. This recollection, effaced by his other adventures of the evening, now returned to him. He struck his forehead. "Apropos, mademoiselle," said he, "I ought to have begun with that—pardon my foolish distractions—how did you contrive to escape from the clutches of Quasimodo?"

At this question the gypsy started. "Oh! the horrid hunchback!" said she, hiding her face with her hands, and shivering violently.

"Horrid indeed!" said Gringoire, still pursuing his ideas. "But how did you manage to get away from him?"

La Esmeralda smiled, sighed, and was silent.

"Do you know why he had followed you?" asked Gringoire, striving to come

round again to the object of his inquiry.

"I don't know," said the girl. Then she added sharply, "But you were following me too. Why did you follow me?"

"To speak honestly," replied Gringoire, "I don't know that either."

There was a pause. Gringoire was marking the table with his knife. The girl smiled, and seemed as if she had been looking at something through the wall. All at once she began to sing in a voice scarcely audible:

> Quando las pintadas aves
> Mudas estan, y la tierra . . . . .

She suddenly stopped short, and fell to caressing Djali.

"You've got a pretty animal there," said Gringoire.

"It's my sister," answered she.

"Why do they call you La Esmeralda?" asked the poet.

"I don't know at all."

"But why do they, though?"

She drew from her bosom a sort of small oblong bag, suspended from her neck by a chain of grains of adrezarach. A strong smell of camphor exhaled from the bag: it was covered with green silk, and had in the center a large boss of green glass, in imitation of an emerald. "Perhaps it's on account of that," said she.

Gringoire offered to take the bag, but she drew back. "Touch it not," she said,

"it's an amulet. You would do mischief to the charm, or the charm to you."

The poet's curiosity was more and more awakened. "Who gave it to you?" said he.

She placed her finger on her lip, and hid the amulet again in her bosom. He tried a few more questions, but could hardly obtain any answer.

"What's the meaning of that word, La Esmeralda?"

"I don't know," she replied.

"What language does it belong to?"

"I think it's Egyptian."

"I suspected so," said Gringoire "you're not a native of France?"

"I don't know."

"Are your parents living?"

She began to sing, to an old tune:

> "A bird was my mother;
> My father, another;
> Over the water I pass without ferry.
> Over the water I pass without wherry.
> A bird was my mother;
> My father, another."

"Very good," said Gringoire. "At what age did you come to France?"

"A very little girl."

"And when to Paris?"

"Last year. At the moment we were coming in by the Porte Papale, I saw the reed linnet scud through the air—it was at the end of August—I said, it'll be a hard winter."

"It has been so," said Gringoire, delighted at this commencement of conversation—"I've done nothing but blow my fingers. So you've the gift of prophecy."

She fell into her laconics again. "No," she answered dryly.

"That man whom you call the duke of Egypt is the chief of your tribe?"

"Yes."

"It was he, however, that married us," observed the poet, timidly.

She made that pretty little habitual grimace of hers.

"I don't know so much as your name."

"My name?—If you wish to know it, it is this—Pierre Gringoire."

"I know a finer one," said she.

"Naughty girl!" rejoined the poet. "No matter—you shall not provoke me. Nay, you will perhaps love me when you know me better—and then, you have told me your history with such unreserved confidence that I am bound to give you some account of myself. You must know, then, that my name is Pierre Gringoire, and that I am the son of a farmer of the tabellionage of Gonesse, that is to say, of the office of notary in that seigneurial jurisdiction. My father was hanged by the Burgundians, and my mother ripped open by the Picards, at the time of the siege of Paris twenty years ago. At six years of age, then, I was an orphan, without any other sole to my foot than the pavement

of Paris. How I got over the time from six years old to sixteen, I hardly know. Here a fruit woman used to give me a plum, and there a baker used to throw me a crust. At night I used to get myself picked up by the Onze-vingts, who put me in prison, and there I found a bundle of straw. All this did not prevent my growing tall and thin, as you see. In winter I warmed myself in the sun, under the porch of the Hôtel de Sens; and I thought it very ridiculous that the great fire on the feast of St. John should be reserved for the dog-days. At sixteen, I wished to choose a calling. I tried everything in succession. I turned soldier, but was not brave enough. I then turned monk, but was not devout enough—and besides, I'm a poor drinker. In despair, I apprenticed myself among the carpenters of the grande coignée, but I was not strong enough. I had more inclination to be a schoolmaster; to be sure, I couldn't read; but that needn't have hindered me. I perceived, at the end of a certain time, that I was in want of some requisite for everything—and so, finding that I was good for nothing, I, of my own free will and pleasure, turned poet and rhymester. 'Tis a calling that a man can always embrace when he's a vagabond; and it's better than robbing, as I was advised to do by some young plunderers of my acquaintance. Fortunately, I met, one fine day, with Don Claude

Frollo, the reverend archdeacon of Notre-Dame. He took an interest in me; and to him I owe it that I am now a true man of letters, acquainted with Latin, from Cicero's Offices to the Mortuology of the Celestine fathers, and not absolutely barbarous either in scholastics, in poetics, or in rhythmics, nor yet in hermetics, that science of sciences. I am the author of the mystery that was performed to-day, with great triumph and concourse of people, all in the Grande Salle of the Palais. I've also written a book that will make six hundred pages, upon the prodigious comet of 1465, about which one man went mad. These are not the only successes I have had; being something of an artillery carver, I worked upon that great bombard of Jean Maugue, which you know burst at the bridge of Charenton the first time it was tried, and killed four-and-twenty of the spectators. You see that I'm not so indifferent a match. I know many sorts of very clever tricks, which I will teach your goat—for instance, to mimic the bishop of Paris, that cursed pharisee whose mill-wheels splash the passengers the whole length of the Pont-aux-Meuniers. And then, my mystery will bring me a good lump of hard cash, if I get paid. In short, I'm at your service—I, and my wit, and my science, and my letters—ready to live with you, damsel, as it shall please you—chastely or otherwise—as man and wife, if

you think good—as brother and sister, if you like it better."

Here Gringoire was silent, awaiting the effect of his harangue upon the gypsy girl. Her eyes were fixed upon the ground.

"Phœbus," said she, with an emphasis upon the word, though in a half-whisper; then, turning to the poet, "Phœbus," said she, "what does that mean?"

Gringoire, though not at all understanding what relation there could be between his address and this question, was not sorry to show off his erudition. He answered, bridling with dignity, "'Tis a Latin word, that signifies the sun."

"The sun!" repeated she.

"'Tis the name of a certain handsome archer, who was a god," added Gringoire.

"A god!" ejaculated his companion; and there was something pensive and impassioned in her tone.

At that moment, one of the bracelets came unfastened and dropped on the floor. Gringoire eagerly stooped to pick it up; and when he rose again, the girl and the goat had both disappeared. He heard the shoot of a bolt. It was a small door, communicating no doubt with an adjoining chamber, which some one was fastening outside.

"Has she, at any rate, left me a bed?" said our philosopher.

He made the tour of the chamber.

There was no piece of furniture at all adapted to repose, except a very long wooden chest, and the lid of that was carved; so that it gave Gringoire, when he stretched himself upon it, a sensation much like that which the Micromegas of Voltaire's tale would experience, lying all his length upon the Alps.

"Come!" said he, making the best he could of it, "there's nothing for it but resignation. And yet this is a strange wedding night. 'Tis pity, too. That broken-pitcher marriage had something sweetly simple and antediluvian about it that quite pleased me."

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE-DAME.

Assuredly, the church of Our Lady at Paris is still, at this day, a majestic and sublime edifice. Yet, noble an aspect as it has preserved in growing old, it is difficult to suppress feelings of sorrow and indignation at the numberless degradations and mutilations which the hand of Time and that of man have inflicted upon the venerable monument, regardless alike of Char-

lemagne, who laid the first stone of it, and of Philip-Augustus, who laid the last.

Upon the face of this old queen of the French cathedrals, beside each wrinkle we constantly find a scar. *Tempus edax, homo edacior*—which we would willingly render thus—Time is blind, but man is stupid.

If we had leisure to examine one by one, with the reader, the traces of destruction imprinted on this ancient church, the work of Time would be found to form the lesser portion—the worst destruction has been perpetrated by men—especially by men of art. We are under the necessity of using the expression, men of art, seeing that there have been individuals who have assumed the character of architects in the two last centuries.

And first of all—to cite only a few leading examples—there are, assuredly, few finer architectural pages than that front of that cathedral, in which, successively and at once, the three receding pointed gateways; the decorated and indented band of the twenty-eight royal niches; the vast central circular window, flanked by the two lateral ones, like the priest by the deacon and sub-deacon; the lofty and slender gallery of trifoliated arcades, supporting a heavy platform upon its light and delicate columns; and the two dark and massive towers, with their eaves of slate —harmonious parts of one magnificent whole—rising one above another in five

gigantic stories—unfold themselves to the eye, in combination unconfused—with their innumerable details of statuary, sculpture, and carving, in powerful alliance with the grandeur of the whole—a vast symphony in stone, if we may so express it—the colossal work of a man and of a nation—combining unity with complexity, like the Iliads and the Romanceros to which it is a sister production—the prodigious result of a draught upon the whole resources of an era—in which, upon every stone, is seen displayed, in a hundred varieties, the fancy of the workman disciplined by the genius of the artist—a sort of human Creation, in short, mighty and prolific as the Divine Creation, of which it seems to have caught the double character —variety and eternity.

And what is here said of the front must be said of the whole church—and what we say of the cathedral church of Paris must be said of all the churches of Christendom in the Middle Ages. Everything is in its place in that art, self-created, logical, and well-proportioned. By measuring the toe we estimate the giant.

But to return to the front of Notre-Dame, as it still appears to us when we go to gaze in pious admiration upon the solemn and mighty cathedral, looking terrible, as its chroniclers express it—*quæ mole suâ terrorem incutit spectantibus*.

Three things of importance are now

wanting to this front: first, the flight of eleven steps by which it formerly rose above the level of the ground; then, the lower range of statues, which occupied the niches of the three portals; and lastly, the upper series, of the twenty-eight more ancient kings of France, which filled the gallery on the first story, beginning with Childebert and ending with Philip-Augustus, each holding in his hand the imperial ball.

As for the flight of steps, it is Time that has made it disappear, by raising, with slow but resistless progress, the level of the ground in the City. But while thus swallowing up, one after another, in this mounting tide of the pavement of Paris, the eleven steps which added to the majestic elevation of the structure, Time has given to the church, perhaps, yet more than he has taken from it; for it is he who has spread over its face that dark gray tint of centuries which makes of the old age of architectural monuments their season of beauty.

But who has thrown down the two ranges of statues? who has left the niches empty? who has cut, in the middle of the central portal, that new and bastard pointed arch? who has dared to hang in it that heavy, unmeaning wooden gate, carved, *à la* Louis XV., beside the arabesques of Biscornette? The men, the architects, the artists of our times.

And—if we enter the interior of the edifice—who has overturned the colossal St. Christopher, proverbial for his magnitude among statues as the Grande Salle of the Palais was among halls—as the spire of Strasburg among steeples? And those myriads of statues which thronged all the inter-columniations of the nave and the choir — kneeling — standing— equestrian— men, women, children—kings, bishops, warriors—in stone, in marble, in gold, in silver, in brass, and even in wax—who has brutally swept them out? It is not Time that has done it.

And who has substituted for the old Gothic altar, splendidly loaded with shrines and reliquaries, that heavy sarcophagus of marble, with angels' heads, and clouds, which looks like an unmatched specimen from the Val-de-Grâce or the Invalides? Who has stupidly fixed that heavy anachronism of stone into the Carlovingian pavement of Hercandus? Was it not Louis XIV. fulfilling the vow of Louis XIII?

And who has put cold white glass in place of those deep-tinctured panes which made the wandering eyes of our forefathers hesitate between the round window over the grand doorway and the pointed ones of the chancel? And what would a sub-chanter of the sixteenth century say could he see that fine yellow-washing with which the Vandal Archbishops have besmeared

their cathedral? He would remember that it was the color with which the hangman brushed over such buildings as were adjudged to be infamous—he would recollect the hôtel of the Petit-Bourbon, which had thus been washed all over yellow for the treason of the constable—"yellow, after all, so well mixed," says Sauval, "and so well applied, that the lapse of a century and more has not yet taken its color." He would believe that the holy place had become infamous, and would flee away from it.

And, then, if we ascend the cathedral—not to mention a thousand other barbarisms of every kind—what have they done with that charming small steeple which rose from the intersection of the cross, and which, no less bold and light than its neighbor, the spire (destroyed also) of the Sainte Chapelle, pierced into the sky yet further than the towers — perforated, sharp, sonorous, airy? An architect *de bon goût* amputated it in 1787, and thought it was sufficient to hide the wound with that great plaster of lead which resembles the lid of a porridge-pot.

Thus it is that the wondrous art of the Middle Ages has been treated in almost every country, and especially in France. In its ruin three sorts of inroads are distinguishable, and have made breaches of different depths; first, Time, which has gradually made deficiencies here and there,

and has gnawed over its whole surface; then, religious and political revolutions, which, blind and angry in their nature, have tumultuously wreaked their fury upon it, torn its rich garment of sculpture and carving, burst its rose-shaped windows, broken its bands of arabesques and miniature figures, torn down its statues, here for their mitre, there for their crown; and lastly, changes of fashion, growing more and more grotesque and stupid, which, commencing with the anarchical yet splendid deviations of the revival, have succeeded one another in the necessary decline of architecture. Fashion has done more mischief than revolutions. It has cut to the quick—it has attacked the very bone and framework of the art. It has mangled, dislocated, killed the edifice—in its form as well as in its meaning—in its consistency as well as in its beauty. And then, it has remade—which at least neither Time nor revolutions have pretended to do. It has audaciously fitted into the wounds of Gothic architecture its wretched gewgaws of a day—its marble ribands—its metal pompoons—a very leprosy of ovolos, volutes, and entournements—of draperies, garlands, and fringes—of stone flames, brazen clouds, fleshy Cupids, and chubby cherubim—which we find beginning to devour the face of art in the oratory of Catherine de Médicis, and making it expire two centuries after, tortured and

convulsed, in the boudoir of Madame Dubarry.

Thus, to sum up the points which we have here laid down, three kinds of ravages now disfigure Gothic architecture: wrinkles and knobs on the surface—these are the work of Time: violences, brutalities, contusions, fractures—these are the work of revolutions, from Luther down to Mirabeau: mutilations, amputations, dislocation of members, restorations—these are the labors, Grecian, Roman, and barbaric, of the professors according to Vitruvius and Vignola. That magnificent art which the Vandals had produced, the academies have murdered. To the operations of ages and of revolutions, which, at all events, devastate with impartiality and grandeur, have been added those of the cloud of school-trained architects, licensed, privileged, and patented, degrading with all the discernment and selection of bad taste—substituting, for instance, the *chichorées* of Louis XV. for the Gothic lacework, to the greater glory of the Parthenon. This is the kick of the ass at the expiring lion. 'Tis the old oak which, in the last stage of decay, is stung and gnawed by the caterpillars.

How remote is all this from the time when Robert Cenalis, comparing Notre-Dame at Paris to the famous temple of Diana at Ephesus, "so much vaunted by the ancient pagans," which immortalized

Erostratus, thought the Gaulish cathedral "more excellent in length, breadth, height, and structure."

Notre-Dame, however, as an architectural monument, is not one of those which can be called complete, definite, belonging to a class. It is not a Roman church, nor is it a Gothic church. It is not a model of any individual order. It has not, like the abbey of Tournus, the solemn and massive squareness, the round broad vault, the icy bareness, the majestic simplicity, of the edifices which have the circular arch for their basis. Nor is it, like the cathedral of Bourges, the magnificent, airy, multiform, tufted, pinnacled, florid production of the pointed arch. It can not be ranked among that antique family of churches, gloomy, mysterious, lowering, crushed, as it were, by the weight of the circular arch—almost Egyptian, even to their ceilings—all hieroglyphical, all sacerdotal, all symbolical—more abounding, in their ornaments, with lozenges and zigzags than with flowers—with flowers than with animals—with animals than with human figures—the work not so much of the architect as of the bishop—the first transformation of the art—all stamped with theocratical and military discipline—having its root in the Lower Empire, and stopping at the time of William the Conqueror. Nor can this cathedral be ranked in that other family of lofty, airy churches,

rich in sculpture and painted windows, of pointed forms and bold disposition—as political symbols, communal and citizen—as works of art, free, capricious, licentious—the second transformation of ecclesiastical architecture—no longer hieroglyphical, immutable, and sacerdotal, but artistical, progressive and popular—beginning at the return from the crusades, and ending with Louis XI. Notre-Dame, then, is not of purely Roman race like the former, nor of purely Arabic race like the latter.

It is an edifice of the transition period. The Saxon architect was just finishing off the first pillars of the nave, when the pointed arch, arriving from the crusade, came and seated itself as a conqueror upon the broad Roman capitals which had been designed to support only circular arches. The pointed arch, thenceforward master of the field, constructed the remainder of the building. However, inexperienced and timid at its commencement, we find it widening its compass, and, as it were, restraining itself, as not yet daring to spring up into arrows and lances, as it afterward did in so many wonderful cathedrals. It might be said to have been sensible of the neighborhood of the heavy Roman pillars.

However, these edifices of the transition from the Roman to the Gothic are not less valuable studies than the pure models are. They express a gradation of the art which

would be lost without them. It is the pointed species engrafted upon the circular.

Notre-Dame, in particular, is a curious specimen of this variety. Each face, each stone, of this venerable monument, is a page of the history, not only of the country, but of the science and the art. Thus, to point out here only some of the principal details; while the small Porte-Rouge attains almost to the limits of the Gothic delicacy of the fifteenth century, the pillars of the nave, in their amplitude and solemnity, go back almost as far as the Carlovingian abbey of St. Germain-des-Près. One would think there were six centuries between that door and those pillars. Not even the hermetics fail to find, in the emblematical devices of the great portal, a satisfactory compendium of their science, of which the church of St. Jacques-de-la-Boucherie was so complete a hieroglyphic. Thus the Roman abbey—the hermetical church—Gothic art—Saxon art—the heavy round pillar, which carries us back to Gregory VII.—the hermetical symbolism by which Nicholas Flamel anticipated Luther—papal unity, and schism—St. Germain-des-Près, and St. Jacques-de-la-Boucherie—all are mingled, combined, and amalgamated in Notre-Dame. This central and maternal church is, among the other old churches of Paris, a sort of chimera; she has the head of one,

the limbs of another, the back of a third—something of every one.

We repeat it, these compound fabrics are not the least interesting to the artist, thė antiquary, and the historian. They make us feel in how great a degree architecture is a primitive matter—demonstrating (as the Cyclopean vestiges, the Egyptian pyramids, and the gigantic Hindoo pagods likewise demonstrate) that the greatest productions of architecture are not so much the work of individuals as of society—the offspring rather of national efforts than of the conceptions of particular minds—a deposit left by a whole people—the accumulation of ages—the residue of the successive evaporations of human society—in short, a sort of formations. Each wave of time leaves its alluvion—each race deposits its strata upon the monument—each individual contributes his stone. So do the beavers—so do the bees—so does man. The great symbol of architecture, Babel, is a hive.

Gread edifices, like great mountains, are the work of ages. Often the art undergoes a transformation while they are yet pending—*pendant opera interrupta*—they go on again quietly, in accordance with the change in the art. The altered art takes up the fabric, incrusts itself upon it, assimilates it to itself, develops it after its own fashion, and finishes it if it

can. The thing is accomplished without disturbance, without effort, without reaction, according to a law natural and tranquil. It is a graft that shoots out—a sap that circulates — a vegetation that goes forward. Certainly there is matter for very large volumes, and often for the universal history of human nature, in those successive engraftings of several species of art at different elevations upon the same fabric. The man, the artist, the individual, are lost and disappear upon those great masses, leaving no name of an author behind. Human intelligence is there to be traced only in its aggregate. Time is the architect—the nation is the builder.

To consider in this place only the architecture of Christian Europe, the younger sister of the great masonries of the East; it presents to us an immense formation, divided into three superincumbent zones, clearly defined; the Roman* zone; the Gothic zone; and the zone of the Revival, which we would willingly entitle the Greco-Roman. The Roman stratum, the most ancient and the deepest, is occupied

* The same which is also called, according to place, climate, and species, Lombard, Saxon, or Byzantine. These are four sister architectures, parallel to one another, having each its particular character, but all deriving from the same principle, the circular arch.

Facies non omnibus una,
Non diversa tamen, qualem, etc.

by the circular arch; which reappears rising from the Grecian column, in the modern and upper stratum of the Revival. The pointed arch is found between the two. The edifices which belong to one or other of these three strata exclusively, are perfectly distinct, uniform, and complete. Such is the abbey of Jumièges; such is the cathedral of Rheims; such is the church of Sainte-Croix at Orleans. But the three zones mingle and combine at their borders, like the colors of the prism. And hence the complex fabrics—the edifices of gradation and transition. One is Roman in its feet, Gothic in the middle, and Greco-Roman in the head. This is when it has taken six hundred years to build it. This variety is rare: the donjon tower of Etampes is a specimen of it. But the fabrics of two formations are more frequent. Such is the Notre-Dame of Paris, an edifice of the pointed arch, which, in its earliest pillars, dips into that Roman zone in which the portal of Saint-Denis and the nave of St. Germain-des-Près are entirely immersed. Such is the charming semi-Gothic chapter house of Bocherville, which the Roman layer mounts half-way up. Such is the cathedral of Rouen, which would have been entirely Gothic, had not the extremity of its central spire pierced into the zone of the Revival.*

*This part of the spire, which was of timber, is precisely that which was consumed by lightning in 1823.

However, all these gradations, all these differences, affect only the surface of the structures. It is only the art that has changed its coat—the conformation of the Christian temple itself has remained untouched. It is ever the same internal framework, the same logical disposition of parts. Whatever be the sculptured and decorated envelope of a cathedral, we constantly find underneath it at least the germ and rudiment of the Roman basilic. It eternally develops itself upon the ground according to the same law. There are invariably two naves crossing each other at right angles, the upper extremity of which cross is rounded into a chancel; there are constantly two low sides for the internal processions and for the chapels—a sort of lateral ambulatories communicating with the principal nave by the intercolumniations. This being once laid down, the number of the chapels, of the doorways, of the steeples, of the spires, is variable to infinity, according to the fancy of the age, of the nation, of the art. The performance of the worship being once provided for and ensured, architecture is at liberty to do what she pleases. Statues, painted glass, rose-shaped windows, arabesques, indentations, capitals, and bas-reliefs—all these objects of imagination she combines in such arrangement as best suits her. Hence the prodigious external variety of these edifices, in the main structure of which

dwells so much order and uniformity. The trunk of the tree is unchanging—the vegetation is capricious.

CHAPTER II.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PARIS.

We have endeavored to repair for the reader the admirable church of Our Lady at Paris. We have briefly pointed out the greater part of the beauties which it possessed in the fifteenth century, and which are wanting to it now; but we have omitted the principal—the view of Paris as it then appeared from the summit of the towers.

Indeed, when, after feeling your way up the long spiral staircase that perpendicularly perforates the thick walls of the steeples, you at last emerged all at once upon one of the two elevated platforms inundated with light and air, it was a fine picture that opened upon you on every side, a spectacle *sui generis*, some idea of which may easily be formed by such of our readers as have had the good fortune to see a Gothic town, entire, complete, homogeneous—of which description there are still a few remaining, as Nuremberg in Bavaria, and Vittoria in Spain—or even any smaller specimens, provided they be in good preservation, as Vitré in Brittany, and Nordhausen in Prussia.

The Paris of three hundred and fifty years ago, the Paris of the fifteenth century, was already a giant city. The Parisians in general are mistaken as to the ground which they think they have gained. Since the time of Louis XI., Paris has not increased much more than a third, and certainly it has lost much more in beauty than it has gained in size.

Paris took its birth in that anciently-inhabited island of the Cité, or City, which has indeed the form of a cradle, lying about the center of the present town, and embraced between the two channels of the Seine, which, dividing at its eastern, meet again at its western extremity. The strand of this island was its first enclosure; the Seine its first trench. And for several centuries Paris remained in its island state; with two bridges, one on the north, the other on the south; and two *têtes-de-ponts*, which were at once its gates and its fortresses—the Grand Châtelet on the right bank of the northern channel of the river, and the Petit Châtelet on the left bank of the southern channel.

In the next place, under the first line of French kings, being too much confined within the limits of its island, behind which it could never return, Paris crossed the water. Then on each side, beyond either Châtelet, a first line of walls and towers began to cut into the country on both sides of the Seine. Of this ancient enclosure

some vestiges were still remaining as late as the last century; but now there is nothing left but the memory of it, with here and there a local tradition, as the Baudets or Baudoyer gate—*porta Bagauda.*

By degrees, the flood of houses, constantly impelled from the heart of the town toward the exterior, overflowed and wore away this enclosure. Philip-Augustus drew a fresh line of circumvallation. He imprisoned Paris within a circular chain of great towers, lofty and massive. For upwards of a century the houses pressed upon one another, accumulated, and rose higher in this basin, like water in a reservoir. They began to deepen—to pile story on story—to climb, as it were, one upon another. They shot out in height, like every growth that is compressed laterally; and strove each to lift its head above its neighbors, in order to get a breath of air. The streets became deeper and narrower, and every open space was overrun by buildings and disappeared. At last, we find the houses overstepping the wall of Philip-Augustus, and spreading themselves merrily over the plain in all manner of positions, without plan or arrangement, taking their unrestricted ease, and slicing themselves gardens out of the surrounding fields.

In 1367, the suburbs were already so extensive that another enclosure became necessary, and one was built by Charles V.

But a town like Paris is perpetually on the increase—and it is only such towns that become capitals. They are a sort of funnels, which receive all the drains, geographical, political, moral, and intellectual, of a country—all the natural tendencies of a people—wells of civilization, as it were—and also sinks—where commerce, manufactures, intelligence, population—all the vital juices of a state—filter and collect incessantly, drop by drop, and century after century.

The circumvallation of Charles V., then, had the same fate as that of Philip-Augustus. At the end of the fifteenth century, a new suburb had collected beyond it, and in the sixteenth we find it rapidly receding, and becoming buried deeper and deeper in the old town, so dense was the new town becoming outside it. Thus, in the fifteenth century—to stop there—Paris had already worn away the three concentric circles of walls which, in the time of Julian, falsely called the Apostate, may be said to have been in embryo in the two castella, since called the Grand Châtelet, and the Petit Châtelet. The growing city had successively burst its four girdles of walls, like a child grown too large for its last year's clothes. In the reign of Louis XI., were to be seen rising here and there amid that sea of houses, some groups of ruinous towers belonging to the ancient bulwarks, like archipelagoes of the old Paris submerged under the inundation of the new.

Since then, Paris has undergone another transformation, unhappily for the eye of Taste; but it has overleaped only one boundary more—that of Louis XV.—the wretched mud-wall, worthy of the king who built it, and of the poet who sang it in this magnificent line, too ingenious to be translatable—

"Le mur murant Paris rend Paris murmurant."

In the fifteenth century, Paris was still divided into three towns quite distinct and separate, having each its peculiar features, manners, customs, privileges, and history—the City, the University, and the Ville or Town properly so called. The City, which occupied the island, was the most ancient, the smallest, and the mother of the other two—looking squeezed (if we may be allowed such a comparison) like a little old woman between two fine flourishing daughters. The University covered the left bank of the Seine, from the Tournelle to the Tour de Nesle, the points answering to which, in modern Paris, are, to the former the Halleaux-Vins or Wine Mart, and to the latter, the Monnaie or Mint. Its circuit included an ample slice of that tract in which Julian had constructed his baths, and comprised the hill of Ste. Geneviève. The apex of this curve of walls was the Porte Papale or Papal Gate, that is to say, very nearly, the site of the present Pantheon. The Town, which

was the largest of the three portions of Paris, occupied the right bank. Its quay, in which there were several breaks and interruptions, ran along the Seine from the Tour de Billy to the Tour du Bois, that is, from the spot where the Grenier d'Abondance now stands, to that occupied by the Tuileries. These four points at which the Seine cut the circumference of the capital; on the left, the Tournelle and the Tour de Nesle; and on the right, the Tour de Billy and the Tour du Bois; were called, by distinction, the four towers of Paris. The Town projected yet more deeply into the territory bordering on the Seine than the University. The most salient points of its enclosure (the one constructed by Charles V.) were at the Portes St. Denis and St. Martin, the sites of which were precisely the same as those of the gates now so called.

As we have just before said, each one of these three great divisions of Paris was a town—but it was a town too peculiar to be complete in itself—a town which could not dispense with the vicinity of the other two. So, also, each had its characteristic aspect. In the City, the churches abounded; in the Town, the palaces; in the University, the colleges. Leaving apart the secondary original features of old Paris, and the capricious dispositions attaching to the *droit de voirie*, or right of road—and noting only the great masses in the chaos of the com-

munal jurisdictions—we may say in general, that the island belonged to the bishop; the right bank, to the *prevôt des marchands* or provost of the traders; and the left bank to the rector of the University. The provost of Paris, a royal and not a municipal officer, had authority over all. Among the conspicuous edifices, the City had Notre-Dame; the Town, the Louvre and the Hôtel-de-Ville; and the University, the Sarbonne. Again, the Town had the Halles; the City, the Hôtel-Dieu; and the University, the Pré-aux-Clercs. Offenses committed by the scholars on the left bank, in their Pré-aux-Clercs, they were tried for in the island at the Palais de Justice, and punished for on the right bank at Montfaucon; unless, indeed, the rector, feeling the University to be strong at that particular time, and the king weak, thought proper to interfere—for it was a privilege of the scholars to be hanged at home, that is to say, within the University precincts.

Most of these privileges (we may observe in passing), and there were some of greater value than this, had been extorted from the kings by revolts and disturbances. Such has been the course of things time out of mind. As the French proverb saith *Le roi ne lache que quand le peuple arrache*—in plain English, the king never leaves hold until the people pull too hard for him. In one of the old French char-

ters we find this popular fidelity defined with great simplicity: *Civibus fidelitas in reges, quæ tamen aliquoties seditionibus interrupta, multa peperit privilegia.*

In the fifteenth century, the Seine embraced five islands within the circuits of Paris; the Ile Louviers, on which there were then living trees, though there are now only piles of wood; the Ile aux Vaches and the Ile Notre-Dame, both uninhabited, excepting only one sorry tenement, both fiefs of the bishop's, which two islands, in the seventeenth century, were made into one, since built upon, and now called the Ile St. Louis; and the City, having, at its western extremity, the islet of the Passeur-aux-Vaches, since lost under the esplanade of the Pont-Neuf. The City had, at that time, five bridges: three on the right, the Pont Notre-Dame, and the Pont-au-Change, of stone, and the Pont-aux-Meuniers, of wood; and two on the left, the Petit-Pont, of stone, and the Pont St. Michel, of wood: all of them laden with houses. The University had six gates, built by Philip-Augustus; which, to set out from the Tournelle, occurred in the following order: the Porte St. Victor, the Porte Bordelle, the Porte Papale, the Porte St. Jacques, the Porte St. Michel, and the Porte St. Germain. The Town had also six gates, built by Charles V., viz., setting out from the Tour de Billy, the Porte St. Antoine, the

Porte du Temple, the Porte St. Martin, the Porte St. Denis, the Porte Montmartre, and the Porte St. Honoré. All these gates were strong, and handsome withal—which latter attribute is by no means incompatible with strength. A wide and deep trench, having a running stream during the winter floods, washed the foot of the walls all round Paris; the Seine furnishing the water. At night the gates were shut, the river was barred at the two extremities of the town with massive iron chains, and Paris slept in tranquillity.

Seen in a bird's-eye view, these three great pieces of town, the City, the University, and the Ville, presented each an inextricable web of streets fantastically raveled. Yet a glance was sufficient to show the spectator that those three portions of a city formed but one complete whole. You at once distinguished two long parallel streets, without interruption or deviation, running almost in a straight line, and intersecting all the three towns, from one extremity to the other, from the south to the north, at right angles with the Seine, connecting and mingling them, and incessantly pouring the people of each into the precincts of the other, making the three but one. One of these two lines of street ran from the Porte St. Jàcques to the Porte St. Martin; and was called in the University, Rue St. Jacques; in the City, Rue de la Juiverie (anglicè, Jewery

or Jewry); and in the Town, Rue St. Martin. It crossed the water twice, under the names of Petit-Pont and Pont Notre-Dame. The other line, called, on the left bank, Rue de la Harpe; in the island, the Rue de la Barillerie; on the right bank, Rue St. Denis; over one arm of the Seine, Pont St. Michel, and over the other, Pont-au-Change; ran from the Porte St. Michel in the University, to the Porte St. Denis in the Town. However, though under so many different names, they were still, in fact, only two streets; but they were the two normal, the two mother streets—the two arteries of Paris, by which all the other veins of the triple city were fed, or into which they emptied themselves.

Independently of these two principal, diametrical streets, running quite across Paris, common to the entire capital, the Town and the University had each its own great street, running in the direction of their length, parallel to the Seine, and intersecting the two arterial streets at right angles. Thus, in the Town, you descended in a straight line from the Porte St. Antoine to the Porte St. Honoré; in the University, from the Porte St. Victor to the Porte St. Germain. These two great ways, crossing the two first-mentioned, formed with them the frame or skeleton upon which was laid, knotted, and drawn in every direction, the tangled network of the streets of Paris. In the unintelligible

figure of this network, you might, however, also discover, upon attentive observation, two bunches, as it were, of large streets, the one in the University, the other in the Town, which ran diverging from the bridges to the gates. Somewhat of the same geometrical disposition still exists.

Now, what aspect did all this present when viewed from the top of the towers of Notre-Dame in 1482? We will endeavor to describe it.

The spectator, on arriving, out of breath, upon this summit, was first of all struck by a dazzling confusion of roofs, chimneys, streets, bridges, squares, spires, steeples. All burst upon the eye at once—the formally-cut gable, the acute-angled roofing, the hanging turret at the angles of the walls, the stone pyramid of the eleventh century, the slate obelisk of th fifteenth; the donjon tower, round and bare; the church tower, square and decorated; the large and the small, the massive and the airy. The gaze was for some time utterly bewildered by this labyrinth; in which there was nothing but proceeded from art —from the most inconsiderable carved and painted house-front, with external timbers, low doorway, and stories projecting each upon each, up to the royal Louvre itself, which, at that time, had a colonnade of towers. But the following were the principal masses that were distinguishable

when the eye became steady enough to examine this tumultuous assemblage of objects in detail.

First of all, the City. The island of the City, as is observed by Sauval, the most laborious of the old explorers of Parisian antiquity, who, amidst all his trashiness, has these occasional happinesses of expression—"The isle of the City is shaped like a great ship, sunk in the mud, and run aground lengthwise in the stream, about the middle of the Seine." We have already shown that, in the fifteenth century, this ship was moored to the two banks of the river by five bridges. This form of the hull of a vessel had also struck the heraldic scribes; for, from this circumstance, according to Favyn and Pasquier, and not from the siege by the Normans, came the ship emblazoned upon the old escutcheon of Paris. To him who can decipher it, heraldry is an emblematic language. The whole history of the latter half of the middle ages is written in heraldry, as that of the former half is in the symbolism of the churches of Roman architecture. 'Tis the hieroglyphics of feudality succeeding those of theocracy.

The City, then, first presented itself to the view, with its stern to the east and its prow to the west. Looking toward the prow, you had before you an innumerable congregation of old roofs, with the lead-covered bolster of Sainte-Chapelle rising

above them broad and round, like an elephant's back with the tower upon it. Only that here the place of the elephant's tower was occupied by the boldest, openest, airiest, most notched and ornamented spire that ever showed the sky through its lace-work cone. Close before Notre-Dame, three streets terminated in the parvis, or part of the churchyard contiguous to the grand entrance — a fine square of old houses. The southern side of this Place was overhung by the furrowed and rugged front of the Hôtel-Dieu, and its roof, which looks as if covered with pimples and warts. And then, right and left, east and west, within that narrow circuit of the City, were ranged the steeples of its twenty-one churches, of all dates, forms, and sizes; from the low and decayed Roman campanile of St. Denis-du-Pas (*carcer Glaucini*) to the slender spires of St. Pierre-aux-Bœufs and St. Laundry. Behind Notre-Dame extended northward, the cloister with its Gothic galleries; southward, the demi-Roman palace of the bishop; and eastward, the uninhabited point of the island, called the terrain, or ground, by distinction. Amid that accumulation of houses the eye could also distinguish, by the high perforated mitres of stone, which at that period, placed aloft upon the roof itself, surmounted the highest range of palace windows, the mansion presented by the Parisians, in the Reign of Charles VI.,

to Juvénal des Ursins; a little farther on, the black, pitch-covered market-sheds of the Marché Palus; and in another direction, the new chancel of St. Germain-le-Vieux, lengthened, in 1458, by an encroachment upon one end of the Rue-aux-Febves; and then, here and there, were to be seen some cross-way crowded with people—some pillory erected at a corner of a street—some fine piece of the pavement of Philip-Augustus—a magnificent flagging, furrowed in the middle to prevent the horses from slipping, and so ill-replaced in the sixteenth century by the wretched pebbling called *pavé de la Ligue*—some solitary backyard, with one of those transparent staircase-turrets which they used to build in the fifteenth century, one of which is still to be seen in the Rue des Bourdonnais. And on the right of the Sainte-Chapelle, to the westward, the Palais de Justice rested its group of towers upon the water's brink. The groves of the royal gardens, which occupied the western point of the island, hid from view the islet of the Passeur. As for the water itself, it was hardly visible from the towers of Notre-Dame, on either side of the City; the Seine disappearing under the bridges, and the bridges under the houses.

And when you looked beyond those bridges, the roofs upon which were tinged with green, having contracted untimely mouldiness from the vapors of the water;

if you cast your eye on the left hand, toward the University, the first edifice that struck it was a large low cluster of towers, the Petit Châtelet, the gaping porch of which seemed to devour the extremity of the Petit-Pont. Then, if your view ranged along the shore from east to west, from the Tournelle to the Tour de Nesle, you beheld a long line of houses exhibiting sculptured beams, colored window-glass, each story overhanging that beneath it — an interminable zigzag of ordinary gables cut at frequent intervals by the end of some street, and now and then also by the front or the corner of some great stone-built mansion, which seemed to stand at its ease, with its court-yards and gardens, its wings and its compartments, amid that rabble of houses crowding and pinching one another, like a grand seigneur amidst a mob of rustics. There were five or six of these mansions upon the quay, from the Logis de Lorraine, which shared with the house of the Bernardines the great neighboring enclosure of the Tournelle, to the Hôtel de Nesle, the principal tower of which formed the limit of Paris on that side, and the pointed roofs of which were so situated as to cut with their dark triangles, during three months of the year, the scarlet disc of the setting sun.

That side of the Seine, however, was the least mercantile of the two; there was

more noise and crowd of scholars than of artisans; and there was not, properly speaking, any quay, except from the Pont-Saint-Michel to the Tour de Nesle. The rest of the margin of the river was either a bare strand, as was the case beyond the Bernardines, or a close range of houses with the water at their foot, as between the two bridges. There was a great clamor of washerwomen along the water-side, talking, shouting, singing, from morning till night, and beating away at their linen—as they do at this day, contributing their full share to the gayety of Paris.

The University, from one end to the other, presented to the eye one dense mass forming a compact and homogeneous whole. Those thousand thick-set, angular roofs, nearly all composed of the same geometrical element, when seen from above, looked almost like one crystalization of the same substance. The capricious fissures formed by the streets did not cut this conglomeration of houses into slices too disproportionate. The forty-two colleges were distributed among them very equally, and were to be seen in every quarter. The amusingly varied summits of those fine buildings were a product of the same description of art as the ordinary roofs which they overtopped; being nothing more than a multiplication, into the square or cube, of the same geometrical

figure. Thus they complicated the whole, without confusing it; completed without overloading it. Geometry itself is one kind of harmony. Several fine mansions, too, lifted their heads magnificently here and there above the picturesque attic stories of the left bank; as the Logis de Nevers, the Logis de Rome, the Logis de Reims, which have disappeared; and the Hôtel de Cluny, which still exists for the artist's consolation, but the tower of which was so stupidly shortened a few years ago. Near the Hôtel de Cluny, that Roman palace, with fine semicircular arches, were once the Baths of Julian. There were also a number of abbeys of a beauty more religious, of a grandeur more solemn, than the secular mansions, but not less beautiful nor less grand. Those which first caught the attention were that of the Bernardines, with its three steeples; that of Sainte-Geneviève, the square tower of which, still existing, makes us so much regret the disappearance of the remainder; the Sorbonne, half-college, half-monastery, so admirable a nave of which yet survives; the fine quadrilateral cloister of the Mathurins, and, adjacent to it, the cloister of St. Benedict's; the house of the Cordeliers, with its three enormous and contiguous gables; that of the Augustines, the graceful spire of which formed, after the Tour de Nesle, the next lofty projection on that side of Paris, commencing

from the westward. The colleges—which are in fact the intermediate link between the cloister and the world—held the medium in the architectural series between the great mansions and the abbeys, exhibiting a severe elegance, a sculpture less airy than that of the palaces, an architecture less stern than that of the convents. Unfortunately, scarcely anything remains of these structures, in which Gothic art held so just a balance between richness and economy. The churches (and they were numerous and splendid in the University, and of every architectural era, from the round arches of Saint-Julian to the Gothic ones of Saint-Severin)—the churches, we say, rose above the whole; and, as one harmony more in that harmonious mass, they pierced in close succession the multifarious indented outline of the roofs, with boldly-cut spires, with perforated steeples, and slender aiguilles, or needle spires, the lines of which were themselves but a magnificent exaggeration of the acute angle of the roofs.

The ground of the University was hilly. The Montagne Ste. Geneviève, on the southeast, made one grand swell; and it was curious to see, from the top of Notre-Dame, that crowd of narrow, winding streets (now the *pays Latin*), those clusters of houses which, scattered in every direction from the summit of that eminence, spread themselves in disorder, and

almost precipitously down its sides, to the water's edge; looking, some as if they were falling, others as if they were climbing up, and all as if hanging to one another; while the continual motion of a thousand dark points crossing one another upon the pavement, gave the whole an appearance of life. These were the people in the streets, beheld thus from on high and at a distance.

And in the intervals between those roofs, those spires, those innumerable projections of buildings, which so fantastically bent, twisted, and indented the extreme line of the University, you distinguished here and there some great patch of moss-covered wall, some thick round tower, or some embattled, fortress-looking town gate—this was the enclosure of Philip-Augustus. Beyond extended the green meadows, across which the roads were seen diverging, having along their sides, at quitting the body of the town, a number of maisons de faubourg, or houses without the walls, which were seen more thinly scattered the greater their distances from the barriers. Some of these faubourgs were considerable. First of all (to go round from the Tournelle), there was the bourg St. Victor, with its bridge of one arch over the Bievre; its abbey, in which was to be read the epitaph of King Louis the Fat—*epitaphium Ludovici Grossi;* and its church with an octagonal spire flanked by four steeple

turrets, of the eleventh century (such a one is still to be seen at Etampes). Then there was the bourg St. Marceau, which had already three churches and a convent. Then, leaving on the left the mill of the Gobelins and its four white walls, came the faubourg St. Jacques, with the fine sculptured cross in the middle of it; the church of St. Jacques du Haut-Pas, then a charming Gothic structure; that of St. Magloire, with its fine nave of the fourteenth century, which Napoleon turned into a hay-barn; and that of Notre-Dame des Champs, or Notre-Dame-in-the-Fields, in which were to be seen some byzantins. And after leaving in the open country the monastery of the Chartreux or Carthusians, a rich structure of the same period as the Palais de Justice, with its little compartmented gardens, and the haunted ruins of Vauvert, the eye fell toward the West, upon the three Roman-built spires of St. Germain-des-Près, St. Germain or Germanus-in-the-Meadows. The bourg St. Germain, already a large commune, formed fifteen or twenty streets in the rear, the sharp steeple of St. Sulpice indicating one of its corners. Close by it was to be distinguished the quadrilateral enclosure of the Foire St. Germain, where is now the market; then the abbot's pillory, a pretty little round tower, well-capped with a cone of lead; farther on was the tuilerie or tile-kiln; and the Rue du Four, which led to

the four banal or manorial bakehouse, with the manorial mill perched upon its mound —a specimen of one of the most vexatiously tyrannical characteristics of "the good old times;" and the lazaretto, a small, detached, and half-seen building. But that which especially attracted the eye, and kept it long fixed upon this point, was the abbey itself. It is certain that this monastery, which had an aspect of grandeur both as a church and as a seigniory or temporal lordship—that abbatial palace, in which the bishops of Paris deemed themselves happy to sleep a single night—that refectory, to which the architect had given the air, the beauty, and the splendid rose-shaped window of a cathedral—that elegant chapel of the Virgin—that monumental dormitory—those spacious gardens—that frowning portcullis and jealous drawbridge—that circuit of battlements which marked its indented outline upon the verdure of the meadows around—those courts in which the mail of men-at-arms shone mingled with golden copes—the whole grouped and rallied, as it were, about the three round-arched spires, solidly based upon a Gothic chancel—made a magnificent figure in the horizon.

When at length, after long contemplating the University, you turned toward the right bank to the Town, properly so called, the character of the scene was suddenly

changed. The Town was not only much larger than the University, but also less uniform. At first sight it appeared to be divided into several masses, singularly distinct from each other. First of all, on the east, in that part of the Town which still takes its name from the marais or marsh in which Camulogenes entangled Cæsar, there was a collection of palaces, the mass of which extended to the waterside. Four great mansions almost contiguous—the Hôtels de Jouy, de Sens, and de Barbeau, and the Logis de la Reine—cast upon the Seine the reflection of their slated tops intersected by slender turrets. These four edifices occupied the space from the Rue des Nonaindières to the abbey of the Celestines, the small spire of which formed a graceful relief to their line of gables and battlements. Some sorry, greenish-looking houses overhanging the water did not conceal from view the fine angles of their fronts, their great square stone-framed windows, their Gothic porches loaded with statues, the boldly-cut borderings about their walls, and all those charming accidents of architecture which make Gothic art seem as if it recommended its combinations at every fresh structure. Behind those palaces ran in every direction, in some places cloven, palisaded, and embattled, like a citadel, in others veiled by large trees like a Carthusian monastery, the vast and multiform circuit of that

wonderful Hôtel de St. Pol, in which the French king had room to lodge superbly twenty-two princes of the rank of the dauphin and the Duke of Burgundy, with their trains and their domestics, besides the grands seigneurs or superior nobles, and the emperor when he came to visit Paris, and the lions, who had a mansion to themselves within the royal mansion. And we must here observe, that a prince's lodgings then consisted of not less than eleven principal apartments, from the audience-room to the chamber appropriated to prayer; besides all the galleries, baths, stove-rooms, and other "superfluous places," with which each suite of apartments was provided; besides the private gardens of each one of the king's guests; besides the kitchens, cellars, pantries, and general refectories of the household; the basses-cours or backyards, in which there were two-and-twenty general offices, from the fourille or bakehouse to the échansonnerie or butlery; places for games of fifty different kinds, as mall, tennis, riding at the ring, etc.; aviaries, fish-ponds, menageries, stables, cattle-stalls, libraries, armories, and foundries. Such was, at that day, a palais de roy—a Louvre—a Hôtel St. Pol; it was a city within a city.

From the tower upon which we have placed ourselves, the Hôtel St. Pol, though almost half hidden from view by the four great mansions of which we have

just spoken, was, nevertheless, very considerable and very wonderful to behold. You could clearly distinguish in it, although they had been skillfully joined to the main building by means of long windowed and pillared galleries, the three several mansions which Charles V. had thrown into one, together with his former palace; the Hôtel du Petit-Muce, with the airy balustrade which gracefully bordered its roof; the hôtel of the abbot of St. Maur, presenting the variety of an entrance regularly fortified, with a massive tower, machicolations, shot-holes, moineaux de fer, and over the wide Saxony gateway, the abbot's escutcheon placed between the two notches for the drawbridge; the hôtel of the Count d'Etampes, the keep of which, being ruinous at the top, looked rounded and indented, like the crest of a cock; here and there three or four old oaks, making together one great swelling tuft; haunts of swans amid the clear waters the fish preserves, all wavering in light and shade; the picturesque corner of many a court; the Hôtel des Lions, or mansions of the lions, with its low-pointed arches upon short Saxon pillars, its iron portcullises and its perpetual roaring; then, shooting up above this group of objects, the scaly spire of the Ave-Maria; on the left, the mansion of the provost of Paris, flanked by four turrets delicately moulded and perforated;

and, in the center and heart of the whole, the Hôtel St. Pol itself, properly so called, with its multiplied fronts, its successive enrichments since the time of Charles V., the heterogeneous excrescences with which the fancy of the artists had loaded it in the course of two centuries; with all the chancels of its chapels, all the gables of its galleries, its thousand weathercocks, and its two contiguous towers, the conical roof of which, surrounded by battlements at its base, looked like a pointed hat with the brim turned up.

In continuing to ascend the steps of that amphitheater of palaces which thus displayed itself at a distance, after crossing a deep fissure in the roofs of the Town, which marked the course of the Rue St. Antoine, the eye traveled on to the Logis d'Angoulême, a vast structure of several different periods, in which there were some parts quite new and almost white, scarcely better harmonizing with the rest than a red waistcoat might with a blue doublet. However, the singularly sharp and elevated roof of the modern palace, bristling with carved sprout-ends, and covered with sheets of lead, over which ran sparkling incrustations of gilt copper in a thousand fantastic arabesques—that roof so curiously demaskened, sprang gracefully up from amid the brown ruins of the ancient edifice, the old massive towers of which were bellying with age into the shape of casks, their height shrunk with decrepi-

tude, and breaking asunder from top to bottom. Behind rose the forest of spires of the Palais des Tournelles. Nor was any assemblage of objects in the world—not even at Chambord nor at the Alhambra—more magical, more aërial, more captivating, than that grove of spires, turrets, chimneys, weathercocks, spiral staircases, airy lanterns, pavilions, spindle-shaped turrets, or tournelles, as they were then called—all differing in form, height, and position.

To the right of the Tournelles, that bundle of enormous towers perfectly black, growing, as it were, one into another, and looking as if bound together by their circular fosse; that donjon tower, looped much more with shot-holes than with windows; that drawbridge always lifted; that portcullis always down;—those are the Bastille. Those objects like black beaks, projecting between the battlements, and which, at this distance, you would take for the mouth of spouts, are cannon. Under their fire, at the foot of the formidable structure, you may perceive the Porte St. Antoine, almost buried between its two towers.

Beyond the Tournelles, as far as the wall of Charles V., extended, in rich compartments of verdure and of flowers, a tufted carpet of garden-grounds and royal parks, in the midst of which was distinguishable, by its labyrinth of groves and walks, the

famous Dædalus garden which Louis XI. had given to Coictier. The doctor's observatory rose above the labyrinth, like a great isolated column with a small house for its capital; and in that study had been practiced astrologies of terrible effect. That spot is now occupied by the Palace Royale.

As we have already observed, the Palace and its precincts, of which we have endeavored to give the reader some idea, though by specifying only its most prominent features, filled up the angle which Charles V.'s enclosure made with the Seine on the east. The center of the town was occupied by a heap of ordinary houses. Indeed, it was there that the three bridges of the City on the right bank discharged their stream of passengers; and the bridges led to the building of houses before that of palaces. This accumulation of common dwelling-houses, pressed against one another like the cells in a hive, was not without its beauty. In the roofs of a capital, as in the waves of a sea, there is, at least, grandeur of outline. In the first place, then, the streets, crossed and intertwined, diversified the mass with a hundred amusing figures; around the Halles, it was like a star with a thousand rays. The Rues St. Denis and St. Martin, with their innumerable ramifications, ascended one after another, like two great trees mingling their branches; and then

there were tortuous lines, the Rue de la Plâtrerie, etc., winding about over the whole. There were also fine edifices lifting their heads above the petrified undulation of this sea of gables. First, at the entrance of the Pont-aux-Changeurs, behind which the Seine was seen foaming under the mill-wheels at the Pont-aux-Meuniers, there was the Châtelet; no longer a Roman tower as under the Emperor Julian, but a feudal tower of the thirteenth century, and of a stone so hard, that in three hours the pick did not remove it to the depth of a man's fist. Then there was the rich square steeple of St. Jacques-de-la-Boucherie, its angles all rounded with sculptures, and already worthy of admiration, although it was finished in the fifteenth century. (It wanted in particular those four monsters which, still perched at the four corners of its roof, look like so many sphinxes, giving to the modern Paris the enigma of the ancient to unriddle. Rault, the sculptor, placed them there, not until the year 1526; and had twenty francs for his trouble.) Then, again, there was the Maison-aux-Piliers, overlooking that Place de Grève of which we have already given some description. There was the church of St. Gervais, which a doorway in good taste has since spoiled; that of St. Méry, the old pointed arches of which were almost approaching to the semicircular; and that

of St. Jean, the magnificent spire of which was proverbial; besides twenty other structures which disdained not to bury their attractions in that chaos of deep, dark, and narrow streets. And to these the carved stone crosses, more abounding in the crossways even than the gibbets themselves; the cemetery of the Innocents, of which you discovered at a distance the architectural enclosure; the pillory of the Halles, the top of which was visible between the chimneys of the Rue de la Cossonnerie; the échelle of the Croix-du-Trahoir, in its carrefour or opening, which was constantly darkened with people; the circular hovels of the Halle-au-Blé or Corn-market; the broken fragments of the old wall of Philip-Augustus, distinguishable here and there, buried among the house — ivy-mantled towers, ruinous gateways—crumbling and shapeless pieces of wall; the quay with its thousand shops, and its bloody-looking écorcheries or skinning-yards; the Seine covered with boats, from the Port-au-Foin to the For-l'Evéque; and you will have some general idea of the appearance presented, in 1482, by the central trapezium or irregular quadrangle of the Town.

Together with these two quarters, the one of palaces, the other of houses, the third great feature then observable in the Ville, was a long zone or belt of abbeys which bordered it almost in its whole com-

pass on the land side, from east to west, and, behind the line of fortification by which Paris was shut in, formed a second internal enclosure, consisting of convents and chapels. Thus, close to the park of the Tournelles, between the Rue St. Antoine, and the old Rue du Temple, there was St. Catherine's, with its immense grounds, bounded only by the wall of Paris. Between the old and the new Rue du Temple, there was the Temple itself, a frowning bundle of towers, lofty, erect, and isolated in the midst of an extensive embattled enclosure. Between the Rue Neuve du Temple and the Rue St. Martin, in the midst of its gardens, stood St. Martin's, a superb fortified church, whose girdle of towers, whose tiara of steeples, were second in strength and splendor only to St. Germain-des-Près. Between the two Rues, St. Martin and St. Denis, was displayed the circuit of the Trinité, or convent of the Trinity. And between the Rue St. Denis and the Rue Montorgueil, was that of the Filles-Dieu. Close by the latter were to be distinguished the decayed roofs and unpaved enclosures of the Cour des Miracles, the only profane link that obtruded itself into that chain of religious houses.

Lastly, the fourth compartment which presented itself distinctly in the conglomeration of roofs upon the right bank, occupying the western angle of the great en-

closure, and the water-side downward, was a fresh knot of palaces and great mansions crowding at the foot of the Louvre. The old Louvre of Philip-Augustus, that immense structure—the great tower of which mustered around it twenty-three principal towers, besides all the smaller ones—seemed, at a distance, to be enchased, as it were, within the Gothic summits of the Hôtel d'Alençon and the Petit-Bourbon. This hydra of towers, the giant keeper of Paris, with its four-and-twenty heads ever erect—with the monstrous ridges of its back sheathed in lead or scaled with slates, and all variegated with glittering metallic streaks—surprisingly terminated the configuration of the Town on the west.

This, an immense *pâté*—what the Romans called an insula or island—of ordinary dwelling-houses, flanked on either side by two great clusters of palaces, crowned, the one by the Louvre, the other by the Tournelles, and bordered on the north by a long belt of abbeys and cultivated enclosures—the whole mingled and amalgamated in one view—and over those thousands of buildings, whose tiled and slated roofs ran in so many fantastic chains, the steeples, engraved, embroidered, and inlaid, of the forty-four churches on the right bank—myriads of cross streets—the boundary, on one side, a line of lofty walls with square towers (those of the University wall being round), and on the other, the Seine, inter-

sected by bridges and crowded with numberless boats—such was the Town of Paris in the fifteenth century.

Beyond the walls there were some faubourgs adjacent to the gates, but less numerous and more scattered than those on the University side. Thus, behind the Bastille, there were a score of mean houses clustered around the curious carvings of the cross called the Croix-Faubin, and the buttresses of the abbey of St. Antoine-des-Champs, or St. Anthony's-in-the-Fields; then there was Popincourt, lost amid the corn fields; then, La Courtille, a merry village of cabarets or public houses; the bourg St. Laurent, with its church, the steeple of which, at a distance, seemed in contact with the pointed towers of the Porte St. Martin; the Faubourg St. Denis, with the extensive enclosure of St. Ladre; then, out at the Porte Montmartre, the Grange-Batelière, encircled with white walls; and behind it Montmartre itself, with its chalky declivities—Montmartre, which had then almost as many churches as windmills, but which has retained only the windmills, "for," observes our author, "society now seeks only bread for the body"—an observation which the reader may interpret in his own way. And then, beyond the Louvre, you saw, stretching into the meadows, the Fauborg St. Honoré, even then of considerable extent; and, looking green, La Petite-Bretagne or

Little Britain; and, spreading itself out, the Marché-aux-Porceaux, or Hog-market, in the center of which heaved the horrible boiler used for executing those convicted of coining. Between La Courtille and St. Laurent your eye had already remarked, on the summit of a rising ground that swelled amidst a solitary plain, a sort of structure, which looked at a distance like a ruinous colonnade standing upon a basement with its foundation laid bare. This, however, was neither a Parthenon, nor a temple of the Olympian Jupiter; it was the dismal Montfaucon, already alluded to, and hereafter to be described.

Now, if the enumeration of so many edifices, brief as we have sought to make it, has not shattered, in the reader's mind, the general image of old Paris as fast as we have endeavored to construct it, we will recapitulate it in a few words. In the the center was the island of the City, resembling in its form an enormous tortoise, extending on either side its bridges all scaly with tiles like so many feet, from under its gray shell of roofs. On the left, the close, dense, bristling, and homogeneous quadrangle of the University; and on the right, the vast semicircle of the Town, much more interspersed with gardens and great edifices. The three masses, City, University, and Town, are veined with innumerable streets. Across the whole runs the Seine, "the nursing Seine," as Father

du Breul calls it, obstructed with islands, bridges, and boats. All around is an immense plain, checkered with a thousand different sorts of cultivation, and strewed with beautiful villages; on the left, Issy, Vanvres, Vaugirard, Montrouge, Gentilly, with its round tower and its square tower, etc.; and on the right, twenty others, from Conflans to Ville-l'Evêque. In the horizon a circle of hills formed, as it were, the rim of the vast basin. And in the distance, on the east, was Vincennes, with its seven quadrangular towers; on the south, the Bicêtre, with its pointed turrets; on the north, St. Denis and its spire; on the west, St. Cloud and its donjon. Such was the Paris beheld from the summit of the towers of Notre-Dame by the crows who lived in 1482.

And yet it is of this city that Voltaire has said, that "before the time of Louis XIV. it possessed only four fine pieces of architecture," that is to say, the dome of the Sarbonne, the Val-de-Grâce, the modern Louvre, and—we have forgotten which was the fourth—perhaps it was the Luxembourg. Voltaire, however, was not the less the author of "Candide" for having made this observation; nor is he the less, among all the men who have succeeded one another in the long series of human characters, the one who has possessed in the greatest perfection the *rire diabolique*, the sardonic smile. This opinion of his

only affords one evidence, among so many others, that a man may be a fine genius, and yet understand nothing of an art which he has not studied. Did not Molière think he was doing great honor to Raphael and Michael Angelo when he called them "those Mingards of their age?"

But to return to Paris and to the fifteenth century. It was not then a fine town only—but it was a homogeneous town—an architectural and historical production of the Middle Ages—a chronicle in stone. It was a city composed of two architectural strata only, the Romanish and the Gothic layer—for the true Roman layer had long disappeared, except in the Baths of Julian, where it still pierced through the thick incrustation of the Middle Ages—and as for the Celtic stratum no specimen of that was now to be found, even in sinking a well.

Half a century later, when the Revival came and broke into that consistency so severe and yet so varied, with the dazzling profuseness of its systems and its fancies, rioting among Roman arches, Grecian columns, and Gothic depressions—its carving so delicate and so imaginative—its peculiar taste for arabesques and foliage—its architectural paganism contemporary with Luther—Paris was perhaps more beautiful still, though less harmonious to the eye and to the mind. But that splendid period was of short duration. The Revival was

not impartial. Not content with erecting, it thought proper to pull down—it must be acknowledged, too, that it wanted room. So the Gothic Paris was complete but for a moment. Scarcely was the tower of St. Jacques-de-la-Boucherie finished, before the demolition of the old Louvre was begun.

Since then this great city has been daily sinking into deformity. The Gothic Paris, under which the Romanish Paris was disappearing, has disappeared in its turn; but what name shall we give to the Paris that has taken its place?

There is the Paris of Catherine de Medicis at the Tuileries, the Paris of Henry II. at the Hôtel-de-Ville—two edifices which are still in fine taste;—the Paris of Henry IV. at the Place Royale—a brick front, faced with stone, and roofed with slate—real tri-colored houses;—the Paris of Louis XIII. at the Val-de-Grâce—of architecture crushed and squat—with basket-handle vaults, big-bellied columns, and a hump-backed dome;—the Paris of Louis XIV. at the Invalides—great, rich, gilded, and cold;—the Paris of Louis XV. at St. Sulpice—with volutes, knots of ribbons, clouds, vermicelli and succory, all in stone;—the Paris of Louis XVI. at the Pantheon—St. Peter's at Rome ill-copied—and the building has been awkwardly heightened, which has by no means rectified its lines;—the Paris of the Republic

at the School of Medicine—a poor Greek and Roman style, just as much to be compared to the Coliseum or the Parthenon, as the constitution of the year III. is to the laws of Minos; the French denomination for which style in architecture is, *le goût messidor*;—the Paris of Napoleon, at the Place Vendôme—something sublime—a brazen column composed of melted cannon;—the Paris of the Restoration, at the Bourse or Exchange—a colonnade very white, supporting a frieze very smooth; the whole square, and costing twenty millions of francs.

To each of these characteristic structures is allied, by similarity of style, manner, and disposition of parts, a certain number of houses scattered over the different quarters of the town, which the eye of the connoisseur easily distinguishes and assigns to their respective dates. When a man understands the art of seeing, he can trace the spirit of an age and the features of a king even in the knocker on a door.

The present Paris has therefore no general physiognomy. It is a collection of specimens of several different ages, and the finest of all have disappeared. This capital is increasing in dwelling-houses only—and in what dwelling-houses! If it goes on as it is now doing, Paris will be renewed every fifty years. So, also, the historical meaning of its architecture

is daily wearing away. Its great structures are becoming fewer and fewer, seeming to be swallowed up one after another by the flood of houses. "Our fathers," a Parisian of the present day might exclaim, "had a Paris of stone—our sons will have one of plaster."

As for the modern structures of the new Paris, we shall gladly decline enlarging upon them. Not, indeed, that we do not pay them all proper admiration. The Ste. Geneviève of M. Soufflot is certainly the finest Savoy cake that was ever made of stone. The Palace of the Legion of Honor is also a very distinguished piece of pastry. The Halle-au-Blé or Corn-market, is an English jockey-cap on a magnificent scale. The towers of Saint-Sulpice are two great clarinets; now, nobody can deny that a clarinet shape is a shape; and then, the telegraph, crooked and grinning, makes an admirable diversity upon the roof. The church of Saint-Rock has a doorway, with whose magnificence only that of St. Thomas d'Aquin can compare; it has also a plum-pudding Mount Calvary down in a cellar, and a sun of gilt wood; these, it must be owned, are things positively marvelous. The lantern of the labyrinth at the Jardin des Plantes, too, is vastly ingenious. As for the Palais de la Bourse or Exchange, which is Grecian in its colonnade, Roman by the circular arches of its doors and windows, and of the Revival by

its great depressed ceiling, it is doubtless a structure in great correctness and purity of taste; one proof of which is, that it is crowned by an attic story such as was never seen at Athens, a fine straight line, gracefully intersected here and there by stovepipes. We must add, that if it be a rule that the architecture of a building should be so adapted to the purpose of the building itself, as that the aspect of the edifice should at once declare that purpose, we can not too much admire a structure which, from its appearance, might be either a royal palace, a chamber of deputies, a town-hall, a college, a riding-house, an academy, a repository, a court of justice, a museum, a barrack, a mausoleum, a temple, or a theater—and which, all the while, is an Exchange. It has been thought, too, that an edifice should be made appropriate to the climate —and so this one has evidently been built on purpose for a cold and rainy sky.

It has a roof almost flat, as they are in the East; and, consequently, in winter, when it snows, the roof has to be swept—and does any one doubt that roofs are intended to be swept? As for the purpose of which we have just now been speaking, the building fulfills it admirably. It is an Exchange in France, as it would have been a temple in Greece. True it is that the architect has had much ado to conceal the clock-face, which would have destroyed the purity of the noble lines of the facade;

but to make amends, we have that colonnade running round the whole structure, under which, on the grand days of religious solemnity, may be magnificently developed the schemes of money-brokers and stock-jobbers.

These, doubtless, are very superb structures. Add to these many a pretty street, amusing and diversified, like the Rue de Rivoli; and we need not despair that Paris shall one day present, as seen in a balloon flight, that richness of outline and opulence of detail—that peculiar diversity of aspect—that something surpassingly grand in the simple and striking in the beautiful—which distinguishes a draughtboard.

However, admirable as you may think the present Paris, reconstruct in your imagination the Paris of the fifteenth century—look at the sky through that surprising forest of spires, towers, and steeples—spread out amidst the vast city, tear asunder at the points of the islands, and fold round the piers of the bridges, the Seine, with its broad green and yellow flakes, more variegated than the skin of a serpent—project distinctly upon a horizon of azure the Gothic profile of that old Paris—make its outline float in a wintry mist clinging to its innumerable chimneys—plunge it in deep night, and observe the fantastic play of the darkness and the lights in that gloomy labyrinth of buildings—cast upon

it a ray of moonlight, showing it in glimmering vagueness, with its towers lifting their great heads from that foggy sea—or draw that dark veil aside, cast into shade the thousand sharp angles of its spires and its gables, and exhibit it all fantastically indented upon the glowing western sky at sunset—and then compare.

And if you would receive from the old city an impression which the modern one is quite incapable of giving you, ascend, on the morning of some great holiday, at sunrise, on Easter, or Whit-Sunday, to some elevated point from which your eye can command the whole capital—and attend the awakening of the chimes. Behold, at a signal from heaven—for it is the sun that gives it—those thousand churches starting from their sleep. At first you hear only scattered tinklings, going from church to church, as when musicians are giving one another notice to begin. Then, all on a sudden, behold—for there are moments when the ear itself seems to see—behold, ascending at the same moment, from every steeple, a column of sound, as it were, a cloud of harmony. At first the vibration of each bell mounts up direct, clear, and, as it were, isolated from the rest, into the splendid morning sky; then, by degrees, as they expand, they mingle, unite, are lost in each other, and confounded in one magnificent concert. Then it is all one mass of sonorous vibrations, incessantly

sent forth from the innumerable steeples —floating, undulating, bounding, and eddying over the town, and extending far beyond the horizon the deafening circle of its oscillations. Yet that sea of harmony is not a chaos. Wide and deep as it is, it has not lost its transparency; you perceive the windings of each group of notes that escapes from the several rings; you can follow the dialogue, by turns grave and clamorous, of the crecelle and the bourdon; you perceive the octaves leaping from one steeple to another; you observe them springing aloft, winged, light, and whistling, from the bell of silver; falling broken and limping from the bell of wood. You admire among them the rich gamut incessantly descending and reascending the seven bells of Saint-Eustache; and you see clear and rapid notes, running across, as it were, in three or four luminous zigzags, and vanishing like flashes of lightning. Down there you see Saint-Martin's Abbey, a shrill and broken-voiced songstress; here is the sinister and sullen voice of the Bastille; and at the other end is the great tower of the Louvre, with its countertenor. The royal chime of the Palais unceasingly casts on every side resplendent trillings, upon which fall, at regular intervals, the heavy strokes from the great bell of Notre-Dame, which strike sparkles from them like the hammer upon the anvil. At intervals, you perceive sounds

pass by, of every form, from the triple peal of Saint-Germain-des-Près. Then, again, from time to time, that mass of sublime sounds half opens, and gives passage to the stretto of the Ave-Maria, which glitters like an aigrette of stars. Below, in the deepest of the concert, you distinguish confusedly the internal music of the churches, exhaled through the vibrating pores of their vaulted roofs. Here, certainly, is an opera worth hearing. Ordinarily, the murmur that escapes from Paris in the day-time, is the city talking; in the night, it is the city breathing; but here, it is the city singing. Listen, then, to this tutti of the steeples—diffuse over the whole the murmur of half a million of people—the everlasting plaint of the river—the boundless breathings of the wind—the grave and far quartet of the four forests placed upon the hills, in the distance, like so many vast organs—immersing in them, as in a demi-tint, all in the central concert that would otherwise be too rugged or too sharp; and then say whether you know oı anything in the world more rich, more joyous, more golden, more dazzling, than this tumult of bells and chimes—this furnace of music—these thousand voices of brass, all singing together in flutes of stone three hundred feet high—this city which is all one orchestra—this symphony as loud as a tempest.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER I.

A FOUNDLING.

It was sixteen years before the period of our story that, on a fine morning of the first Sunday after Easter—called in England Low Sunday, and in France, *le dimanche de la Quasimodo*, or Quasimodo Sunday, from the word Quasimodo, which commences the Latin offertory appropriated to the mass of that day—that a young child had been deposited, after mass, in the cathedral church of Nótre-Dame, upon the bedstead fixed in the pavement on the left hand of the entrance, opposite to that great image of St. Christopher which the stone figure of Messire Antoine des Essarts. knight, had been contemplating on his knees since the year 1413, at the time that it was thought proper to throw down both the saint and his faithful adorer. Upon this bedstead it was customary to expose foundlings to the charity of the public; any one took them that chose; and in the front of the bedstead was placed a copper basin for the reception of alms.

The sort of living creature that was found lying upon these planks on Low

Sunday morning, in the year of our Lord 1467, appeared to excite, in a high degree, the curiosity of a very considerable group of persons which had collected round the bedstead, and which consisted, in great measure, of individuals of the fair sex. Indeed, they were nearly all old women.

In the front line of the spectators, and stooping the most intently over the bedstead, were to be seen four of them, who by their gray cagoule (a sort of cassock), appeared to be attached to some devout sisterhood. We know not why history should not hand down to posterity the names of these discreet and venerable demoiselles. They were Agnès la Herme, Jehanne de la Tarme, Henriette la Gaultière, and Gauchère la Violette—all four widows, all four bonnes-femmes of the Chapelle Etienne Haudry, who had come thus far from their house, with their mistress's leave, and conformably to the statutes of Pierre d'Ailly, to hear the sermon.

However, if these good Haudriettes were observing for the moment the statutes of Pierre d'Ailly, assuredly they were violating, to the heart's content, those of Michel de Brache and the Cardinal of Pisa, which so inhumanly prescribed silence to them.

"What ever can that be, sister?" said Agnès to Gauchère, as she looked at the little exposed creature, which lay screaming and twisting itself about upon the bed-

stead, frightened at being looked at by so many people.

"Bless you!" said Jehanne, "what's to become of us all, if that's the way they make children now?"

"I'm no great judge of children," resumed Agnès, "but it must surely be a sin to look at such a one as this!"

"It's no child at all, Agnès——"

"It's a misshapen baboon," observed Gauchère.

"It's a miracle," said Henriette la Gaultière.

"Then," remarked Agnès, "this is the third since Lætare Sunday; for it's not a week since we had the miracle of the mocker of pilgrims divinely punished by Our Lady of Aubervilliers; and that was the second miracle of the month."

"This pretended foundling's a very monster of abomination," resumed Jehanne.

"He brawls loud enough to deafen a chanter," added Gauchère; "hold your tongue, you little bellower."

"To say that it's monsieur of Reims that sends this monstrosity to monsieur of Paris!" exclaimed La Gaultière, clasping her hands.

"I imagine," said Agnès la Herme, "that it's some strange animal—the offspring of some beastly Jew or other—something, at all events, that's not Christian, and so must be thrown into the water or into the fire."

"Surely," resumed La Gaultière, "nobody'll ask to have it!"

"Ah, my God!" exclaimed Agnès, "those poor nurses that live down there in the foundling-house at the bottom of the alley, going down to the river, close by the lord bishop's; suppose they were to go and take them this little monster to suckle! I'd rather give suck to a vampire."

"Is she a simpleton, that poor La Herme?" rejoined Jehanne. "Don't you see, my dear sister, that this little monster is at least four years old, and wouldn't have half so much appetite for your breast as for a piece of roast meat."

In fact, the "little monster" (for we ourselves should be much puzzled to give it any other denomination) was not a new-born infant. It was a little, angular, restless mass, imprisoned in a canvas bag marked with the cipher of Messire Guillaume Chartier, then bishop of Paris—with a head peeping out at one end of it. This head was very deformed, exhibiting only a forest of red hair, one eye, a mouth, and some teeth. The eye was weeping; the mouth was crying; and the teeth seemed to desire, above all things, to bite. The whole lump was struggling violently in the bag, to the great wonderment of the increasing and incessantly renewing crowd around it.

Dame Aloise de Gondelaurier, a wealthy

and noble lady, holding by the hand a pretty little girl about six years of age, and drawing after her a long veil attached to the golden horn of her coif, stopped as she was passing before the bedstead, and looked for a moment at the unfortunate creature; while her charming little daughter, Fleur-de-Lys de Gondelaurier, all clad in silk and velvet, was spelling with her pretty finger, upon the permanent label attached to the bedstead, the words ENFANS TROUVES.

"Really," said the lady, turning away with disgust, "I thought they exposed here nothing but children."

She turned her back; at the same time throwing into the basin a silver florin, which rang among the liards, and opened wide the eyes of the poor bonnes-femmes of the Chapelle Etienne Haudry.

A moment afterward the grave and learned Robert Mistricolle, king's prothonotary, passed by, with an enormous missal under one arm, and his wife under the other (Damoiselle Guillemette-la-Mairesse), having thus at his side his two regulators, the spiritual and the temporal.

"Foundling, indeed!" said he, after examining the living lump; "yes—found apparently, upon the parapet of the river Phlegethon!"

"It has but one eye visible," observed Damoiselle Guillemette; "it has a great wart upon the other."

"It's no wart," exclaimed Maître Robert Mistricolle; "it's an egg, that contains just such another demon, which has upon its eye another little egg enclosing another devil—and so on."

"How do you know that?" asked Guillemette-la-Mairesse.

"I know it for very sufficient reasons," answered the prothonotary.

"Monsieur the prothonotary," asked Gauchère, "what do you prognosticate from this pretended foundling?"

The greatest calamities," answered Mistricolle.

"Ah, my God!" said an old woman among the bystanders, "withal that there was a considerable pestilence last year, and that they say the English are going to land in great company at Harfleur!"

"Perhaps that'll prevent the queen from coming to Paris in September," observed another; "and trade's so bad already!"

"I'm of opinion," cried Jehanne de la Tarme, "that it would be better for the inhabitants of Paris, for that little conjuror there to be lying upon a fagot than upon a board."

"A fine flaming fagot!" added the old woman.

"It would be more prudent," said Mistricolle.

For some minutes a young priest had been listening to the argument of the Haudriettes and the oracular sentences of the prothonotary.

He had a severe countenance, with a broad forehead and a penetrating eye. He made way silently through the crowd, examined the little conjuror with his eyes, and stretched out his hand over him. It was time; for all the devout old ladies were already regaling themselves with the anticipation of a fine flaming fagot.

"I adopt that child," said the priest. He wrapped it in his cassock, and carried it away with him; the bystanders gazing after him with looks of affright. In a minute he had disappeared through the Porte Rouge, or red door, which at that time led from the church into the cloisters.

When the first surprise was over, Jehanne de la Tarme whispered in the ear of La Gaultière, "Did I not tell you, sister, that that young clerk, Monsieur Claude Frollo, is a sorcerer?"

CHAPTER II.

CLAUDE FROLLO.

Claude Frollo was in fact no vulgar person. He belonged to one of those families of middle rank which were called indifferently, in the impertinent language of the last century, haute bourgeoisie or petite noblesse—that is, high commoners or petty nobility. This family had inherited from the brothers Paclet the fief of

Tirechappe, which was held of the Bishop of Paris, and the twenty-one houses of which had been, in the thirteenth century, the object of so many pleadings before the official. As possessor of this fief, Claude Frollo was one of the septvingt-un, or hundred and forty-one seigneurs, claiming censive, or manorial dues, in Paris and its faubourgs; and in that capacity his name was long to be seen inscribed between that of the Hôtel de Tancarville, belonging to Maître François Le Rez, and that of the college of Tours, in the chartulary deposited at Saint Martin-des-Champs.

The parents of Claude Frollo had destined him, from his infancy, for the ecclesiastical state. He had been taught to read in Latin; and had been bred to cast down his eyes, and to speak low. While yet a child, his father had cloistered him in the college of Torchi, in the University; and there it was that he had grown up, over the missal and the lexicon.

He was, moreover, a melancholy, grave, and serious boy, who studied ardently and learned with rapidity; he never shouted loud when at play; he mixed little in the bacchanalia of the Rue du Fouarre; knew not what it was to *dare alapas et capillos laniare;* nor had figured in that mutiny of 1463, which the annalists gravely record under the title of "Sixième Trouble de l'Université." It did not often happen to him to rally the poor scholars of Montaign

upon their cappettes, from which they derived their University nickname; nor the fellows of the college of Dormans, upon their smooth tonsure and their tripartite frock, made of cloth, blue gray, blue, and violet—*azurini coloris et bruni*, as the charter of Cardinal des Quatre-Couronnes expresses it.

But, on the other hand, he was assiduous at the great and the little schools of the Rue Saint-Jean-de-Beauvais. The first scholar whom the abbot of Saint-Pierre-de-Val, at the moment of commencing his reading in canon law, always observed intently fixed, opposite to his chair, against a pillar of the école Saint-Vendregesile, was Claude Frollo, armed with his ink-horn, chewing his pen, scrawling upon his much-worn knee, and, in winter, blowing his fingers. The first auditor that Messire Miles d'Isliers, docteur en décret, saw arrive every Monday morning, quite out of breath, at the opening of the doors of the schools Du Chef Saint-Denis, was Claude Frollo. Thus, at the age of sixteen, the young clerk was a match, in mystical theology, for a father of the Church; in canonical theology, for a father of the Council; and in scholastic theology, for a doctor of the Sorbonne.

Theology being passed through, he had then rushed into the decrét, or study of the decretals. After the Master of the Sentences, he had fallen upon the capitularies

of Charlemagne; and had successively devoured, in his appetite for knowledge, decretals upon decretals; those of Theodore, Bishop of Hispalis; those of Bouchard, Bishop of Worms; those of Yves, Bishop of Chartres; then the decrêt of Gratian, which succeeded the capitularies of Charlemagne; then the collection by Gregory IX.; then the epistle Super specula of Honorius III. He made himself clearly familiar with that vast and tumultuous period of the civil and the canon law, in collision and at strife with each other in the chaos of the Middle Ages—a period which opens with Bishop Theodore, in 618, and closes, in 1227, with Pope Gregory.

Having digested the decretals, he plunged into medicine and the liberal arts. He studied the science of herbs, the science of unguents. He became expert in the treatment of fevers and of contusions, of wounds and of imposthumes. Jacques d'Espars would have admitted him as a physician; Richard Hellain, as a surgeon. In like manner he ran through every degree in the faculty of arts. He studied the languages Latin, Greek, Hebrew; a triple sanctuary, then but very little frequented. He was possessed by an absolute fever of acquiring and storing up science. At eighteen, he had made his way through the four faculties; it seemed to the young man that life had but one sole object, and that was, to know.

It was just about this period that the excessive heat of the summer of 1466 gave birth to the great plague which carried off more than forty thousand souls within the viscounty of Paris, and amongst others, says John of Troyes, "Maître Arnoul, the king's astrologer, a man full honest, wise, and pleasant." It was rumored in the University, that the Rue Tirechappe was one of those especially devastated by the pestilence. It was there, in the midst of their fief, that the parents of Claude resided. The young scholar hastened in great alarm to his paternal roof. On entering, he found that his father and his mother had both died the day before. A little brother, quite an infant, still in its swaddling clothes, was yet living, and crying, abandoned in its cradle. It was all that remained to Claude of his family. The young man took the child under his arm, and went away pensive. Hitherto, he had lived only in science; he was now beginning to live in the world.

This catastrophe was a crisis in Claude's existence. An older brother, an orphan, and the head of a family at nineteen, he felt himself rudely aroused from the reveries of the school to the realities of this life. Then, moved with pity, he was seized with passion and devotion for this infant brother; and strange at once and sweet was this human affection to him who had never yet loved anything but books.

This affection developed itself to a singular degree; in a soul so new to passion it was like a first love. Separated since his childhood from his parents, whom he had scarcely known — cloistered and walled up, as it were, in his books—eager above all things to study and to learn—exclusively attentive, until then, to his understanding, which dilated in science—to his imagination, which expanded in literature—the poor scholar had not yet had time to feel that he had a heart. This little brother, without father or mother—this infant which suddenly dropped, as it were, from heaven into his charge—made a new man of him; he discovered that there was something else in the world besides the speculations of the Sorbonne and the verses of Homerus — that man has need of affections—that life without tenderness and without love, is but a piece of dry machinery, noisy and wearisome. Only he fancied—for he was still at that age when illusions are as yet replaced by illusions—that the affections of blood and kindred were the only ones necessary; and that a little brother to love, was sufficient to fill up his whole existence.

He threw himself, then, into the love of his little Jehan, with all the warmth of a character which was already deep, ardent, concentrated. This poor, helpless creature, pretty, fair-haired, rosy, and curly—this orphan with another orphan for its

only support—moved him to the inmost soul; and, like a grave thinker as he was, he began to reflect upon Jehan with a feeling of the tenderest pity. He bestowed all his solicitude upon him, as upon something extremely fragile, especially commended to his care: he was more than a brother to the infant — he became a mother to it.

Now, little Jehan having lost his mother before he was weaned, Claude put him out to nurse. Besides the fief of Tirechappe, he inherited from his father that of Moulin, which was held of the square tower of Gentilly; it was a mill standing upon a hill, near the Château de Winchestre, since corrupted into Bicêtre. The miller's wife was suckling a fine boy; it was not far from the University, and Claude carried his little Jehan to her in his own arms.

Thenceforward, feeling that he had a burden to bear, he began to look on life as a serious matter. The thought of his little brother became not only his recreation from study, but the object of his studies themselves. He resolved to devote himself entirely to the future life of the being for whom he thought himself answerable before God, and never to have any other spouse, any other offspring, than the happiness and the fortune of his brother. He attached himself, therefore, more devotedly than ever to his clerical

vocation. His merit, his learning, his quality as an immediate vassal of the Bishop of Paris, opened wide to him the gates of the Church. At twenty years of age, by special dispensation from the Holy See, he was ordained priest; and performed the service, as the youngest of the chaplains of Notre-Dame, at the altar called, on account of the late mass that was said at it, altare pigrorum, the altar of the lazy.

There, more than ever immersed in his dear books, which he quitted only to hasten for an hour to the fief Du Moulin, this mixture of learning and austerity, so rare at his age, had speedily gained him the admiration and reverence of the cloister. From the cloister his reputation for learning had been communicated to the people, amongst whom it had been in some degree converted, as not unfrequently happened in that day, into renown for sorcery.

It was at the moment of returning, on the Quasimodo Sunday, from saying his mass of the slothful at their altar, which was at the side of that gate of the choir which opened into the nave, on the right hand, near the image of the Virgin, that his attention had been awakened by the group of old women screaming around the bed of the foundlings.

Then it was that he had approached the unfortunate little creature, the object of so much hatred and menace. That dis-

tress, that deformity, that abandonment, the thought of his little brother—the idea which suddenly crossed his mind that, were he himself to die, his dear little Jehan, too, might chance to be miserably cast upon those boards — all that had rushed upon his heart at once — a deep feeling of pity had taken possession of him, and he had borne off the child.

When he drew the infant out of the bag, he found it to be very deformed indeed. The poor little imp had a great lump covering its left eye—the head compressed between the shoulders—the spine crooked —the breastbone prominent—and the legs bowed. Yet it seemed to be full of life; and, although it was impossible to discover what language it spluttered, yet its cry indicated a certain degree of health and strength. Claude's compassion was increased by this ugliness; and he vowed in his heart to bring up this child for the love of his brother; in order that, whatever might in future time be the faults of little Jehan, there might be placed to his credit this piece of charity performed on his account. It was a sort of putting out of good works at interest, which he transacted in his brother's name—an investment of good actions which he wished to make for him beforehand — to provide against the chance of the little fellow's one day finding himself short of that sort of specie, the only kind taken at the gate of heaven.

He baptized his adopted child by the name of Quasimodo; whether it was that he chose thereby to commemorate the day which he had found him, or that he meant to mark by that name how incomplete and imperfectly moulded the poor little creature was. Indeed, Quasimodo, one-eyed, hump-backed, and bow-legged, could hardly be considered as anything more than an almost.

CHAPTER III.

IMMANIS PECORIS CUSTOS, IMMANIOR IPSE.

Now, in 1482, Quasimodo had grown up, and had been for several years ringer of the bells of Notre-Dame, by the grace of his adoptive father, Claude Frollo; who was become Archdeacon of Joas, by the grace of his suzerain, Messire Louis de Beaumont; who had become Bishop of Paris in 1472, on the death of Guillaume Chartier, by the grace of his patron, Olivier le Daim, barber to Louis XI., king by the grace of God.

Quasimodo, then, was ringer general at Notre-Dame.

With time, a certain peculiar bond of intimacy had been contracted between the ringer and the church. Separated forever from the world by the double fatality of

his unknown birth and his natural deformity—imprisoned from his infancy within that double and impassable circle — the poor unfortunate had been accustomed to see nothing on this earth beyond the religious walls which had received him into their shade. Notre-Dame had been to him successively, as he grew up, the egg—the nest—his house—his country—the world.

And certain it is, there was a sort of mysterious and pre-existing harmony between this creature and this edifice. When, while yet quite little, he used to drag himself along, tortuously and tumblingly, under the gloom of its arches, he seemed, with his human face and his bestial members, the native reptile of that damp, dark floor, upon which the shadows of the Saxon capitals projected so many fantastic forms.

And, afterwards, the first time that he clung mechanically to the bell-rope in the towers, hung himself upon it, and set the bell in motion, the effect upon Claude, his adoptive father, was that of a child finding its tongue and beginning to talk.

Thus it was that, gradually unfolding his being, which constantly took its mould from the cathedral—living in it—sleeping in it—scarcely ever going out of it—receiving every hour its mysterious impress—he came at length to resemble it, to be fashioned to it as it were, to make an integral part of it. His salient angles fitted themselves (if we may be allowed the expres-

sion) into the re-entering angles of the structure, and he seemed to be not only its inhabitant, but even the natural tenant of it. He might almost be said to have taken its form, as the snail takes that of its shell. It was his dwelling place—his hole—his envelope. Between the old church and himself, there was an instinctive sympathy so profound—so many affinities, magnetic as well as material—that he in some sort adhered to it, like the tortoise to its shell. The cathedral, with its time-roughened surface, was his carapace.

It is needless to hint to the reader, that he is not to accept literally the figures that we are here obliged to employ in order to express that singular assimilation, symmetrical—immediate—consubstantial, almost—of a man to a building. Nor is it less evident to what a degree he must have familiarized himself with the whole cathedral during so long and so intimate a cohabitation. This was his own peculiar dwelling place; it had no depth which Quasimodo had not penetrated, no height which he had not scaled. Many a time had he clambered up its front to one story after another, with no other help than the projections of its architecture and sculpture; the towers, over the external surface of which he was sometimes seen creeping, like a lizard gliding upon a perpendicular wall—those two giant cheeks of the building—so lofty, so threatening, so formidable

—had for him neither giddiness, nor dizziness, nor terror. To see them so gentle under his hand, so easy to scale, one would have said that he had tamed them. By dint of leaping, climbing, sporting amid the abysses of the gigantic cathedral, he was become in some sort both monkey and chamois—like the Calabrian child, which swims before it can run, and plays in its infancy with the sea.

Moreover, not only did his body seem to have fashioned itself according to the cathedral, but his mind also. In what state was that soul of his? what bend had it contracted, what form had it taken, under that close-drawn envelope, in that savage mode of life? This it would be difficult to determine. Quasimodo was born one-eyed, hump-backed, limping. It was with great difficulty and great patience that Claude Frollo had succeeded in teaching him to speak. But a fatality pursued the poor foundling. Made ringer of Notre-Dame at fourteen years of age, a fresh infirmity had come to complete his desolation—the bells had broken his tympanum, and he had become deaf. The only door that nature had left him open to the external world, had been suddenly closed forever.

And in closing, it intercepted the sole ray of joy and light that still penetrated to the soul of Quasimodo. That moonlight was veiled in deep night. The poor

creature's melancholy became incurable and complete as his deformity; add to which, his deafness rendered him in some sort dumb. For, that he might not make himself laughed at by others, from the moment that he found himself deaf, he resolutely determined to observe a silence which he scarcely ever broke, except when he was alone. He tied up voluntarily that tongue which Claude Frollo had had so much trouble to untie. And hence it was that, when necessity compelled him to speak, his tongue moved stiffly and awkwardly, like a door of which the hinges have grown rusty.

We are now to endeavor to penetrate to Quasimodo's soul through that thick, hard rind—could we sound the depths of that ill-formed organization—were it possible for us to look, as it were, with a torch in our hands, behind the non-transparency of those organs—to explore the darksome interior of that opaque being—to elucidate its obscure corners and absurd no-thoroughfares, and throw all at once a strong light upon the Psyche chained down in that drear cavern—doubtless we should find the poor creature in some posture of decrepitude, stunted and rickety — like those prisoners that used to grow old in the low dungeons of Venice, bent double in a stone chest too low and too short for them either to stand or to lie at full length.

It is certain that the spirit pines in a misshapen body. Quasimodo scarcely felt, stirring blindly within him, a soul made after his own image. The impressions of external objects underwent a considerable refraction before they reached his apprehension. His brain was a peculiar medium; the ideas which passed through it issued forth completely distorted. The reflection which proceeded from that refraction was necessarily divergent and astray.

Hence, he was subject to a thousand optical illusions, a thousand aberrations of judgment, a thousand wanderings of idea, sometimes foolish, sometimes idiotic.

The first effect of this fatal organization was to disturb the look which he cast upon external objects. He received from them scarcely any immediate perception. The external world seemed to him much farther off than it does to us.

The second effect of his misfortune was to render him mischievous. He was mischievous, indeed, because he was savage; and he was savage because he was ugly. There was a consequentiality in his nature as well as in ours. His strength, too, developed in so extraordinary a degree, was another cause of mischievousness, *malus puer robustus*, says Hobbes.

Besides, we must do him the justice to observe that mischievousness, perhaps, was not inherent in him. At his very first

steps among mankind, he had felt himself—and then he had seen himself—repulsed, branded, spit upon. Human speech had ever been to him a scoff or a malediction. As he grew up, he had found naught around him but hatred. What wonder that he should have caught it! He had but contracted his share of malice—he had but picked up the weapon that had wounded him.

And, after all, he turned but reluctantly toward mankind—his cathedral was sufficient for him. It was peopled with figures in marble—with kings, saints, bishops—who, at all events, did not burst out laughing in his face, but looked upon him with uniform tranquillity and benevolence. The other figures, those of the monsters and demons, had no hatred for him, Quasimodo. He was too much like them for that. They seemed much rather to be scoffing at the rest of mankind. The saints were his friends, and blessed him; the monsters were his friends, and protected him. And, accordingly, he used to have long communings with them; he would sometimes pass whole hours squatted down before one of those statues, holding a solitary conversation with it; on which occasions, if any one happened to approach, he would fly like a lover surprised in his serenade.

And the cathedral was not only society to him—it was the world—it was all na-

ture. He dreamt of no hedgerows but the stained windows ever in flower—no shades but the stone foliage which unfolds itself loaded with birds in the tufted Saxon capitals—no mountains but the colossal towers of the church—no ocean but Paris murmuring at their feet.

That which he loved above all in his maternal edifice—that which awakened his soul, and made it stretch forth its poor pinions, which it kept so miserably folded up within its cavern—that which sometimes made him happy—was, the bells. He loved them, caressed them, talked to them, understood them. From the carillon in the central steeple, to the great bell over the doorway, they all shared his affections. The central steeple and the two towers were to him three great cages, the birds in which, taught by himself, sang for him alone. It was, however, those same bells that had made him deaf. But a mother is often the fondest of that child which has cost her the most suffering.

It is true that their voices were the only ones that he was still capable of hearing. On this account, the great bell of all was his best beloved. She it was whom he preferred among this family of noisy sisters that fluttered about him on festival days. This great bell was named Marie. She was placed in the southern tower, where she had no companion but her sister

Jacqueline, a bell of smaller dimensions, shut up in a smaller cage by the side of her own. This Jacqueline was so named after the wife of Jean Montagu, which Jean had given her to the church—a donation, however, which had not prevented him from going and figuring without his head at Montfaucon. In the northern tower were six other bells; while the six smallest inhabited the central steeple, over the choir, together with the wooden bell, which was rung only from the afternoon of Maunday-Thursday until the morning of Holy Saturday, or Easter-eve. Thus Quasimodo had fifteen bells in his seraglio; but the big Marie was his favorite.

It is not easy to give an idea of his delight on those days on which they rang in full peal. The moment the archdeacon had set him off with the word "Go," he ascended the spiral staircase of the steeple quicker than any other person would have descended it. He rushed, all breathless, into the aërial chamber of the large Marie; he gazed upon her for a moment intently and fondly; then he addressed her softly; patted her with his hand, like a good horse setting out on a long journey; expressing sorrow for the trouble he was going to give her. After these first caresses, he called out to his assistants, placed in the lower story of the tower, to begin. The latter then hung their weight

at the ropes, the capstan creaked, and the enormous round of metal swung slowly. Quasimodo, panting, followed it with his eye. The first stroke of the clapper against the brazen wall that encircled it shook the woodwork upon which he stood. Quasimodo vibrated with the bell. "Vah!" he would cry, with a burst of insensate laughter. Meanwhile, the motion of the bell went quicker; and as it went on, taking a wider and wider sweep, Quasimodo's eye, in like manner, opened wider and wider, and became more and more phosphoric and flaming. At length the great peal commenced—the whole tower trembled—wood, lead, stone—all shook together—from the piles of the foundation to the trifoliations at the summit. Quasimodo was now in a violent perspiration, running to and fro, and shaking, with the tower, from head to foot. The bell, now in full and furious swing, presented alternately to each wall of the tower its brazen throat, from whence escaped that tempest breath which was audible at four leagues' distance. Quasimodo placed himself before this gaping throat—squatted down and rose up again at each turn of the bell—inhaled that furious breath—looked by turns down upon the Place which was swarming with people two hundred feet below him, and upon the enormous brazen tongue which came, second after second, and bellowed in his ear. It was the only

speech that he understood—the only sound that broke to him the universal silence. His soul dilated in it, like a bird in the sunshine. All at once he would catch the frenzy of the bell; and then his look became extraordinary—he would wait the next coming of the vast mass of metal, as the spider waits for the fly, and then throw himself headlong upon it. Now, suspended over the abyss, borne to and fro by the formidable swinging of the bell, he seized the brazen monster by the ears—griped it between his knees—spurred it with both his heels—and redoubled, with the whole shock and weight of his body, the fury of the peal. Meanwhile, the tower trembled while he shouted and ground his teeth—his red hair bristling up—his breath heaving like the blast of a forge—and his eye flaming—while his monstrous steed was neighing and palpitating under him. Then it was no longer either the great bell of Notre-Dame, or Quasimodo the ringer—it was a dream—a whirl—a tempest—dizziness astride upon clamor—a strange centaur, half man, half bell—a sort of horrible Astolpho, carried along upon a prodigious hippograff of living bronze.

The presence of this extraordinary being breathed, as it were, a breath of life through the whole cathedral. There seemed to escape from him—so at least said the exaggerating superstitions of the multitude—a mysterious emanation, which

animated all the stones of Notre-Dame, and heaved the deep bosom of the ancient church. To know that he was there, was enough to make you think you saw life and motion in the thousand statues of the galleries and doorways. The old cathedral did indeed seem a creature docile and obedient to his hand; she waited his will, to lift up her loud voice; she was filled and possessed with Quasimodo as with a familiar spirit. One would have said that he made the immense building breathe. He was to be seen all over it; he multiplied himself upon every point of the structure. Sometimes you beheld with dread, at the very top of one of the towers, a fantastic dwarfish-looking figure—climbing—twisting—crawling about—descending outside over the abyss—leaping from projection to projection—and then thrusting his arm into the throat of some sculptured gorgon; it was Quasimodo pulling the crows from their nests. Sometimes, in a dark corner of the church, you would stumble against a sort of living chimera, squatting and dogged-looking—it was Quasimodo musing. Sometimes you espied, upon one of the steeples, an enormous head and a parcel of deranged limbs, swinging furiously at the end of a rope—it was Quasimodo ringing the vesper-bell, or the Angelus. Often, at night, a hideous form was seen wandering upon the light delicate balustrade which crowns

the towers and borders the top of the chancel—it was still the hunchback of Notre-Dame. Then, the good women of the neighborhood would say, something fantastic, supernatural, horrible, was to be seen in the whole church—eyes and mouths opened in it here and there—the stone dogs, griffons, and the rest, that watch day and night, with outstretched necks and open jaws, around the monstrous cathedral, were heard to bark. And if it was a Christmas night—while the great bell, that seemed to rattle in its throat was calling the faithful to the blazing midnight mass—there was such an air spread over the gloomy front, that the great doorway seemed to be devouring the multitude, while the round window above it was looking down upon him—and all this came from Quasimodo. Egypt would have taken him for the god of this temple—the Middle Ages believed him to be its demon—he was in fact its soul.

So much was this the case that, to those who know that Quasimodo has existed, Notre-Dame is now solitary, inanimate, dead. They feel that something has disappeared. That vast body is empty—it is a skeleton—the spirit has quitted it—they see the place of its habitation, but that is all. It is like a skull, which still has holes for the eyes, but no look shining through them.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DOG AND HIS MASTER.

THERE was, however, one human creature whom Quasimodo excepted from the malice and hatred for the rest, and whom he loved as much, perhaps more, than his cathedral: this was Claude Frollo.

The case was simple enough. Claude Frollo had received him, adopted him, nursed him, brought him up. While yet quite little, it was between Claude Frollo's knees that he had been accustomed to take refuge when the dogs and the children ran yelping after him. Claude Frollo had taught him to speak, to read, to write. Claude Frollo, in fine, had made him ringer of the bells—and to give the great bell in marriage to Quasimodo, was giving Juliet to Romeo.

Accordingly, Quasimodo's gratitude was deep, ardent, boundless; and although the countenance of his adoptive father was often clouded and severe—although his mode of speaking was habitually brief, harsh, imperious—never had that feeling of gratitude wavered for a single instant. The archdeacon had in Quasimodo the most submissive of slaves, the most tractable of servants, the most vigilant of watch-dogs. When the poor ringer had become deaf, there was established be-

tween him and Claude Frollo a language of signs, mysterious, and intelligible only to themselves. So that the archdeacon was the only human being with whom Quasimodo had preserved a communication. There were only two existences in this world with which he had any intercourse—Notre-Dame and Claude Frollo.

Unexampled were the sway of the archdeacon over the ringer, and the ringer's attachment to the archdeacon. One sign from Claude, and the idea of pleasing him would have sufficed to make Quasimodo throw himself from the top of the towers of Notre-Dame. There was something remarkable in all that physical strength, so extraordinarily developed in Quasimodo, and blindly placed by him at the disposal of another. In this there was undoubtedly filial devotion and domestic attachment; but there was also fascination of one mind by another mind. There was a poor, weak, awkward organization, hanging its head and casting down its eyes in the presence of a lofty and penetrating intellect, powerful and commanding. In fine, and above all the rest, there was gratitude—gratitude pushed to that extreme limit, that we know not to what to compare it. This virtue not being one of those of which the finest examples are found amongst mankind, we must therefore say that Quasimodo loved the archdeacon as no dog, no horse, no elephant ever loved his master.

CHAPTER V.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF CLAUDE FROLLO.

In 1482, Quasimodo was about twenty years old, and Claude Frollo about thirty-six. The one had grown up; the other had grown old.

Claude Frollo was no longer the simple scholar of the Torchi college—the tender protector of a little boy—the young dreaming philosopher, who knew many things and was ignorant of many. He was a priest, austere, grave, morose—having cure of souls—Monsieur the Archdeacon of Joas—the second acolyte of the bishop—having charge of the two deaneries of Montlhéry and Châteaufort and of a hundred and seventy-four curés ruraux or country parochial clergy. He was an imposing and sombre personage, before whom trembled the chorister boys in aube and jaquette, the machios, the brethren of St. Augustine, and the cercles matutinels of Notre-Dame, when he passed slowly under the lofty pointed arches of the choir, majestic, pensive, with his arms crossed, and his head so much inclined upon his breast that nothing could be seen of his face but his large bald forehead.

Dom Claude Frollo, however, had abandoned neither science nor the education of

his brother, the two occupations of his life. But in the course of time, some bitterness had been mingled with these things which he had found so sweet. Little Jehan Frollo, surnamed Du Moulin from the place where he had been nursed, had not grown up in the direction which Claude had been desirious of giving him. The elder brother had reckoned upon a pupil pious, docile, learned, creditable. But the younger brother, like those young plants which baffle the endeavors of the gardener, and turn obstinately toward that side alone from which they receive air and sunshine—the younger brother grew up, and shot forth full and luxuriant branches, only on the side of idleness, ignorance, and debauchery. He was a very devil—extremely disorderly — which made Dom Claude knit his brows—but very droll and very cunning — which made the elder smile. Claude had consigned him to that same college de Torchi in which he himself had passed his earlier years in study and modest seclusion; and it grieved him that this sanctuary, once edified by the name of Frollo, should be scandalized by it now. He sometimes read Jehan very long and very severe lectures upon the subject, which the latter intrepidly sustained. After all the young rake had a good heart—as all our comedies take care to assure us on a like occasion. But when the lecture was over, he did not the less

quietly resume the course of his seditions and enormities. Sometimes it was a béjaune or yellow-beak, as a new-comer at the University was called, whom he had plucked for his entrance-money—a precious tradition, which has been carefully handed down to the present day. Sometimes he had set in motion a band of scholars, who had classically fallen upon a cabaret—*quasi classico excitati*—then had beaten the tavern-keeper *avec bâtons offensifs*, and merrily pillaged the tavern, even to the staving in of the hogsheads of wine in the cellar. And then there was a fine report, drawn up in Latin, which the sub-monitor of the Torchi college brought piteously to Dom Claude, with this dolorous heading—*Rixa; prima causa vinum optimum potatum*. And, in fine, it was said—a thing quite horrible in a boy of sixteen—that his raking oftentimes led him as far as the Rue de Glatigny.

Owing to all this, Claude, saddened and discouraged in his human affections, had thrown himself the more ardently into the arms of science—that sister who, at all events, does not laugh in your face, but ever repays you (albeit in coin sometimes rather light) for the attention you have bestowed upon her. He became, then, more and more learned—and, at the same time, by a natural consequence, more and more rigid as a priest, more and more melancholy as a man. There are in each

individual of us, certain parallelisms between our understanding, our manners, and our character, which develop themselves continuously, and are interrupted only by the greater disturbances of life.

As Claude Frollo had, in his youth, gone through nearly the whole circle of positive human knowledge, external and lawful, he was under the absolute necessity, unless he was to stop *ubi defuit orbis*, of going further, and seeking other food for the insatiable activity of his intellect. The ancient symbol of the serpent biting his tail is especially appropriate to science; and it seems that Claude Frollo had experienced this. Many grave persons affirmed, that after exhausting the *fas* of human knowledge, he had ventured to penetrate into the *nefas*. He had, they said, successfully tasted all the apples of the tree of knowledge; and, whether from hunger or disgust, he had ended with tasting of the forbidden fruit. He had taken his place by turns, as our readers have seen, at the conference of the theologians at the Sorbonne; at the meetings of the faculty of arts at the image of St. Hillary; at the disputations of the decretists at the image of St. Martin; at the congregations of the physicians at bénitier of Notre-Dame, *ad cupam nostræ dominæ*. All the viands, permitted and approved, which those four great cuisines called the four faculties could prepare and

serve up to the understanding, he had devoured; and he had been satiated with them before his hunger was appeased. Then he had penetrated further—lower—underneath all that finite, material, limited science; he had perhaps risked his soul, and seated himself in the cavern at that mysterious table of the alchemists, the astrologers, the hermetics, of which Averroës, Guillaume de Paris, and Nicolas Flamel occupy the lower extremity in the Middle Ages, and which extends in the East, under the light of the seven-branched candlestick, up to Solomon, Pythagoras, and Zoroaster. So, at least, it was supposed, whether rightly or not.

It is certain that the archdeacon often visited the cemetery of the Holy Innocents; in which, it is true, his father and mother had been buried, with the other victims of the plague of 1466; but that he testified much less devotion to the cross at the head of their grave, than to the strange figures upon the tomb of Nicolas Flamel and his wife Claude Pernelle, which stood close by it.

It is certain that he had often been seen to pass along the Rue des Lombards, and enter stealthily into a small house at the corner of the two streets, the Rue des Ecrivains and the Rue Marivaux. It was the house which Nicolas Flamel had built, in which he had died about the year 1417, and which, uninhabited ever since, was be-

ginning to fall into ruins, so much had the hermetics and alchemists of all countries worn away its walls by simply engraving their names on them. Some of the neighbors even affirmed that they had once seen, through an air-hole, the archdeacor Claude digging and turning over the earth at the bottom of those two cellars, the buttresses in which had been scrawled over with innumerable verses and hieroglyphics by Nicolas Flamel himself. It was supposed that Flamel had buried the philosopher's stone in these cellars; and the alchemists for two centuries, from Magistri down to Father Pacifique, never ceased to turn about the ground, until the house itself, so mercilessly ransacked and turned inside out, had at last crumbled into dust under their feet.

It is certain, too, that the archdeacon had been seized with a singular passion for the symbolical doorway of Notre-Dame, that page of conjuration written in stone by Bishop William of Paris, who has undoubtedly been damned for attaching so infernal a frontispiece to the sacred poem eternally chanted by the rest of the structure. Archdeacon Claude had also the credit of having sounded the mysteries of the colossal St. Christopher, and of that long enigmatical statue which then stood at the entrance of the Parvis, and which the people had nicknamed Monsieur Legris. But what everybody might have remarked,

was, the interminable hours which he would often spend, seated upon the parapet of the Parvis, in contemplating the sculptured figures of the portal—now examining the light maidens with their lamps turned upside down, and the prudent ones with their lamps the right end up—at other times calculating the angle of vision of that crow which clings to the left side of the doorway, casting its eye upon a mysterious point within the church — where the philosopher's stone is certainly hidden, if it be not in Nicolas Flamel's cellar.

It was a singular destiny (we may remark in passing) for the church of Notre-Dame, at that period, to be thus beloved in two different ways, and with so much devotion, by two beings so unlike as Claude and Quasimodo—loved by the one, a sort of half-human creature, instinctive and savage, for its beauty, for its stature, for the harmonies dwelling in the magnificent whole—loved by the other, a being of cultivated and ardent imagination, for its signification, its mystic meaning, the symbolic language lurking under the sculpture on its front, like the first text under the second in a palimpsest—in short, for the enigma which it eternally proposes to the understanding.

And, furthermore, it is certain that the archdeacon had fitted himself up, in that one of the two towers which looks upon

the Grève, close by the cage of the bells, a little cell of great secrecy, into which no one entered—not even the bishop, it was said—without his leave. This cell had been constructed of old, almost at the top of the tower, among the crows' nests, by Bishop Hugo de Besançon,* who had played the necromancer there in his time. What this cell contained, no one knew. But from the strand of the Terrain, at night, there was often seen to appear, disappear, and reappear, at short and regular intervals, at a small round window or luthern that admitted light into it from the back of the tower, a certain red, intermittent, singular glow, seeming as if it followed the successive puffings of a pair of bellows, and as if it proceeded from a flame rather than from a light. In the dark, at that elevation, it had a very odd appearance; and the good women of the neighborhood used to say: "There's the archdeacon blowing! Hell-fire's casting sparks up there!"

Not that here were, after all, any great proofs of sorcery; but still there was quite as much smoke as was necessary to make the good people suppose a flame; and the archdeacon had a reputation not a little formidable. We are bound to declare, however, that the sciences of Egypt—that necromancy—that magic—even the fairest and most innocent—had no more

* "Hugo de Bisuncio," 1326–1332.

violent enemy, no more merciless denouncer before messieurs of the officiality of Notre-Dame, than himself. Whether it was sincere abhorrence, or merely the trick of the robber who cries Stop thief! this did not prevent the archdeacon from being considered by the learned heads of the chapter as one who had risked his soul upon the threshold of hell—as one lost in the caverns of the Cabala—feeling his way in the darkness of the occult sciences.

Neither were the people blinded to the real state of the case; to the mind of every one possessed of the smallest sagacity, Quasimodo was the demon, and Claude Frollo the sorcerer; it was evident that the ringer was to serve the archdeacon for a given time, at the expiration of which he was to carry off his soul by way of payment. So that the archdeacon, despite the excessive austerity of his life, was in bad odor with all pious souls; and there was never a nose of a devotee, however inexperienced, but could smell him for a magician.

And if, as he grew older, he had formed to himself abysses in science, others had opened themselves in his heart. So at least they had reason to believe who narrowly observed that face of his, in which his soul shone forth only through a murky cloud. Whence that large bald forehead—that head constantly bent forward—that breast constantly heaved with sighs?

What secret thought wreathed that bitter smile about his lips, at the same moment that his lowering brows approached each other fierce as two encountering bulls? Why were his remaining hairs already gray? What internal fire was that which occasionally shone in his glance, to such a degree as to make his eye look like a hole pierced through the wall of a furnace?

These symptoms of a violent moral preoccupation had acquired an especially high degree of intensity at the period to which our narrative refers. More than once had a chorister-boy fled affrighted at finding him alone in the church, so strange and fiery was his look. More than once, in the choir, at service-time, the occupant of the stall next his own had heard him mingle, in the plain-chant *ad omnem tonum*, unintelligible parentheses. More than once had the laundress of the Terrain, whose business it was "to wash the chapter," observe, not without dread, marks of finger-nails and clenched fingers in the surplice of Monsieur the Archdeacon of Joas.

However, he became doubly rigid, and had never been more exemplary. By character, as well as by calling, he had always kept at a distance from women; and now he seemed to hate them more than ever. The mere rustling of a silken cotte-hardie brought his hood down over his eyes. On this point so jealous were his austerity and reserve, that when the king's daugh-

ter, the Lady of Beaujeu, came in December, 1481, to visit the cloister of Notre-Dame, he gravely opposed her entrance, reminding the bishop of the statute in the Livre Noir or Black Book of the chapter, dated St. Bartholomew's Eve, 1344, forbidding access to the cloister to every woman "whatsoever, old or young, mistress or maid." Whereupon the bishop having been constrained to cite to him the ordinance of the legate, Odo, which makes an exception in favor of certain ladies of high rank—*aliquæ magnates mulieres, quæ sine scandalo evitari non possunt*—the archdeacon still protested; objecting that the legate's ordinance being dated as far back as the year 1207, was a hundred and twenty-seven years anterior to the Livre Noir, and was consequently, to all intents and purposes, abrogated by it. And accordingly he had refused to make his appearance before the princess.

It was moreover remarked that, for some time past, his abhorrence of gypsy-women and zingari had been redoubled. He had solicited from the bishop an edict expressly forbidding the gypsies from coming to dance and play the tambourine in the Place du Parvis; and for the same length of time he had been rummaging among the mouldy archives of the official, in order to collect together all the cases of wizards and witches condemned to the flames or the halter for having been ac-

complices in sorcery with he-goats, she-goats, or sows.

CHAPTER VI

UNPOPULARITY.

THE archdeacon and the bell-ringer, as we have already said, were but little esteemed among the little and great folks of the environs of the cathedral. When Claude and Quasimodo walked abroad on divers occasions, and they were observed in company traversing the clean, but narrow and dusky, streets of the neighborhood of Notre-Dame, the servant following his master, more than one malicious word, or ironical smile, or insulting jest, greeted them on their way; unless Claude Frollo—though this happened rarely—walked with head erect, exhibiting his stern and almost noble brow to the gaze of the astonished gossips.

The pair were in that neighborhood almost like the "poets," of whom Regnier speaks:

> Toutes sortes de gens vont après les poètes,
> Comme après les hiboux vont criant les fauvettes.

Sometimes an ill-natured body would risk his head and bones for the ineffable pleasure of running a pin into Quasimodo's hump. Sometimes a pretty girl, more full

of frolic and boldness than became her, would rustle the priest's black gown, singing to his face the sarcastic song beginning: "Nestle, nestle, the Devil is caught." Sometimes a squalid group of old women, crouching down in the dusk along the steps of a porch, grumbled aloud as the archdeacon and the bell-ringer passed, or called after them with curses—this encouraging greeting: "Ho! here comes one with a soul as crooked as the other's body." Sometimes a band of scholars playing at hopscotch would jump up together and salute them classically with some cry in Latin, as "*Eia! eia! Claudius cum claudo!*"

BOOK V.

CHAPTER I.

A GLANCE AT THE ANCIENT MAGISTRACY.

A RIGHT enviable personage, in the year of grace 1482, was noble homme Robert d'Estouteville, knight, Sieur of Beyne, Baron of Ivry and Saint Andry in Marche, councilor and chamberlain to the king, and keeper of the provostry of Paris. Already it was nearly seventeen years since he had received from King Louis, on the 7th of November, 1465, the year of the

comet, that fine place of Provost of Paris, which was regarded rather as a seigneurie than as an office — *Dignitas,* says Joanes Lœmnœus, *quæ cum non exiguâ potestate politiam concernente, atque prærogativis multis et juribus conjuncta est.* It was a thing quite marvelous, that, in the year '82, there should be a gentleman holding the king's commission, whose letters of institution were dated as far back as the time of the marriage of Louis XI's natural daughter with monsieur the bastard of Bourbon. On the same day that Robert d'Estouteville had taken the place of Jacques de Villiers in the provostry of Paris, Maître Jean Dauvet succeeded Messire Hélye de Thorrettes in the first presidency of the court of parliament, Jean Jouvénel des Ursins supplanted Pierre de Morvillers in the office of Chancellor of France, and Regnault des Dormans relieved Pierre Puy of the post of master of requests in ordinary to the king's household. Now, over how many heads had the presidency, the chancellorship, and the mastership traveled since Robert d'Estouteville had held the provostry of Paris? It had been "granted into his keeping," said the letters patent; and certainly he kept it well. He had clung to it, incorporated himself, identified himself with it, so thoroughly that he had escaped that rage for changes which possessed Louis XI., a distrustful, parsimoni-

ous, and laborious king, bent upon maintaining, by frequent appointments and dismissals, the elasticity of his power. Nay, more — the worthy chevalier had procured the reversion of his office for his son; and already, for two years, had the name of noble homme Jacques d'Estouteville, Esquire, figured at full length behind his own at the head of the register of the ordinary of the provostry of Paris—a rare, assuredly, and signal favor! True it is that Robert d'Estouteville was a good soldier; that he had loyally lifted his pennon against "the league of the public weal;" and that he had made a present to the queen, on the day of her entry into Paris in the year 14—, of a very wonderful stag, all made of confectionery. And, moreover, he had a good friend in Messire Tristan l'Hermite, provost-marshal of the king's household. So that Messire Robert enjoyed a very comfortable and agreeable existence. First of all, he had a very good salary; to which were attached, depending like so many additional branches from his vine, the revenues of the registries, civil and criminal, of the provostry; then, the revenues of the Auditoires d'Embas, or inferior courts, of the Châtelet; besides some little toll from the bridges of Mante and Corbeil, and the profits of the tru on the esgrin of Paris, and on the measures of firewood and the meters of salt. Add to all this the pleas-

ure of displaying, in his official rides through the town, in contrast with the gowns, half red and half tawny, of the échevins and the quarteniers, his fine military dress, which you may still admire sculptured upon his tomb at the abbey of Valmont in Normandy, as you may his richly embossed morion at Montlhéry. And then, was it nothing to have all supremacy over the sergeants of the douzaine, the keeper and the watcher of the Châtelet (*auditores Castelleti*), the sixteen commissioners of the sixteen quarters of the city, the jailor of the Châtelet, the four enfeoffed sergeants, the hundred and twenty mounted sergeants, the hundred and twenty sergeants of the wand, and the knight of the watch, with his men of the watch, the under-watch, the counter-watch, and the rear-watch? Was it nothing to exercise high and low justice, the right of turning, hanging, and drawing, besides the jurisdiction over minor offenses in the first resort (*in prima instantia*, as the characters have it), over that viscounty of Paris, to which were so gloriously appended seven noble bailiwicks? Can anything be imagined more gratifying than to pass judgment and sentence, as Messire Robert d'Estouteville daily did in the Grand Châtelet, under the wide, depressed, Gothic arches of Philip-Augustus; and to go, as was his wont, every evening to that charming house

situated in the Rue Galilee, within the precincts of the Palais-Royal, which he held in right of his wife, Madame Ambroise de Loré, to repose from the fatigue of having sent some poor devil to pass his night in "that small cage in the Rue de l'Escorcherie, which the provosts and échevins of Paris were wont to make their prison; the dimensions of the same being eleven feet in length, seven feet, four inches in width, and eleven feet in height?"

And not only had Messire Robert d'Estouteville his particular justice as provost and viscount of Paris; but also he had his share, both by presence and action, in the grand justice of the king. There was no head of any elevated rank but had passed through his hands before it came into those of the executioner. It was he who had gone to the Bastille St. Antoine, to fetch Monsieur de Nemours from thence to the Halles; and to the same place, to carry from thence to the Grève Monsieur de St. Pol, who grumbled and complained, to the great joy of monsieur the provost, who was no friend to monsieur the constable.

Here, assuredly, was more than enough to make a man's life illustrious and happy, and to earn some day a notable page in that interesting history of the provosts of Paris, from which we learn that Oudard de Villeneuve had a house in the Rue des Boucheries, that Guillaume de Hangest

bought the great and the little Savoie; that Guillaume Thiboust gave his houses in the Rue Clopin to the nuns of Ste. Geneviève; that Hugues Aubriot lived in the Hôtel du Porc-Epic; with other facts of the like importance.

And yet, with all these reasons for taking life patiently and cheerfully, Messire Robert d'Estouteville had waked on the morning of the 7th of January, 1482, very sulky — quite, indeed, in a massacring humor—though for what cause he himself could not well have told. Was it because the sky was dingy? or because the buckle of his old Montlhéry sword-belt was ill-fastened, and girded too militarily his provost-beseeming portliness? or because he had seen the army of ribalds marching through the street, four by four, under his window, jeering at him as they passed by, in doublets without shirts, under hats with their crowns out, and scrip and bottle at their sides? Was it a vague presentiment of the three hundred and seventy livres sixteen sols eight deniers, which the future king, Charles VIII., was to deduct the following year from the revenues of the provostry? Amongst these reasons, the reader is at liberty to choose; for our own parts, we are much inclined to believe that he was in an ill-humor simply because he was in an ill-humor.

Besides, it was the day after a holiday—a day of disgust for everybody, and especi-

ally for the magistrate whose business it was to sweep away all the filth, whether in the literal or the figurative sense of the word, that a holiday accumulated in Paris. And then he was to hold a sitting in the Grand Châtelet; and the reader will probably have remarked, that judges in general contrive matters so, that their day of sitting shall also be their day of ill-humor, in order that they may always have some one upon whom to vent it conveniently, in the name of the king and the law.

The magisterial operations, however, had commenced without him. His deputies, *au civil*, *au criminel*, and *au particulier*, were acting for him, according to custom; and as early as eight o'clock in the morning, some scores of townspeople, men, and women, crowded together in a dark corner of the Auditoire d'Embas of the Châtelet, between the wall and a strong barrier of oak, were blissfully attending at the varied and exhilarating spectacle of the administration of civil and criminal justice by Maître Florian Barbedienne, auditor at the Châtelet, deputy of monsieur the provost—a little pell-mell, to be sure, and altogether at random.

The room was small, low, and vaulted. At the farther end was a table, figured over with fleur-de-lis, with a great armchair of carved oak for the provost, which was empty; and, on the left hand of it, a

stool for the auditor, Maître Florian. Below sat the registrar, scribbling away. In front were the people; and before the door, and before the table, were a number of sergeants of the provostry in their violet hacquetons with white crosses upon them. Two sergeants of the Parloir-aux-Bourgeois, or Common-hall, in jackets half red and half blue, stood sentry before a low closed door, which was visible at the other end, behind the table. One solitary pointed window, straightly encased in the massive wall, threw a few pale January rays upon two grotesque countenances; that of the fantastic demon carved upon the key-stone of the vaulted ceiling, and that of the judge, seated at the extremity of the chamber, upon the fleurs-de-lis.

Indeed, figure to yourself, at the prevotal table, between two bundles of cases —leaning upon his elbows, with his foot upon the tail of his gown of plain, brown cloth, and his face in its lining of white lamb-skin, with which his brows seemed to be of a piece—red-faced—harsh-looking—winking, carrying majestically the load of flesh upon his cheeks, which met from either side under his chin—Maître Florian Barbedienne, auditor at the Châtelet.

Now, the auditor was deaf—a slight defect for an auditor, and Maître Florian did not the less decide without appeal and quite competently. It is certainly quite sufficient that a judge should appear to

listen; and the venerable auditor the better fulfilled this condition, the only one essential to the good administration of justice, as his attention could not possibly be distracted by any noise.

However, there was among the audience a merciless censor of his deeds and gestures, in the person of our friend Jehan Frollo du Moulin, the little scholar of the day before—that stroller who was sure to be met with everywhere in Paris, except before the professor's chair.

"Look," said he to his companion, Robert Roussepain, who was tittering beside him while he commented on the scenes that were passing before them; "there's Jehannetun du Buisson, the pretty girl at the Cagnard-au-Marché-Neuf! On my soul, he's condemning her, the old fellow! Then he's no more eyes than ears! Fifteen sous four deniers parisis for wearing two strings of beads—that's rather dear. *Lex duri carminis*—Who's that?—Robin Chief-de-Ville, hauberk-maker, for being passed and admitted a master in the said art and mystery. It's his entrance-money. Ah! what! two gentlemen among these rascals—Aiglet de Soins, Hutin de Mailly, two esquires! — *Corpus Christi!* — Oh! they've been playing at dice. When shall we see our rector here, I wonder? Fined a hundred livres parisis to the king! Barbedienne hits like a deaf man as he is! May I be my brother, the archdeacon, if

that shall hinder me from playing by day, playing by night, living at play, dying at play, and staking my soul when I've lost my shirt! Holy Virgin! what lots of girls! — one after another, my lambs. Ambrose Lécuyère! Isabeau-la-Paynette! Berarde Gironin! I know them all, *par Dieu!* Fine them! fine them! We'll teach you to wear gilt belts! Ten sols parisis a-piece, you coquettes!—Oh, the old muzzle of a judge, deaf and doting! Oh, Florian the lubber! Oh, Barbedienne the dolt! There you see him at table—he dines off the pleader—he dines off the case—he eats—he chews—he swallows — he fills himself! Fines — estrays — dues—expenses—costs—wages — damages —torture—jail and stocks—are to him Christmas camichons and midsummer marchpanes. Look at him, the pig! Go on. Good again!—another amorous lady! Thibaude-la-Thibaude, I declare, for going out of the Rue Glatigny. What's this youth? Gieffroy Mabonne, gendarme bearing the cross-bow—he's been profaning the name of the Father. A fine for La Thibaude! a fine for Gieffroy! a fine for them both! The old deaf boy! he must have jumbled the two things together! Ten to one but he makes the girl pay for the oath, and the gendarme for the amour! Attention, Robin Poussepain! What are they bringing in now? Here are plenty of sergeants, by Jupiter! all

the hounds of the pack. This must be the grand piece of game of all—a wild boar, at least! It is one, Robin—it is one! and a fine one, too!—Hercle! it's our prince of yesterday—our fool's pope—our ringer—our one-eye—our hunchback—our grin of grins! It's Quasimodo!"

It was he indeed. It was Quasimodo, bound, girded, hooped, pinioned, and well guarded. The detachment of sergeants that surrounded him were accompanied by the chevalier du guet or knight of the watch, in person, bearing the arms of France embroidered on his breast, and those of the Town of Paris on his back. However, there was nothing in Quasimodo, his deformity excepted, to justify all this display of halberts and arquebusses. He was gloomy, silent, and tranquil; his one eye only just throwing, from time to time, a sullen and resentful glance upon the bonds that covered him. He cast the same look around him; but it seemed so dull and sleepy, that the women pointed him out to each other with their fingers in derision only.

Meanwhile, Maître Florian, the auditor, turned over attentively the leaves of the written charge drawn up against Quasimodo, and presented to him by the registrar; and, after taking that glance, appeared to be meditating for a minute or two. Owing to this precaution, which he was always careful to take at the moment

of proceeding to an interrogatory, he knew beforehand the name, quality, and offense of the accused, made premeditated replies to answers foreseen; and so contrived to find his way through all the sinuosities of the interrogatory without too much betraying his deafness. The written charge was to him as the dog to the blind man. If it so happened that his infirmity discovered itself here and there, by some incoherent apostrophe or unintelligible question, it passed with some for profundity, with others for imbecility. In either case the honor of the magistracy did not suffer; for a judge had better be considered either imbecile or profound than deaf. So he took great care to disguise his deafness from the observation of all; and he commonly succeeded so well that he had come at last even to deceive himself about the matter—a species of deception, indeed, which is not so difficult as it may be thought; all hunchbacks walk with head erect; all stammerers are given to speechifying; and the deaf always talk in a whisper. For his part, the utmost admission that he made to himself on this point was, that his hearing was not quite so quick as some people's—it was the only concession in this respect that he could bring himself to make to public opinion, in his moments of candor and examination of conscience.

Having, then, well ruminated on the affair of Quasimodo, he threw back his

head and half closed his eyes, by way of greater majesty and impartiality; so that, at that moment, he was blind as well as deaf—a double condition, without which no judge is perfect. It was in this magisterial attitude that he commenced the interrogatory:

"Your name?"

Now here was a case which had not been "foreseen by the law," that of one deaf man interrogated by another.

Quasimodo, receiving no intimation of the question thus addressed to him, continued to look fixedly at the judge, without making any answer. The deaf judge, on the other hand, receiving no intimation of the deafness of the accused, thought that he had answered, as the prisoners generally did; and continued, with his mechanical and stupid right-forwardness.

"Well—your age?"

Quasimodo made no more answer to this question than to the preceding one; but the judge, thinking it replied to, went on:

"Now—your calling?"

The culprit was still silent. The bystanders, however, were beginning to whisper and to look at each other.

"Enough!" added the imperturbable auditor, when he supposed that the accused had consummated his third answer. "You stand charged before us—*primo*, with nocturnal disturbance; *secundo*, with

dishonest violence upon the person of a light woman—*in prejudicium meretricis; tertio,* of rebellion and disloyalty toward our lord the king's archers. Explain yourself on all these points. Registrar, have you taken down what the prisoner has said so far?"

At this unlucky question a burst of laughter was heard, caught by the audience from the registrar—so violent, so uncontrollable, so contagious, so universal, that neither of the deaf men could help perceiving it. Quasimodo turned round, shrugging up his hump in disdain; while Maître Florian, astonished like himself, and supposing that the laughter of the spectators had been excited by some irreverent reply from the accused, rendered visible to him by that shrug, apostrophized him indignantly.

"Fellow," said he, "you gave me an answer then that deserves the halter. Know you to whom you are speaking?"

This sally was not at all calculated to extinguish the explosion of the general merriment. It seemed to all present so incongruous and left-handed, that the wild laugh caught even the sergeants of the Parloir-aux-Bourgeois, a sort of serving-men carrying pikes, with whom stupidity was part of their uniform. Quasimodo alone preserved his gravity; for the very good reason, that he understood nothing at all of what was passing around

him. The judge, growing more and more angry, thought himself bound to go on in the same tone, hoping thereby to strike a terror into the accused, which would react upon the bystanders, and bring them back to a proper sense of respect:

"So it seems, then, master, perverse and riotous that you are, that you presume to be impertinent to the auditor of the Châtelet; to the magistrate entrusted with the popular police of Paris; charged to make search into all crimes, offenses, and bad courses; to control all trades, and interdict monopolies; to repair the pavements; to prevent forestalling and regrating of poultry and wild-fowl; to superintend the measuring of firewood and other sorts of wood; to cleanse the town of mud, and the air of contagious distempers; in a word, to be doing continually the work of the public, without fee or reward, or expectation of any. Know you that my name is Florian Barbedienne, monsieur the provost's own proper deputy, and, moreover, commissioner, inquisitor, controller, and examiner, with equal power in provostry, bailiwick, conservatorship, and presidial court?"

There is no reason why a deaf man talking to a deaf man should ever stop. God only knows where and when Maître Florian would have come to anchor, launched thus in full career upon the main ocean of eloquence, had not the low door

behind him opened all at once for the entrance of monsieur the provost in person.

At his entrance Maître Florian did not stop short; but, turning half round upon his heel, and suddenly aiming at the provost the harangue with which, the moment before, he had been battering Quasimodo, "Monsieur," said he, "I have to request such penalty as it shall please you, upon the accused here present, for flagrant and aggravated contempt of court."

Then he sat down again, quite out of breath, wiping away the big drops that fell from his forehead and moistened, like tears, the parchments spread out before him. Messire Robert d'Estouteville knitted his brow, and made a motion to Quasimodo to attend, in a manner so imperious and significant, that the deaf prisoner in some degree understood it.

The provost addressed him with severity. "Rascal, what hast thou done to be brought hither?"

The poor devil, supposing that the provost was asking him his name, now broke the silence which he habitually kept, and answered in a hoarse and guttural voice, "Quasimodo."

The answer so little corresponded to the question, that the loud laugh again began to go round; and Messire Robert exclaimed, all reddening with anger: "What, you arrant rogue, you jest at me, too, do you?"

"Ringer at Notre-Dame," answered

Quasimodo, thinking that this time he was commanded to state to the judge who he was.

"Ringer!" returned the provost, who, as we have already said, had got up that morning in so bad a humor that his fury needed not to be kindled by such unaccountable answers—"Ringer, indeed! I'll make them ring a peal of rods on thy back through every street in Paris—dost thou hear, rascal?"

"If it's my age you want to know," said Quasimodo, "I believe I shall be twenty next Martinmas."

This was rather too strong. The provost could endure it no longer.

"Ha! so you jeer at the provostry, you wretch! Messieurs the sergeants of the wand, you'll take this fellow to the pillory in the Grève, and there flog him and turn him for an hour. He shall pay for his impudence, *tête-Dieu!* And I order that this present sentence be proclaimed by four sworn trumpeters, in the seven castellanies of the viscounty of Paris."

The registrar set about drawing up the sentence forthwith.

"*Ventre Dieu!* but that's a good sentence," cried the little scholar, Jehan Frollo du Moulin, from his corner.

The provost turned round, and again fixed his eyes, all flashing, upon Quasimodo. "I believe the fellow said, *Ventre Dieu!* Registrar, add a fine of twelve deniers

parisis for swearing; and let one-half of it go toward the repairs of St. Eustache's church—I've a particular devotion for St. Eustache."

In a few minutes the judgment was drawn out. The tenor of it was simple and brief. The custumel of the provostry and viscounty of Paris had not yet been elaborated by the president, Thibaut Baillet, and Roger Barmue, king's advocate; it was not yet obscured by that deep forest of chicanery and circumlocution which the two jurisconsults planted in it at the commencement of the sixteenth century. All was clear, expeditive, explicit, going direct to the point—and straight you saw before you, at the end of every path, without any thicket about it, or bend in the way to it, the wheel, the gibbet, or the pillory. You at least knew whither you were going.

The registrar presented the sentence to the provost, who affixed his seal to it, and then went away, to continue his round at the several auditories, in a temper of mind which seemed destined that day to fill every jail in Paris. Jehan Frollo and Robin Poussepain were laughing in their sleeves; while Quasimodo looked upon the whole with an air of indifference and astonishment.

However, the registrar, at the moment that Maître Florian Barbedienne was in his turn reading over the judgment previous to signing it, felt himself moved with

pity for the poor devil under condemnation; and, in the hope of obtaining some mitigation of the penalty, he approached the auditor's ear as close as he could, and said to him, pointing to Quasimodo, "That man is deaf."

He hoped that a sense of their common infirmity would awaken some interest for the condemned in the breast of Maître Florian. But, in the first place, as we have already observed, Maître Florian did not care to have his deafness remarked; and, in the next place, his ear was so obtuse that he did not distinguish a single word of what the registrar said to him; nevertheless, choosing to seem as if he heard, he replied, "Ha, ha! that makes a difference—I didn't know that—in that case, let him have an hour more on the pillory." And he signed the sentence with this modification.

"Well done!" said Robin Poussepain, who still had a grudge against Quasimodo, "that'll teach him to handle folks so roughly."

CHAPTER II.

THE RAT-HOLE.

The reader will now accompany us back to the Place de Grève, which we quitted yesterday with Gringoire, to follow La Esmeralda.

It is ten in the morning. We find everything denoting the day after a holiday. The ground is covered with shreds, ribbons, trimmings, feathers dropped from the plumes, drops of wax from the torchlights, and fragments from the public banquet. A good many of the townspeople are sauntering about—turning over with their feet the extinguished brands of the bonfire—bursting into rapture before the Maison-aux-Piliers, at the recollection of the fine hangings exhibited there the day before, and now contemplating the nails that fastened them, the only remnant of the ravishing spectacle. The venders of beer and cider are rolling about their barrels among the several groups. On the other hand, some individuals are going this way and some that, evidently on business. The tradespeople are talking and calling to one another from their shop-doors. The holiday, the ambassadors, Coppenole, the Fools' Pope, are in every one's mouth; they seem to be striving who shall make the smartest comments and laugh the most. Meanwhile, however, four sergeants on horseback, who have just now posted themselves at the four sides of the pillory, have already concentrated around them a good part of the *populaire* that had been scattered over the Place, which crowd are condemning themselves to stand wearisomely waiting, in expectation of witnessing the punishment of some criminal.

If the reader will now, after contemplating this stirring and clamorous scene which is enacting upon every point of the square, turn his eyes toward that ancient house of demi-Romanish architecture, of the Tour-Roland, which stands at the western corner next the quay, he may remark, at the angle of its front, a large public breviary richly illuminated, protected from the rain by a small penthouse, and from thieves by a grating, which, however, allows the passenger to turn over its leaves. Close by this breviary is a narrow, pointed window-hole, guarded by two iron bars placed crosswise, and looking toward the square—the only aperture by which a little air and light are admitted into a small cell without a door, constructed on the level of the ground, in the thickness of the wall of the old mansion—and filled with a stillness the more profound, a silence the more dead, inasmuch as a public square, the most populous and the noisiest in Paris, is swarming and clamoring around.

This cell had been famous in Paris for three centuries, since Madame Rolande, of Roland's Tower, in mourning for her father who died in the crusades, had caused it to be hollowed out of the wall of her own house, to shut herself up in it forever, keeping of all her palace only this wretched nook, the door of which was walled up, and the window open to the elements, in

winter as in summer—giving all the rest to God and to the poor. The desolate lady had, in fact, awaited death for twenty years in that anticipated tomb, praying day and night for the soul of her father, sleeping in ashes, without even a stone for her pillow, clad in black sackcloth, and living only upon such bread and water as the pity of the passers-by deposited upon the edge of her window-place—thus receiving charity after she had given it. At her death—at the moment of her passing into the other sepulchre—she had bequeathed this one in perpetuity to women in affliction, mothers, widows, or maidens, who should have many prayers to offer up for others or for themselves, and should choose to bury themselves alive in the greatness of their grief or their penitence. The poor of her time had honored her funeral with tears and benedictions; but to their great regret, the poor maiden had been unable, for want of patronage, to obtain the honors of canonization. Such of them as were a little given to impiety, had hoped that the thing would be done more easily in heaven than at Rome, and had actually presumed to offer up their prayers for the deceased to God Himself, in default of the Pope. Most of them, however, had contented themselves with holding Rolande's memory sacred, and converting the rags she left behind her into relics. The Town of Paris, too, had founded, in pursuance of

the lady's intention, a public breviary, which had been permanently fixed near tc the window of the cell, in order that the passengers might stop at it now and then, if only to pray; that prayer might make them think of almsgiving; and that the poor female recluses, inheriting the stony cave of Madame Rolande, might not absolutely die of famine and neglect.

Nor was it very rarely that these sort of tombs were to be found in the towns of the Middle Ages. There was not unfrequently to be met with, in the most frequented street, in the most crowded and noisy market-place—in the very midst—under the horses' feet and the wagon wheels, as it were—a cave—a well—a walled and grated cabin—at the bottom of which was praying, day and night, a human being, voluntarily devoted to some everlasting lamentation or some great expiation. And all the reflections that this strange spectacle would awaken in us of the present day—that horrid cell, a sort of intermediate link between the dwelling-house and the tomb, between the city and the cemetery—that living be cut off from the communion of mankind, and thenceforth numbered with the dead—that lamp consuming its last drop of oil in the darkness—that remnant of life already wavering in the grave—that breath, that voice, that everlasting prayer, encased in stone—that face forever turned toward the other world—that eye

already illumined by another sun—that ear inclined intently to the walls of the sepulchre—that soul a prisoner in that body—that body a prisoner in that dungeon and under that double envelope of flesh and granite, the murmuring of that soul in pain—nothing of all that struck upon the apprehension of the multitude. The piety of that age, little reasoning and little refined, did not find in an act of religion so many different points of view. It took things in the gross; honoring, venerating, and, upon occasion, making the sacrifice; but not analyzing the sufferings attending it, nor feeling any depth of pity for them. It brought some pittance, from time to time, to the wretched penitent; looked through the hole, to see if he were yet living; knew not his name; scarcely knew how many years it was since he had begun to die; and to the stranger, who questioned them respecting the living skeleton rotting in that cave, the neighbors would simply answer, "It's the recluse."

Thus it was that everything was then seen— unmetaphysically —without exaggeration—through no magnifying glass, but with the naked eye. The microscope was not yet invented for objects of mind any more than for those of matter.

However, little wonder or speculation as they excited, the instances of this sort of seclusion in the heart of the towns, were,

as we have already observed, in reality frequent. In Paris itself there were a considerable number of those cells of penitence and prayer; and nearly all of them were occupied. It is true that the clergy were rather solicitous that they should not be left empty, as that implied lukewarmness in the faithful; and that lepers were put into them when penitents were not to be had. Besides the logette or cell already described at the Grève, there were, one at Montfaucon, one at the charnel-house of the Holy Innocents, another we hardly recollect where—at the logis Clichon, we believe—and others at many different spots, where, in default of monuments, their memory is perpetuated by tradition. The University, too, had its share of them. On the Montagne Ste. Geneviève, a sort of Job of the Middle Ages, sang for thirty years the seven penitential psalms, upon a dung-heap at the bottom of a cistern, beginning again immediately each time that he came to the end—singing louder in the night time, *magna voce per umbras;* and the antiquary still fancies that he hears his voice, as he enters the Rue du Puits-qui-parle, or street of the talking well.

To confine ourselves here to the den in Roland's Tower—we are bound to declare that it had scarcely ever lain idle for want of a tenant. Since Madame Rolande's death, it had rarely been vacant even for a year or two. Many a woman had come

and wept there until death over the memory of her parent, her lover, or her failings. The mischievousness of the Parisians, which meddles with everything, even with those things which concern them least, used to pretend that among the number there had been very few widows.

After the manner of the period, a Latin legend, inscribed upon the wall, indicated to the lettered passenger the pious purpose of the cell. This usage continued until the middle of the sixteenth century, of placing a brief explanatory motto above the entrance of a building. Thus in France we still read, over the wicket of the prison belonging to the seigniorial mansion of Tourville, *Sileto et spera;* in Ireland, under the escutcheon placed above the great gateway of Fortescue Castle, *Forte scutum, salus ducum;* and in England, over the principal entrance of the hospitable mansion of the Earls Cowper, *Tuum est.* Every edifice was then, as it were, a thought.

As there was no door to the walled-up cell of the Tour-Roland, there had been engraved, in great Roman capitals, over the window, these two words of invitation to prayer:

TU, ORA.

Whence it was that the people, whose straightforward good sense sees not so

many subtleties in things, but readily translates Ludovico Magno into Porte-Saint-Denis, had given to this dark, damp, dismal cavity the name of Trou-aux-Rats * —an explanation less sublime, perhaps, than the other, but on the other hand, more picturesque.

CHAPTER III.

SISTER GUDULE.

At the period at which the principal events of this history occurred, the cell of the Tour-Roland was occupied. If the reader desires to know by whom, he has only to listen to the conversation of three fair gossips, who, at the moment that we have called his attention to the Trou-aux-Rats were directing their steps precisely to the same spot, going up the river side from the Châtelet toward the Grève.

Two of these women were attired after the manner of the good bourgeoises of Paris. The fine white gorget; the petticoat of the tiretaine, with red and blue stripes; the white knitted stockings, worked in colors at the ankles, and drawn

* Signifying rat-hole, a possible vulgarization of the French mode of pronouncing the Latin, "Tu, ora."

tight upon the leg; the square-toed shoes, of brown leather with black soles; and especially their head-dress, that sort of tinsel-covered horn, loaded with ribbons and lace, which is still worn by the Champenoises, or women of Champagne, in common with the grenadiers of the Russian imperial guard; announced that they belonged to that class of rich tradeswomen who hold the medium between what Parisian lackeys call a woman and what they call a lady. They wore neither rings nor golden crosses; but it was easy to perceive that this was owing, not to their poverty, but simply to their apprehension of the fine incurred by so doing. Their companion was decked out nearly in the same manner; but there were, in her mise and her tournure, that is to say in the arrangement of her dress, and in her carriage, that certain something which indicates the wife of a notaire de province, or country attorney. It was evident, from the shortness of her waist, that she had not been long in Paris; to which were to be added a gorgrette pellissée—knots of ribbon upon her shoes—her skirt striped across instead of downward—and fifty other enormities revolting to *le bon goût*.

The two first walked with the step peculiar to Parisian women showing Paris to ladies from the country; and the provincial one held by the hand a big chubby boy, who carried in his hand a large, thin cake

—and we are sorry to be obliged to add that, owing to the severity of the season, his tongue was performing the office of his pocket-handkerchief. This boy made his mother drag him along, *haud passibus æquis*, as Virgil says, and stumbling every moment, to her great outcrying. It is true that he looked more at the cake than upon the ground. Some grave reason, no doubt, prevented him from setting his teeth in it (in the cake), for he contented himself with looking at it affectionately. But the mother ought surely to have taken charge of the cake herself; it was cruel thus to make a Tantalus of the child.

Meanwhile the three damoiselles (for the epithet of dame or lady was then reserved for women of the noblesse) were all talking at once.

"Let us make haste, Damoiselle Mahiette," said the youngest of the three, who was also the fattest, to the provincial. "I'm very much afraid we shall get there too late; they told us at the Châtelet that they were going to carry him to the pillory directly."

"Ah, bah! what are you talking about, Damoiselle Oudarde Musnier?" interrupted the other Parisian lady. "He'll be two hours on the pillory. We've time enough. My dear Mahiette, did you ever see anybody pilloried?"

"Yes," said the provincial; "I have at Reims."

"Ah, bah! what's that? What's your pillory at Reims? A paltry cage, where they turn nothing but .clowns. That's a great thing, to be sure!"

"What clowns?" said Mahiette. "Clowns in the cloth-market at Reims! We've had very fine criminals there, I can tell you—that had killed both father and mother. Clowns indeed! What do you take us for, Gervaise?"

It is certain that the country dame was on the point of being in a passion for the honor of her pillory. Fortunately, the discreet Damoiselle Oudarde Musnier gave a timely turn to the conversation.

"By-the-by, Damoiselle Mahiette, what say you to our Flemish ambassadors? Have you any so fine at Reims?"

"I must acknowledge," answered Mahiette, "that it's only at Paris one can see such Flemings as those."

"Did you see, among the embassy, that great ambassador that's a hosier?" asked Oudarde.

"Yes," said Mahiette, "he looks like a very Saturn."

"And that fat one, with a face looking like a naked paunch? And that little one with little eyes, and red eyelids all jagged and bearded like the head of a thistle?"

"It's their horses that are fine to see," said Oudarde, "all dressed as they are, after their country fashion."

"Ah! my dear," interrupted the pro-

vincial Mahiette, assuming in her turn an air of superiority, "what would you say, then, if you'd seen, in '61, at the coronation at Reims, one-and-twenty years ago, the horses of the princess and all the king's company! There were housings and caparisons of all sorts—some of Damascus cloth, fine cloth of gold, trimmed with sables—some of velvet, trimmed with ermine—some all loaded with gold-work and great gold and silver fringe. And then, the money that it all cost—and the beautiful boys, the pages, that were upon them!"

"But, for all that," replied Damoiselle Oudarde dryly, "the Flemings have very fine horses—and yesterday they'd a splendid supper given them by monsieur the provost-merchant, at the Hôtel-de-Ville; where they served up sweetmeats, hippocrass, spices, and such like singularities."

"What are you talking of, my dear neighbor?" said Gervaise—"it was at the lord cardinal's, at the Petit-Bourbon, that the Flemings supped."

"No, no—it was at the Hôtel-de-Ville."

"Yes, yes, I tell you—it was at the Petit-Bourbon."

"So surely was it at the Hôtel-de-Ville," returned Oudarde sharply, "that Doctor Scourable made them a Latin speech, and they were very well pleased with it. It was my husband that told me so—and he's one of the sworn booksellers."

"So surely was it at the Petit-Bourbon," returned Gervaise no less warmly, "that I'll just tell you what my lord cardinal's attorney made them a present of—twelve double quarts of hippocrass, white claret, and vermilion; four-and-twenty cases of gilt double Lyons marchpane; four-and-twenty wax-torches of two pounds a piece; and six demi-queues of Baune wine, white and claret, the best that could be found. I hope that's proof enough. I had it from my husband, who's cinquantenier at the Parloir-aux-Bourgeois, and who was making a comparison this morning between the Flemish ambassadors and those of Prester John and the Emperor of Trebizond, that came to Paris from Mesopotamia, in the last king's time, and that had rings in their ears."

"So true is it that they supped at the Hôtel-de-Ville," replied Oudarde, not a whit moved by all this display, "that never was there seen so fine a show of meat and sugar-plums."

"I tell you that they were waited on by Le Sec, town-sergeant, at the Hôtel du Petit-Bourbon—and that's what has deceived you."

"At the Hôtel-de-Ville, I tell you."

"At the Petit-Bourbon, my dear!—for they'd illuminated the word *Espérance*, that's written over the great doorway, with magical glasses."

"At the Hôtel-de-Ville! at the Hôtel-

de-Ville !—for Hussen-le-Voir was playing the flute to them."

"I tell you, no."

"I tell you, yes."

"I tell you, no."

The good plump Oudarde was preparing to reply; and the quarrel would perhaps have gone on to the pulling of caps, if Mahiette had not all at once exclaimed, "Look at those people there, gathered together at the end of the bridge. There's something among them that they're all looking at."

"I do indeed hear a tambourining," said Gervaise. "I think it's little Smeralda, doing her mummeries with her goat. Make haste, Mahiette—double your pace, and pull your boy along. You're come here to see all the curiosities of Paris. Yesterday, you saw the Flemings—to-day you must see the little gypsy."

"The gypsy?" said Mahiette, turning sharply round, and forcibly grasping her son's arms. "God preserve me from her! She'd steal my child—Come along, Eustache!"

And she set off running along the quay toward the Grève, until she had left the bridge far enough behind her. The boy, too, whom she was dragging along, stumbled and fell upon his knees; and she herself was out of breath. Oudarde and Gervaise now came up with her."

"That gypsy steal your child!" said

Gervaise; "that's an odd fancy of yours!"

Mahiette shook her head thoughtfully.

"It's curious enough," observed Oudarde, "that the Sachette has the same notion about the Egyptian women."

"What's the Sachette?" inquired Mahiette.

"Why," said Oudarde, "it's Sister Gudule."

"And who's Sister Gudule?" returned Mahiette.

"You must be very knowing—with your Reims—not to know that!" answered Oudarde, looking wise. "It's the recluse of the Trou-aux-Rats."

"What!" exclaimed Mahiette, "that poor woman that we're carrying this cake to?"

Oudarde nodded affirmatively. "Precisely," said she. "You'll see her directly, at her window-place on the Grève. She looks as you do upon those vagabonds of Egypt that go about tambourining and fortune-telling. Nobody knows what has given her this horror of zingari and Egyptians. But what makes you run away so, Mahiette, at the very sight of them?"

"Oh!" said Mahiette, taking in both hands the chubby head of her boy; "I wouldn't have that happen to me which happened to Pâquette-la-Chantefleurie!"

"Ha, now you're going to tell us a

story, my good Mahiette," said Gervaise, taking her arm.

"I'm quite willing," answered Mahiette; "but you must be very knowing—with your Paris—not to know that. I must tell you, then—but we needn't stand still to go through our story—that Pâquette-la-Chantefleurie was a pretty girl of eighteen when I was one, too, that is to say eighteen years ago; and that it's her own fault if she's not now, as I am, a good, fat, fresh-looking mother of six-and-thirty, with a husband and a boy—but alack! from the time that she was fourteen years old, it was too late. I must tell you, then, that she was the daughter of Guybertaut, a boat-minstrel at Reims—the same who had played before King Charles VII. at his coronation; when he went down our river Vesle from Sillery to Muison, and Madame la Pucelle was in the boat. The old father died while Pâquette was quite a child, so that she had only her mother left, who was sister to Monsieur Matthieu Pradon, a master-brazier and tinman at Paris, Rue Parin-Garlin, who died last year. You see that she was of some family. The mother was a good, simple woman, unfortunately, and taught Pâquette nothing but a little needle-work and toy-making, which did not hinder the little girl from growing very tall and remaining very poor. They lived both of them at Reims, by the river side, Rue de

Folle-Peine—mark that! for, I believe that's what brought misfortune to Pâquette. In '61, the year of the coronation of our king Louis XI., whom God preserve! Pâquette was so gay and so pretty that everywhere they called her nothing but La Chantefleurie. Poor girl! she'd pretty teeth, and she was fond of laughing to show them. Now a girl that's fond of laughing is on the way to cry—fine teeth are the ruin of fine eyes; so she was La Chantefleurie. She and her mother got their bread hardly—they were fallen very low since the death of the musician—their needle-work brought them hardly above six deniers a week, which is not quite two liards à l'aigle. Where was the time when the father Guybertaut used to get twelve sols parisis, at a single coronation, for a song! One winter—it was in that same year '61—when the two women had neither logs nor fagots, and it was very cold—that gave such beautiful colors to La Chantefleurie, that the men would call after her 'Pâquette'—that some of them called her a 'Pâquerette'—and that she was ruined——Eustache, let me see you bite the cake, if you dare——We saw directly that she was ruined, one Sunday when she came to church with a gold cross on her neck. At fifteen!—only think of that! At first it was the young Viscount de Cormontreuil, who has his bell-tower three-quarters of a league from

Reims; then Messire Henri de Traincourt, the king's master of the horse; then, going down lower, Chiart de Beaulion, sergeant-at-arms; then lower still, Guery Aubergeon, king's carver; then Macé de Frépus, monsieur the dauphin's barber; then Thévenin le Moine, the king's first cook; then, still going on, from one to another, from the younger to the older, and from more noble to less noble, she came to Guillaume Racine, viol-player—and to Thierry-de-Mer, lamp-maker. Then, poor Chantefleurie, she was all things to all men—she was come to the last sou of her piece of gold. What think you, mesdamoiselles? At the coronation, in the same year '61, it was she that made the bed for the king of the ribalds! In the same year!——"

Mahiette sighed, and wiped away a tear that had started to her eyes.

"Here's a story," said Gervaise, "that's not very uncommon; and I find nothing in all that neither about gypsies nor children."

"Patience!" resumed Mahiette—"As for a child there's one coming for you. In '66, it'll be sixteen years ago this month, on St. Paul's day, Pâquette was brought to bed of a little girl, unfortunate creature; she was in great joy at it—she'd long been wishing to have a child. Her mother, poor, simple woman, who'd never known how to do anything but shut her eyes,

her mother was dead. Pâquette had nothing in the world left to love or anything that loved her. For five years past, since she had gone astray, poor Chantefleurie has been a wretched creature. She was lone, lone in this world; pointed at, shouted after, through the streets; beaten by the sergeants; laughed at by the little ragged boys. And then she had seen her twentieth year —and twenty is old age for your amorous women. Her way of life was beginning to bring her no more than her needle-work had brought formerly. For every wrinkle that came, a crown less found its way into her pocket; she was beginning again to find the winter severe; again was wood growing scarce in her fire-place, and bread in her cupboard. She couldn't work now; for in giving way to pleasure she'd given way to idleness, and she suffered much more than formerly, because while giving way to idleness she'd given way to pleasure. At least, that's the way that monsieur the curé of St. Remy explains how it is that those sort of women feel more cold and hungry than other poor females do, as they get old——"

"Yes," interrupted Gervaise; "but the gypsies?"

"Do wait a moment, Gervaise!" said Oudarde, whose attention was less impatient; "what should we have at the end, if everything was at the beginning?

Pray, Mahiette, go on. That poor Chantefleurie !——"

Mahiette continued :

"Well, then—she was very sorrowful, very wretched, and furrowed her cheeks with her tears. But in her shame, her infamy, and her abandonment, she thought she would be less ashamed, less infamous, and less abandoned, if there were something in the world, or somebody, that she could love, and that could love her. She knew it must be a child, because only a child could be innocent enough for that. She was aware of this after trying to love a thief, the only sort of man that could have anything to say to her—but in a little time she had found out that the thief despised her. Those women of love must have a lover or a child to fill up their hearts, else they are very unhappy. As she could not have a lover, all her wishes turned toward having a child ; and, as she had all along been pious, she prayed to God everlastingly to send her one. So God took pity on her and gave her a little girl. I can not tell you what was her joy—it was a fury of tears, kisses and caresses. She suckled the child herself ; she made it swaddling-clothes out of her coverlet, the only one she had upon her bed ; and now she felt neither cold nor hunger. Her beauty came again—an old maid makes a young mother—so poor Chantefleurie came into

fashion again, and once more had visitors. And out of all those horrors she made baby-clothes—lace robes and little satin caps — without so much as thinking of buying herself another coverlet——Master Eustache, I've told you once not to bite of that cake——Sure enough it is, that little Agnès — that was the child's name—its christian name—for, as for a surname, it was long since La Chantefleurie had lost hers!—certain it is that the little thing was more wrapped about with ribbons and embroidery than a dauphiness of Dauphiny. Among other things, she'd a pair of little shoes, that it's certain King Louis himself never had the like. Her mother had stitched them and embroidered them herself; she'd spent upon them all the art of a seamstress and all the passequilles of a Holy Virgin's gown. Indeed, they were the two prettiest little rose-colored shoes that ever were seen. They were not longer than my thumb at the most; and unless you saw the infant's little feet come out of them, you could hardly have believed that they had ever gone in. To be sure, the little feet were so little, so pretty, so rosy—rosier than the satin of the shoes! When you have children, Oudarde, you'll know that nothing's so pretty as those little feet and those little hands."

"I wish for nothing better," said Oudarde, sighing; "but I must wait the good pleasure of Monsieur Andry Musnier."

"Ana then," resumed Mahiette, "Pâquette's infant had not pretty feet only. I saw her when she was only four months old—she was a perfect little love. She had eyes larger than her mouth, and such charming fine black hair, that was curling already. She had made a brave brunette at sixteen! Her mother grew fonder and fonder of her every day. She hugged her—kissed her—tickled her—washed her—dressed her out—devoured her. She thanked God for giving her this baby. In fact, it quite turned her head. Its pretty rosy feet especially—there was wondering without end—a very intoxication of joy. She was always pressing her lips to them—always admiring their littleness. She would put them into the little shoes—take them out again—admire them—wonder at them—hold them up to the light—pity them while she was teaching them to step one before the other upon her bed—and would glady have passed her life upon her knees, covering and uncovering those little feet, as if they'd been the feet of an infant Jesus."

"The tale's all very fine and very good," said Gervaise, in a half whisper, "but what is there about gypsies in all that?"

"You shall hear," replied Mahiette. "One day there came to Reims a very odd sort of gentry. They were beggars and truands, strolling about the country, led

by their duke and their counts. Their faces were tawny, their hair all curly, and they'd rings of silver in their ears. The women were still uglier than the men. Their faces were darker, and always uncovered; they wore a sorry roquet about their body; an old piece of linen cloth interwoven with cords, bound upon their shoulder; and their hair hanging like a horse's tail. The children that scrambled about their legs would have frightened as many monkeys. An excommunicated gang! They were all come in a straight line from lower Egypt to Reims, through Poland. The Pope had confessed them, it was said, and had set them for a penance to go through the world for seven years together without sleeping in a bed; and so they called themselves penitents, and smelt horribly. It seems they'd formerly been Saracens; and that's why they believed in Jupiter, and demanded ten livres tournois from all archbishops, bishops, and abbots that carried crosier and miter. It was a bull of the Pope that gave them that. They came to Reims to tell fortunes in the name of the King of Algiers and the Emperor of Germany. You may suppose that was quite enough for them to be forbidden to enter the town. Then the whole gang encamped of their own accord near the Braine gate, upon that mound where there's a windmill, close by the old chalk-pits. Then none of the

folks in Reims could rest till they'd been to see them. They looked into your hand, and told you wonderful prophecies—they were bold enough to have foretold to Judas himself that he should be pope. At the same time there were shocking stories told about them—of child-stealing, purse-cutting, and eating of human flesh. The wise folks said to the foolish ones, 'Don't go!' and then went themselves by stealth. It was quite a rage. The fact is, that they said things enough to astonish a cardinal. Mothers made a great fuss with their children after the gypsy-woman had read in their hands all sorts of miracles, written in Turkish and Pagan. One of them had got an emperor—another a pope—another a captain. Poor Chantefleurie was taken with curiosity—she'd a mind to know what she had got, and whether her pretty little Agnès wasn't some day to be Empress of Armenia, or something. So she carried her to the gypsies; and the gypsy-women admired the child, fondled it, kissed it with their black mouths, and wondered over its little hand—alas! to the great joy of its mother. Above all things they were delighted with the pretty feet and the pretty shoes. The child was not yet a year old. She was already beginning to splutter—laughed at her mother like a little mad thing—was so fat and plump—and had a thousand little gestures of the angels in paradise. She was very

much frightened at the gypsy-women, and cried. But her mother kissed her the harder, and went away delighted at the good fortune which the conjuring women had told her Agnès. She was to be a beauty—a virtue—a queen. So the mother went back to her garret in the Rue Folle Peine, quite proud to carry with her a queen. The next day, she seized a moment when the child was sleeping upon her bed (for she always had it to sleep with herself), pulled the door to softly, and left it ajar, for fear of disturbing the infant; and ran to relate it to one of her neighbors, in the Rue de la Séchesserie, that the day was to come when her daughter Agnès was to be waited on at table by the King of England and the Archduke of Ethiopia—and a hundred other marvels. When she came back, hearing no cry as she went up the staircase, she said to herself. 'Good—the child's asleep still.' She found her door more open than she had left it—the poor mother, however, went in and ran to the bed. The child was not there — the place was empty. Nothing was left of the baby but one of its pretty shoes. She rushed out of the room, flew down-stairs, and began to beat the walls with her head, crying out, 'My child! my child! who has taken my child?' The street was solitary—the house stood alone — nobody could tell her anything about it; she went through the town—

she sought through every street—ran up and down the whole day, wild, mad, terrible, peeping at the doors and windows like a wild beast that has lost its little ones. She was panting, disheveled, frightful to look upon—and in her eyes there was a fire that dried her tears. She stopped the people that she met, and cried, 'My girl! my girl! my pretty little girl!—he that will restore me my girl, I will be his servant—the servant of his dog, and he shall eat my heart if he likes.' She met monsieur the curé of St. Remy, and said to him, 'Monsieur le curé, I'll dig the ground with my nails—but do give me back my child!' It was heart-rending, Oudarde—and I saw a very hard-hearted man, Maître Ponce Lacabre, the attorney, that shed tears. Ah! the poor mother! At night she went back to her garret. While she was away, one of her neighbors had seen two gypsy-women steal up to it with a bundle in their arms; then go down again, after shutting the door, and make haste away. After they were gone, a sort of crying of a child was heard in Pâquette's room—the mother laughed aloud—flew up the staircase as if she'd had wings—burst in her door as if it was a cannon going off, and entered the room. A frightful thing to tell, Oudarde!—instead of her sweet little Agnès, so fresh and rosy, who was a gift from God, there was a sort of little monster, hideous, shapeless, one-eyed, with

its limbs all awry, crawling and squalling upon the floor. She turned her eyes away with horror. 'Oh!' said she, 'can the witches have changed my girl into that frightful animal!' They carried the little clump foot, as quick as possible, out of her sight. He'd have driven her mad. It was a monstrous child of some gypsy woman given to the Devil. It was a boy, that seemed to be about four years old, and spoke a language which was not a human tongue—they were words that are quite impossible. La Chantefleurie had thrown herself upon the little shoe, all that was left her of all she had loved. There she remained so long motionless, speechless, breathless, that they thought she was dead. All at once her whole body trembled—she covered her relic with frantic kisses, and sobbed violently, as if her heart had burst. I assure you we all wept with her. She said, 'Oh, my little girl! my pretty little girl! where art thou?' and she said it in a tone that went to the bottom of your heart. I weep yet when I think of it. Our children, you see, are the very marrow of our bones. My poor Eustache! thou art so handsome! If you did but know how clever he is! Yesterday he said to me, 'I'll be a gendarme.' Oh, my Eustache, if I were to lose thee! La Chantefleurie got up all on a sudden, and went running through Reims, crying out, 'To the gypsies' camp! to the gypsies' camp!

Sergeants, to burn the witches!' The gypsies were gone—it was a dark night, so that they couldn't pursue them. The next day, two leagues from Reims, on a heath between Gueux and Tilloy, they found the remains of a great fire, some ribbons that had belonged to Pâquette's child, some drops of blood, and some goat's dung. The night that was just gone over was a Saturday night. Nobody doubted but the gypsies had keep their sabbath upon that heath, and had devoured the baby in company with Beelzebub, as is done among the Mahometans. When La Chantefleurie heard of these horrible things she shed no tears—she moved her lips as if to speak, but could not. The next day her hair was gray; and the next but one, she had disappeared."

"A dreadful story, indeed!" said Oudarde; "enough to draw tears from a Burgundian!"

"I don't wonder now," added Gervaise, "that the fear of the gypsies should haunt you so."

"And you have done the better," resumed Oudarde, "in running away just now with your Eustache; seeing that these, too, are gypsies from Poland."

"No," said Gervaise, "it's said they're come from Spain and Catalonia."

"Catalonia!—well, that may be," answered Oudarde; "Polonia, Catalonia, Valonia—I always confound those three

provinces. The sure thing is they are gypsies."

"And it's certain," added Gervaise, "that they've teeth long enough to eat little children. And I shouldn't be surprised if La Smeralda herself eats a little in that way, too, for all that she screws up her mouth so. That white goat of hers has got too many mischievous tricks for there not to be some wickedness behind."

Mahiette was walking on in silence. She was absorbed in that species of musing which is, at it were, a prolongation of a mournful story, and which does not stop until it has communicated the thrilling, from vibration to vibration, to the last fiber of the heart. Gervaise, however, addressed her: "And so it was never known what became of La Chantefleurie?" Mahiette made no answer—Gervaise repeated her question, at the same time shaking her by the arm and calling her by her name. Mahiette seemed to awake from her revery.

"What became of La Chantefleurie?" said she, mechanically repeating the words whose impression was yet fresh in her ear. Then, making an effort to bring her attention to the sense of those words—"Ah," said she, emphatically, "it was never known." And after a pause she added: "Some said they had seen her go out of Reims, in the dusk of the evening, at the Port Fléchembault; others, at daybreak,

by the old Port Basée. A poor man found her gold cross hung upon the stone cross in the close where the fair is held. It was that trinket that had ruined her in '61. It was a gift from the handsome Viscount de Cormontreuil, her first lover. Pâquette would never part with it, even in her greatest wretchedness—she clung to it as if it had been her life. So that when we saw this cross abandoned, we all thought she was dead. However, there were some people, at the Cabaret-les-Vautes, who said they'd seen her go by on the Paris road, walking barefoot over the stones. But then she must have gone out at the Porte de Vesle, and all those things don't agree. Or rather I'm inclined to think that she did indeed go out by the gate of the Vesle, but that she went out of this world."

"I don't understand you," said Gervaise.

"The Vesle," answered Mahiette, with a melancholy smile, "is the river."

"Poor Chantefleurie!" said Oudarde, shuddering; "what, drowned?"

"Drowned," replied Mahiette. "And who would have foretold to the good father Guybertaut, when he was passing down the stream under the Tinqueux bridge, singing in his boat, that his dear little Pâquette should one day pass under that same bridge, but with neither song nor boat!"

"And the little shoe?" inquired Gervaise.

"Disappeared with the mother," answered Mahiette.

"Poor little shoe!" said Oudarde.

Oudarde, a woman of full habit and tender fiber, would have been quite content to sigh along with Mahiette. But Gervaise, more curious, had not yet got to the end of her questions.

"And the monster?" said she all at once to Mahiette.

"What monster?" asked the other.

"Why, the little gypsy monster that the witches left at La Chantefluerie's in exchange for her daughter. What did you do with it? I hope you drowned it too."

"No," answered Mahiette, "we did not."

"What? burned it then? I'faith that was a better way of disposing of a witch's child."

"We did neither the one nor the other, Gervaise. Monsieur the archbishop took an interest in the child of Egypt; he exorcised it, blessed it, carefully took the devil out of its body, and sent it to Paris to be exposed upon the wooden bed at Notre-Dame as a foundling."

"Those bishops!" muttered Gervaise; "because they're learned, forsooth, they can never do anything like other folks. Only consider, Oudarde—to think of put-

ting the devil among the foundlings—for it's quite certain that little monster was the devil. Well, Mahiette, and what did they do with it at Paris? I'll answer for it that not one charitable person would take it."

"I don't know, indeed," answered the good lady of Reims. "It was just at that time that my husband bought the tabellionage of Beru, two leagues from the town; and we thought no more of all that story—for you must know, that just in front of Beru there are two mounds of Cernay, that take the towers of Reims cathedral out of your sight."

While talking thus, the three worthy bourgeoises had arrived at the Place de Grève. In the pre-occupation of their minds, they had passed by the public breviary of the Tour-Roland without observing it, and were proceeding mechanically toward the pillory, around which the crowd was every moment increasing. It is probable that the sight, which at that moment drew every eye toward it, would have made them completely forget the Trou-aux-Rats and the station they had intended to perform there, had not the big Eustache of six years old, whom Mahiette held by the hand, suddenly reminded them of it. "Mother," said he, as if some instinct apprised him that they had left the Trou-aux-Rats behind them, "now may I eat the cake?"

Had Eustache been more adroit, that is to say, less greedy, he would have waited a little longer; and not until they had reached home, in the University, at Maître Andry Musnier's, in the Rue Madame-la-Valence, when the two channels of the Seine and the five bridges of the city would have been between the cake and the Trou-aux-Rats, would he have hazarded that timid question—"Mother, now may I eat the cake?"

This same question, imprudent at the moment at which Eustache made it, aroused Mahiette's attention.

"By-the-by," exclaimed she, "we were forgetting the recluse! Show me this Trou-aux-Rats of yours, that I may carry her her cake."

"To be sure," said Oudarde, "it'll be a charity."

This was not the thing for Eustache. "Let me have my cake!" said he, rubbing first one of his ears upon his shoulder, and then the other—the sign in such cases, of supreme dissatisfaction.

The three women retraced their steps; and when they had nearly reached the house of the Tour-Roland, Oudarde said to the other two: "We must not all three look into the hole at once, lest we should frighten the Sachette. Do you two make as if you were reading Dominus in the breviary, while I peep in at the window-hole. The Sachette knows me a little. I'll let you know when you may come."

She went by herself to the window-place. The moment that she looked in, profound pity depicted itself in all her features; her cheerful, open countenance changing its expression and its hue as suddenly as if it had passed out of a gleam of sunshine into one of moonlight; her eye moistened, and her mouth took that contraction which is the forerunner of weeping. A moment after, she laid her finger on her lip, and beckoned to Mahiette to come and look.

Mahiette came, tremulous, silent, and stepping on the points of her toes, like one approaching a death-bed.

It was in truth a sorrowful sight that presented itself to the eyes of the two women, while they looked, without stirring or drawing their breath, through the grated window of the Trou-aux-Rats.

The cell was of small dimensions, wider than it was deep, with a gothic-vaulted ceiling, and looking, internally, much in the shape of the inner part of a bishop's mitre. Upon the bare flag-stones that formed its floor, in one corner, a woman was seated, or rather squatted down. Her chin was resting on her knees, with her arms, crossed before her, pressed close against her chest. Thus—gathered up, as it were, into a heap—clad in a brown sack-cloth which wrapped her all round in large folds—with her long gray hair turned upon her forehead and hanging over her face,

and down by her legs to her feet—she presented, at first sight, only a strange form, projected on the dark background of the cell—a sort of dusky triangle, which the daylight from the window-place crudely distinguished into two tints, the one light, the other dark. It was one of those spectres, half light, half shade, such as are seen in dreams, and in the extraordinary work of Goya—pale—motionless — dismal — squatting on a tomb, or reared against the grating of a dungeon. It was neither woman nor man, nor living being, nor definite form ; it was a figure, a sort of vision, in which the real and the fanciful were intermingled like light and shadow. Beneath her hair, that fell all about it to the ground, scarcely could you distinguish a severe and attenuated profile, scarcely did there peep from under the hem of her flowing gown the extremity of a naked foot, contracted upon the rigid and frozen pavement. The little of human form that was discernible under that mourning envelope made you shudder.

This figure, which looked as if it had been fixed in the floor, seemed to have neither motion, thought, nor breath. In that covering of thin, brown linen, in January, lying upon a pavement of granite, without fire, in the darkness of a dungeon, the oblique loophole of which admitted only the north-east wind, and never the sun—she seemed not to suffer,

not even to feel. You would have thought that she had turned to stone with the dungeon, to ice with the season. Her hands were clasped, her eyes were fixed. At the first glance you took her for a spectre; at the second, for a statue.

However, at intervals, her blue lips half opened with a breath, and trembled, but as deadly and mechanically as leaves parted by the wind. And from those dull, stony eyes, there proceeded a look, ineffable, profound, lugubrious, imperturbable, constantly fixed upon one angle of the cell, which could not be seen from the outside; a look which seemed to concentrate all the gloomy thoughts of that suffering spirit upon some mysterious object.

Such was the creature who from her tenement was called the recluse, and from her coarse linen or sacking garment, the Sachette.

The three women (for Gervaise had come up to Mahiette and Oudarde) were looking through the window-place. Their heads intercepted the feeble light of the dungeon, apparently without at all calling the wretched creature's attention in that direction. "Let us not disturb her," whispered Oudarde; "she's in her ecstasy, she's praying."

Meanwhile, Mahiette was gazing with a constantly increasing anxiety upon that wan, withered, disheveled head, and her

eyes filled with tears. "That would be very singular!" muttered she.

She passed her head through the bars of the window, and succeeded in obtaining a glance into that angle of the cell upon which the unfortunate woman's look was immovably fixed. When she drew her head out again, her face was covered with tears.

"What is that woman's name?" said she to Oudarde.

Oudarde answered, "We call her Sister Gudule."

"And I," returned Mahiette, "call her Pâquette-la-Chantefleurie."

Then, laying her finger upon her lip, she made a sign to the amazed Oudarde, to put her head through the bars as she had done, and to look.

Oudarde looked and saw, in that corner upon which the eye of the recluse was fixed in that gloomy absorption, a little shoe of rose-colored satin, decorated all over with gold and silver spangles.

Gervaise looked after Oudarde: and then the three women, gazing upon the unhappy mother, began to weep.

However, neither their looks nor their weeping had disturbed the recluse. Her hands remained clasped; her lips mute; her eyes fixed; and to any one who knew her story, that gaze of hers upon that little shoe was heart-rending.

The three women had not uttered a

word; they dared not speak, even in a whisper. That deep silence, that deep forgetfulness, in which every object had disappeared, save one, had upon them the effect of a high altar at Easter or Christmas. They kept silence; they collected themselves; they were ready to kneel. They felt as if they had just entered a church on the Saturday in Passion-week.

At length Gervaise, the most curious of the three, and therefore the least sensitive, tried to make the recluse speak, by calling to her, "Sister! Sister Gudule!"

She repeated this call, to the third time, raising her voice higher every time. The recluse did not stir—there was not a word, not a look, not a sigh, not a sign of life.

Now, Oudarde herself, in a softer and kinder tone, said to her, "Sister—holy Sister Gudule!" There was the same silence, the same immobility.

"An odd woman!" exclaimed Gervaise, "that would not start at a bombard."

"Perhaps she's deaf," said Oudarde, with a sigh.

"Perhaps blind," added Gervaise.

"Perhaps dead," observed Mahiette.

It is certain that if the soul had not yet quitted that inert, torpid, lethargic body, it had at least retired within it, and hidden itself in depths to which the perceptions of the external organs did not penetrate.

"We shall be obliged, then," said Ou-

darde, "to leave the cake lying upon the window-case; and some lad or other will take it. What can we do to rouse her?"

Eustache, whose attention had until that moment been diverted by a little carriage drawn by a great dog, which had just passed them, all at once observed that his three conductresses were looking at something through the hole in the wall; and his own curiosity being thus excited, he mounted upon a curb-stone, sprang up on his toes, and put his great rosy face to the opening, crying out, "Mother, let me see, too."

At the sound of this voice of a child, clear, fresh, and sonorous, the recluse started. She turned her head with the dry and sudden motion of a steel spring; her two long, fleshless hands threw aside her hair upon her forehead; and she fixed upon the child a look of astonishment, bitterness, and despair. That look was but a flash. "Oh, my God!" exclaimed she, all at once, hiding her head between her knees—and it seemed as if her hoarse voice tore her breast in passing—"at least don't show me those of others!"

"Good-day, madame," said the boy, gravely.

This shock, however, had, as it were, awakened the recluse. A long shiver ran over her whole body, from head to foot; her teeth chattered; she half raised her

head, and said, pressing her elbows against her hips, and taking her feet in her hands, as if to restore their warmth, "Oh, the severe cold."

"Poor woman," said Oudarde, with deep pity, "will you have a little fire?"

She shook her head in token of refusal.

"Well," resumed Oudarde, offering her a flask, "here is some hippocrass, that will warm you. Drink."

She shook her head again, looked steadfastly at Oudarde, and answered, "some water!"

Oudarde insisted: "No, sister; that's not a January beverage. You must drink a little hippocrass, and eat this cake leavened with maize, that we've baked for you."

She rejected the cake, which Mahiette offered her, and said, "some black bread!"

"Here," said Gervaise, seized with charity in her turn, and taking off her woolen roquet—"here's a cloak rather warmer than yours—put this over your shoulders."

She refused the cloak as she had done the liquor and the cake at the same time answering, "A sack!"

"But at all events," resumed the kind Oudarde, "you must be aware, I should think, that yesterday was a holiday."

"I am aware of it," said the recluse. "For two days past I have had no water in my pitcher."

She added, after a pause, "It's a holiday, and they forget me—they do well. Why should the world think of me, who think not of it? Cold ashes are fitting to a dead coal."

And then, as if fatigued with having said so much, she let her head drop upon her knees again. The simple and charitable Oudarde, thinking that she was to understand, from these last words, that the poor woman was still complaining of the cold, answered her with simplicity, "Then will you have a little fire?"

"Fire?" said the Sachette in a strange tone—"and will you make a little, too, for the poor little one that has been under ground these fifteen years?"

All her limbs trembled, her speech vibrated, her eye shone. She had risen up on her knees, she suddenly stretched out her white hands toward the child, which was gazing at her with an astonished look. "Take away that child!" she cried, "the gypsy woman's coming by."

Then she fell with her face to the ground, and her forehead striking the floor with the noise of a stone upon a stone. The three women thought she was dead. A minute afterwards she stirred, and they saw her crawl upon her hands and knees into the corner that contained the little shoe. Then they did not venture to look; they saw her no longer, but they heard a thousand kisses and sighs, intermingled

with afflicting exclamations, and with dull strokes, like those of a head knocking against a wall; then, after one of these strokes, so violent that it startled them all three, all was silent.

"Has she killed herself, I wonder?" said Gervaise, venturing to put her head between the bars. "Sister! Sister Gudule!"

"Sister Gudule!" repeated Oudarde.

"Ah, my God, she doesn't stir!" resumed Gervaise. "Is she dead, think you? —Gudule! Gudule!"

Mahiette, whose utterance had been choked until then, now made an effort. "Wait a moment," said she; and then, putting her head to the window, "Pâquette!" she cried, "Pâquette-la-Chantefleurie!"

A child that should blow unsuspectingly upon the ill-lighted match of a petard, and make it explode in his face, would not be more frightened than Mahiette was at the effect of this name thus suddenly breathed into the cell of Sister Gudule.

The recluse was agitated in every limb; she rose erect upon her naked feet, and flew to the loop-hole with eyes so flaming that Maihette and Oudarde, their companion and the child, all retreated as far as the parapet of the quay.

Meanwhile, the sinister visage of the recluse appeared close to the window-grate. "Oh, oh!" she cried, with a fright-

ful laugh, "it's the gypsy woman that calls me."

At that moment, a scene which was passing at the pillory arrested her haggard eye. Her forehead wrinkled with horror—she stretched out of her den her two skeleton arms, and cried out, with a voice that rattled in her throat :—" So, it's thou again, daughter of Egypt—it's thou that call'st me, thou child-stealer! Well, cursed be thou! cursed! cursed! cursed!——"

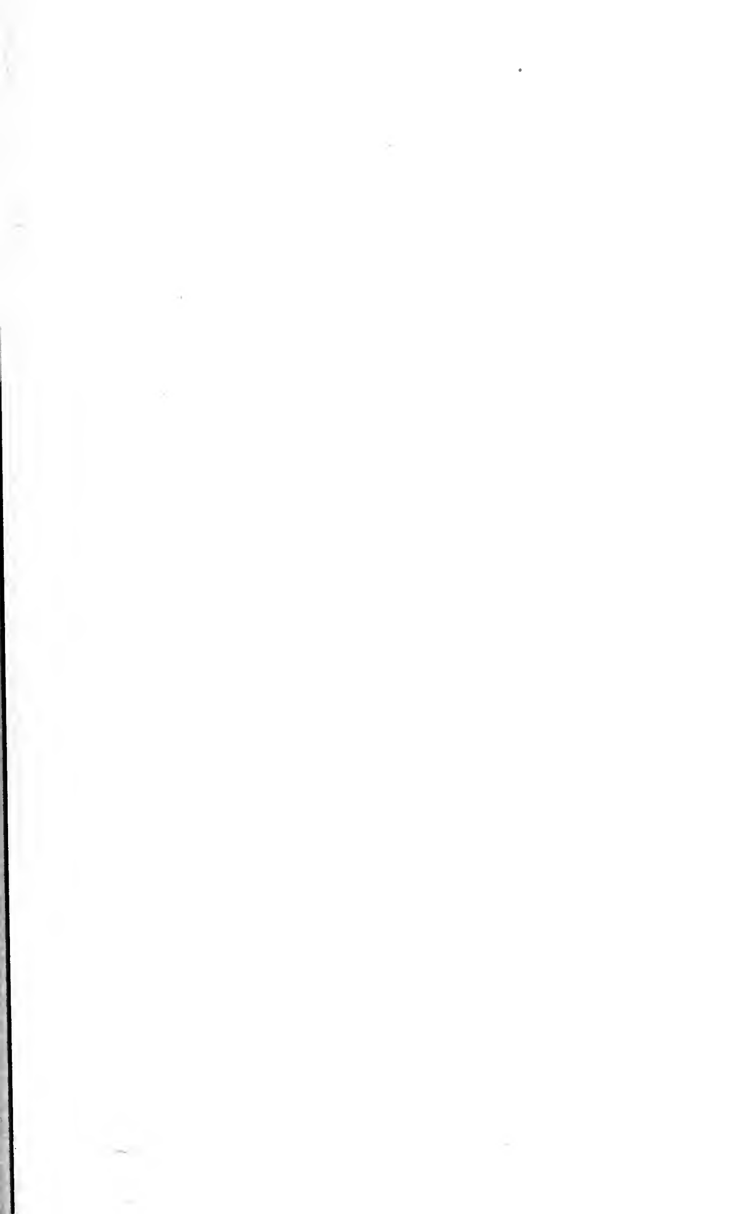
CHAPTER IV.

A TEAR FOR A DROP OF WATER.

THE concluding words of the foregoing chapter may be described as the point of junction of two scenes which, until that moment, had been simultaneously developing themselves, each upon its particular stage, the one, that which has just been related, at the Trou-aux-Rats; the other, now to be described, at the pillory. The former had been witnessed only by the three women with whom the reader had just now been made acquainted; the latter had had for spectators the whole crowd which we have seen collect a little while before upon the Place de Grève, around the pillory and the gibbet.

This crowd, whom the sight of the four sergeants, posted from nine o'clock in the morning at the four corners of the pillory, led to expect a penal exhibition of some kind—not, certainly, a hanging—but a flogging, a cutting off of ears, or something in that way—this crowd, we say, had so rapidly increased, that the four sergeants, finding themselves too closely invested, had more than once been under the necessity of forcing it back by the application of their whit-leather whips and their horses' cruppers.

The populace, however, well drilled to the waiting for this sort of spectacle, showed themselves tolerably patient. They amused themselves with looking at the pillory—a very simple sort of structure, in truth, consisting of a cubical mass of stone-work, some ten feet high, and hollowed internally. A very steep flight of steps, of unhewn stone, called by distinction the échelle, gave access to the upper platform, upon which was to be seen a plain horizontal wheel made of oak wood. The custom was to bind the sufferer upon this wheel, on his knees, and his arms pinioned. An upright shaft of timber, set in motion by a capstan concealed within the interior of the small edifice, made the wheel revolve horizontally and uniformly, thus presenting the face of the culprit successively to every point of the Place. This was called "turning" the criminal.



THE FLOGGING OF QUASIMODO.
—Victor Hugo, Vol. I. p. 336.

It is clear that the pillory of the Grève was far from possessing all the attractions of the pillory of the Halles. There was nothing architectural, nothing monumental. There was no iron-cross roof—no octagonal lantern—there were no slender colonnettes, opening out against the border of the roof into capitals of foliage and flowers—no monster-headed gutters—no carved woodwork—no bold and delicate sculpture. The spectator was obliged to content himself with those four faces of rough stone, surmounted by two side walls of parapets of stone still rougher, with a sorry stone gibbet, meagre and bare, standing beside them. The entertainment would have been pitiful enough for amateurs of Gothic architecture. But it is certain that none could be less curious in this way than the good cockneys of the Middle Ages, and that they took but little interest in the beauty of a pillory.

At last the culprit arrived, fastened at the tail of a cart, and as soon as he was hoisted upon the platform, so that he could be seen from every point of the Place, bound with cords and straps, upon the wheel of the pillory, a prodigious hooting, mingled with laughter and acclamations, burst from the assemblage in the square. They had recognized Quasimodo.

As regarded himself, the turn of affairs was somewhat striking—to be pilloried in that same square in which, the day before,

he had been saluted and proclaimed pope and prince of the fools, in the train of the Duke of Egypt, the King of Tunis, and the Emperor of Galilee. Certain it is, however, that there was not one mind among the crowd—not even his own, though himself in turn the triumphant and the sufferer — that clearly drew this parallel. Gringoire and his philosophy were absent from this spectacle.

Anon, Michel Noiret, one of their lord the king's sworn trumpeters, after having silence cried to the manans, made proclamation of the sentence, pursuant to the ordinance and command of monsieur the provost. He then fell back behind the cart, with his men in their hacqueton uniform.

Quasimodo, quite passive, did not so much as knit his brow. All resistance was impossible to him by what was then called, in the style of the chancellerie criminelle, "the vehemence and firmness of the bonds"—that is to say, that the small straps and chains probably entered his flesh. "This, by-the-by," observes our author, "is a tradition which is not yet lost; the menottes or manacles still happily preserving it among ourselves, a people civilized, mild, and humane (the bagnio and the guillotine between parentheses)."

Quasimodo had let them lead him, thrust him, carry him along, hoist him up, bind and rebind him. Nothing was

distinguishable in his countenance but the astonishment of a savage or an idiot. He was known to be deaf—he might have been taken to be blind.

They set him upon his knees on the circular plank, and stripped him to the waist—he made not the least resistance. They bound him down under a fresh system of straps and buckles—he let them buckle and strap him. Only from time to time he breathed heavily, like a calf, when its head hangs tossing about over the side of the butcher's cart.

"The dolt!" said Jehan Frollo du Moulin to his friend Robin Poussepain (for the two scholars had followed the sufferer, as in duty bound), "he understands no more about it than a cockchafer shut up in a box."

There was a wild laugh among the crowd when they saw, stripped naked to their view, Quasimodo's hump, his camel breast, his brawny and hairy shoulders. During all this merriment, a man in the Town livery, short and thick-set, ascended the platform, and placed himself by the culprit. His name was quickly circulated among the spectators—it was Maître Pierrat Torterue, sworn torturer at the Châtelet.

He commenced his operations by depositing on one corner of the pillory a black hour-glass, the upper cup of which was filled with red sand, which was filtering

through into the lower recipient. Then he took off his parti-colored doublet; and there was seen dangling from his right hand a whip with long, slender, white lashes, shining, knotted, and armed with points of metal. With his left hand he carelessly turned up his shirt-sleeve, about his right arm, as high as the armpit.

Meanwhile Jehan Frollo cried out, lifting his light-haired, curly head above the crowd (for he had mounted for that purpose on the shoulders of Robert Poussepain), "Come and see—messieurs! mesdames!—they're going peremptorily to flog Maître Quasimodo, ringer to my brother monsieur the Archdeacon of Joas—a fellow of oriental architecture, with his back like a dome, and his legs like twisted columns!"

And the people laughed, especially the boys and girls.

At last the torturer stamped with his foot. The wheel began to turn; Quasimodo staggered under his bonds. And the amazement that was suddenly depicted upon his deformed visage redoubled the bursts of laughter all around.

All at once, at the moment when the wheel in its rotation presented to Maître Pierrat Quasimodo's mountainous back, Maître Pierrat lifted his arm, the small lashes whistled sharply in the air like a handful of vipers, and fell with fury upon the poor wretch's shoulders.

Quasimodo made a spring as if starting from his sleep. He now began to understand. He twisted himself about in his toils. A violent contraction, expressive of surprise and pain, discomposed the muscles of his face; but he breathed not a sigh. Only he turned back his head first on the right side, then on the left, balancing it backwards and forwards like a bull stung in the flank by a gad-fly.

A second stroke followed the first—then a third—then another—and another—and so on, without ceasing; the wheel continuing to turn, and the lashes to descend upon the sufferer Soon the blood began to flow; it was seen trickling in a thousand streaks over the dark shoulders of the hunchback; and the keen lashes, as they whistled through the air, scattered it in drops among the multitude.

Quasimodo had resumed, in appearance at least, his former passiveness. At first he had striven, silently and without any great external shock, to burst his bonds. His eye had been seen to kindle, his muscles to contract, his limbs to gather themselves up, and the straps and chains to be strained to their utmost tension. The effort was powerful, prodigious, desperate —but the old binders of the provostry resisted. They cracked; but that was all. Quasimodo sank exhausted; and, on his countenance, stupefaction was succeeded by an expression of bitter and deep dis-

couragement. He closed his only eye, dropped his head upon his breast, and seemed as if he was dead.

Thenceforward he stirred not at all. Nothing could wring any motion from him—neither his blood, which continued to flow; nor the strokes of the whip, which fell with redoubled fury; nor the violence of the torturer, who worked himself up into a sort of intoxication; nor the keen whistling of the horrid lashes.

At length an usher of the Châtelet, clothed in black, mounted on a black horse, and stationed at the side of the échelle from the commencement of the punishment, pointed, with his ebony wand, to the hour-glass. The torturer held his hand, the wheel stopped, and Quasimodo's eye slowly reopened.

The flagellation was finished. Two assistants of the sworn torturer washed the bleeding shoulders of the sufferer, rubbed them with some kind of unguent, which immediately closed the wounds, and threw over his back a sort of yellow cloth cut in the form of a chasuble. Meanwhile Pierrat Torterue was letting the blood that soaked the lashes of his scourge drain from them in drops upon the ground.

However, all was not yet over for poor Quasimodo. He had still to undergo that hour on the pillory which Maître Florian Barbedienne had so judiciously added to

the sentence of Messire Robert d'Estouteville—all to the greater glory of the old jeu de mots, physiological and psychological, of Jean de Cumène—*Surdus absurdus.*

So they turned the hour-glass, and left the hunchback bound down upon the wheel, that justice might be perpetrated to the end.

The people, in the inferior sense of the word, have hitherto been, in society, especially in the Middle Ages, what the child is in a family. So long as they remain in that state of primitive ignorance, of moral and intellectual nonage, it may be said of them as has been said of childhood — "that age is a stranger to pity." We have already shown that Quasimodo was generally hated—for more than one good reason, it is true. There was hardly a spectator among that crowd but either had or thought he had some cause of complaint against the mischievous hunchback of Notre-Dame. All had rejoiced to see him make his appearance on the pillory; and the severe punishment he had just undergone, and the piteous plight in which it had left him, so far from softening the hearts of the populace, had but rendered their hatred the more malicious by furnishing it with matter for merriment.

And accordingly the "public vengeance" being satisfied—the "vindiete publique," as it is called in the legal jargon of

our neighbors—a thousand private revenges had now their turn. Here, as in the Grand Salle, it was the women that broke forth with the greatest violence. They all bore malice against him — some for his mischievousness, others for his ugliness. The latter were the most furious of the two.

"Oh! thou phiz of Antichrist!" exclaimed one.

"Thou broomstick-rider!" cried another.

"What a fine tragical grin!" bawled a third, "and one that would have made him Fools' Pope if to-day had been yesterday."

"Good!" chimed in an old woman. "This is the pillory grin; when is he to give us the gallows grin?"

"When art thou to have thy big bell clapped upon thy head a hundred feet under ground, thou cursed ringer?" shouted one.

"And yet it's this devil that rings the Angelus!"

"Oh! the deaf as a post! the one-eye! the hunchback! the monster!"

"He's a face to make a woman miscarry, better than any medicines or pharmacies."

And the two scholars, Jehan du Moulin and Robin Poussepain, sang out, as loud as they could bawl, the burden of an old popular song—

A halter for the gallows rogue!
A fagot for the witch!

A thousand other pieces of abuse were showered upon him, and hootings, and imprecations, and bursts of laughter, and here and there a stone.

Quasimodo was deaf, but he saw clearly; and the public fury was not less forcibly expressed in the countenances of the people than by their words. Besides, the stones that struck him explained the bursts of laughter.

At the first he bore it all very well. But, by degrees, the patience which had braced up its fibres under the lash of the torturer, relaxed and gave way under these insect stings. The Asturian bull that has borne unmoved the attacks of the picador, is irritated by the dogs and the banderillas.

First, he cast slowly around a look of menace upon the crowd. But, bound hand and foot as he was, his look had no power to chase away the flies that gnawed his wound. Then he shook himself in his toils; and his furious efforts made the old wheel of the pillory creak upon its timbers, all which but increased the derision and the hooting.

Then the poor wretch, finding himself unable to burst his wild beast's chain, once more became quiet; only, at intervals, a sigh of rage heaved all the cavities of his breast. In his face there was

neither shame nor blush. He was too far from the state of society, and too near the state of nature, to know what shame was. Besides, at that pitch of deformity, is infamy a thing that can be felt? But resentment, hatred, and despair were slowly spreading over that hideous visage a cloud that grew more and more gloomy, more and more charged with an electricity which shone in a thousand flashes from the eye of the cyclop.

However, that cloud was dissipated for a moment at the appearance of a mule which passed through the crowd, carrying a priest upon its back. From the first moment that he perceived that priest and that mule approaching, the poor sufferer's countenance became milder. The fury which had contracted it was succeeded by a strange smile, full of a softness, a gentleness, a tenderness inexpressible. As the priest came nearer, this smile became plainer, more distinct, more radiant. It was as if the unfortunate creature was hailing the coming of a Saviour. However, the moment that the mule had come near enough to the pillory for its rider to recognize the sufferer, the priest cast down his eyes, turned round abruptly, and spurred away his steed, as if in haste to escape humiliating appeals, and not at all anxious to be saluted and recognized by a poor devil in such a situation.

This priest was the Archdeacon Dom

Claude Frollo; who, albeit he stood in much the same relation to Quasimodo as the knight of La Mancha did to his squire, was, in some respects, no more a Don Quixote than, in some others, Quasimodo was a Sancho Panza. And yet Sancho's blanket-tossing, from which the knight would have encountered any disgrace to have delivered him, was a mere trifle compared to this infliction undergone by the archdeacon's devoted servant.

And now the cloud fell darker than ever upon the face of Quasimodo. The smile was still mingled with it for a time; but it was bitter, disheartened, and profoundly sad.

The time was going on. He had been there for at least an hour and a half; lacerated, abused, mocked, and almost stoned to death. All at once he made another struggle in his chains, with redoubled desperation, that shook the whole woodwork upon which he was fixed; and, breaking the silence which until then he had obstinately kept, he cried out in a hoarse and furious voice, which was more like a dog's howl than a human shout, and which drowned the noise of the hooting, "Some drink!"

This exclamation of distress, far from exciting compassion, was an additional amusement to the good Parisian populace that surrounded the pillory, and who, it must be admitted, taken on the whole and

as a multitude, were scarcely less cruel and brutal than that horrible tribe of the Truands, to which we have already introduced the reader, and which, indeed, was itself neither more nor less than the lowest stratum of the people. Not a voice was raised around the unhappy sufferer, except in mockery of his thirst. It is certain that at that moment his appearance was yet more grotesque and repulsive than it was pitiable—with his reddened and trickling face, his bewildered eye, his mouth foaming with rage and suffering, and his tongue hanging out. We must observe, too, that had there even been among the multitude any good, charitable soul of a townsman or townswoman, who should have been tempted to carry a glass of water to that miserable creature in pain, there reigned around the ignominious steps of the pillory so strong an air of infamy in the prejudices of the time, as would have suffered to repel the good Samaritan.

At the end of a few minutes more, Quasimodo cast around him a look of despair upon the crowd, and repeated in a voice yet more heart-rending, "Some drink!" And again they all laughed.

"Drink this!" cried Robin Poussepain, throwing in his face a sponge soaked in the kennel. "Here, you deaf scoundrel; I'm your debtor!"

A woman threw a stone at his head, saying: "That'll teach thee to wake us in the night with thy cursed ringing!"

"Well, my lad!" bawled a cripple, trying at the same time to reach him with his crutch, "wilt thou cast spells at us again from the top of the towers of Notre-Dame?"

"Here's a porringer to drink out of," said one man, hurling a broken pitcher at his breast. "It's thou that, with only passing before her, made my wife be brought to bed of a child with two heads!"

"And my cat of a kitten with six legs!" screamed an old woman as she flung a tile at him.

"Some drink!" repeated Quasimodo for the third time, panting. At that moment, he saw the populace making way for some one, and a young girl fantastically dressed, issued from the crowd. She was accompanied by a little she-goat with gilt horns, and carried a small tambourine in her hand.

Quasimodo's eyes sparkled. In was the gypsy girl whom he had attempted to carry off the night before, for which piece of presumption he had some confused notion that they were chastising him at that very moment—which, however, was by no means the case, seeing that he was punished only for the misfortune of being deaf and having had a deaf judge. He doubted not that she, too, was come to take her revenge, and to aim her blow at him like all the rest of them.

In fact, he beheld her rapidly ascend the steps. He was choking with rage and vexation. He wished that he could have crumbled the pillory to atoms; and if the flash of his eye could have destroyed, the gypsy would have been reduced to ashes before she could have reached the platform. Without uttering a word, she approached the sufferer, who was vainly writhing about to escape her; and then, unfastening a gourd-bottle from her belt, she held it out to the poor wretch's parched lips.

Then from that eye, hitherto so dry and burning, was seen to roll a big tear, which fell slowly down that deformed visage so long contracted by despair. Perhaps it was the first that the unfortunate creature had ever shed.

Meanwhile, he forgot to drink. The gypsy made her little accustomed grimace with impatience; and held up, smiling, the neck of the gourd to the jagged mouth of Quasimodo. He drank long draughts, for his thirst was burning.

When he had done, the poor wretch put out his black lips, undoubtedly to kiss the fair hand which had just relieved him; but the girl, who, remembering the violent attempt of the preceding night, was perhaps not without some mistrust, drew back her hand with the frightened look of a child afraid of being bitten by some animal.

Then the poor deaf creature fixed upon her a look reproachful and inexpressibly sad.

It would anywhere have been a touching spectacle, to see that beautiful girl, so pure, so charming, and at the same time so weak, thus piously hastening to the relief of so much wretchedness, deformity, and malice; but on a pillory the spectacle was sublime. The people themselves were struck by it, and clapped their hands, shouting, "Noël, Noël!"

It was at that moment that the recluse, through the loophole of her cell, observed the gypsy girl upon the steps of the pillory, and cast at her the dismal imprecation, "Cursed be thou, daughter of Egypt! cursed! cursed!"

CHAPTER V.

THE CATASTROPHE OF THE CAKE.

Esmeralda turned pale, and descended from the pillory, tottering; the voice of the recluse pursued her still. "Come down, come down, Egyptian thief! thou shalt go up there again!"

"The Sachette's in her crotchets," said the people, muttering—but that was all they did; for this sort of women were feared, and that made them sacred. No-

body in those days was willing to attack any one that prayed day and night.

The hour had now arrived for carrying back Quasimodo; they unfastened him from the pillory, and the crowd dispersed.

Near the Grand Pont, Mahiette, who was going away with her two companions, suddenly stopped short. "By-the-by, Eustache," said she, "what have you done with the cake?"

"Mother," said the boy, "while you were talking to that lady in the hole, there was a great dog came and bit of my cake—and then I bit of it too."

"What, sir!" cried she; "have you eaten it all?"

"Mother, it was the dog. I told him so but he wouldn't listen to me. Then I bit a piece too—that's all."

"It's a shocking boy," said the mother, smiling and chiding at the same time. "What do you think, Oudarde—already he eats by himself all the cherries that grow upon the tree in our croft at Charlerange. So his grandfather says he'll be a captain. Let me catch you at it again, Master Eustache. Get along, you greedy fellow!"

BOOK VI.

CHAPTER I.

SHOWING THE DANGER OF CONFIDING ONE'S SECRET TO A GOAT.

SEVERAL weeks had elapsed. It was now the early part of the month of March. The sun, which Dubartas, that classic ancestor of periphrasis, had not yet named "the grand duke of the candles," was not, therefore, the less cheerful and radiant. It was one of those days of the early spring which are so mild and beautiful that all Paris turns out into the squares and promenades, to enjoy them as if they were holidays. On those days of clearness, warmth, and serenity, there is one hour in particular, at which you should go and admire the portal of Notre-Dame. It is that moment when the sun, already declining toward his setting, darts his rays almost directly upon the front of the cathedral. Becoming more and more horizontal, they gradually retire from the pavement of the Place, and mount up the perpendicular face of the structure, streaming full upon the thousand rotundities of its

sculpture, while the great round central window flames like a cyclop's eye lit up by the reverberations of the forge.

At this hour it was that, opposite to the front of the lofty cathedral, reddened by the setting sun, upon the stone balcony constructed over the porch of a rich-looking Gothic house, at the angle formed by the Place with the Rue du Parvis, some handsome girls were laughing and talking together with all manner of grace and sportiveness. By the length of the veil which fell from the top of their pointed coif, all scrolled with pearls, down to their heels—by the fineness of the worked chemisette which covered their shoulders, revealing, according to the engaging fashion of that time, the swell of their fair virgin bosoms—by the richness of their under petticoats, yet more costly than the upper skirt (admirable refinement !)—by the gauze, the silk, and the velvet, with which the whole was loaded —and above all, by the whiteness of their hands—it was easy to divine that they were noble and wealthy heiresses. They were, in fact, Damoiselle Fleur-de-Lys de Gondelaurier, and her companions, Diane de Christeuil, Amelotte de Montmichel, Colombe de Gaillefontaine, and the little De Champchevrier, all girls of family, assembled at that moment at the mansion of the lady widow De Gondelaurier, on account of Monseigneur de Beaujeu and

madame his wife, who were to come to Paris in April, to choose *accompagneresses d'honneur,* or maids of honor, to accompany the Dauphiness Marguerite, on the occasion of her reception in Picardy, at the hands of the Flemings, on her way to the court of France. Now, all the hobereaux or gentry for thirty leagues round, were seeking this honor for their daughters, and a good many of them had already brought or sent them to Paris. The young ladies in question had been entrusted by their parents to the discreet and reverend keeping of Madame Aloïse de Gondelaurier, widow of a ci-devant master of the king's cross-bowmen, now living in retirement with her only daughter, at her house in the Place du Parvis-Notre-Dame, at Paris.

The balcony at which these young ladies were amusing themselves, opened into an apartment richly hung with fawn-colored Flanders leather printed with golden foliage. The beams that ran across the ceiling, diverting the eye with a thousand fantastic carvings, painted and gilt. Splendid enamels were glittering here and there upon the lids of cabinets curiously carved ; and a boar's head in china crowned a magnificent sideboard, the two steps of which announced that the mistress of the house was the wife or widow of a knight banneret. At the upper end of the room, beside a lofty chimney-piece, covered with

emblazonry from top to bottom, was seated, in a rich fauteuil of red velvet, the lady of Gondelaurier, whose fifty-five years of age were no less distinctly written on her dress than on her face. Beside her a young man was standing, of very imposing mien, though partaking somewhat of vanity and bravado—one of those fine fellows whom all women agree to admire, although their physiognomy is precisely that which makes grave and discerning men shake their heads. This young cavalier wore the brilliant uniform of a captain of archers of the ordonnance du roi or household troops—which uniform too closely resembled the costume of Jupiter, which the reader has already had an opportunity of admiring in the first chapter of this history, for us to weary him with a second description of it.

The young ladies were seated, part in the room, part in the balcony; the former on cushions of Utrecht velvet with gold corner-plates; the latter on oak stools carved in flowers and figures. Each of them held in her lap part of a large piece of tapestry, on which they were all at work, while one long end of it lay on the matting which covered the floor.

They were talking among themselves, in that whispering voice, and with those half-stifled laughs, so common in an assembly of young girls where there is a young man among them. The young man

himself, whose presence had the effect of bringing into play all this feminine vanity, appeared, on his part, to care very little about it; and, while the lovely girls were vying with each other in endeavoring to attract his attention, he was specially occupied in polishing, with his doeskin glove, the buckle of his sword-belt.

From time to time, the old lady addressed him in a low voice, and he answered as well as he was able, with a sort of awkward and constrained politeness. From the smiles and significant gestures of Madame Aloïse as well as the glances which she threw toward her daughter Fleur-de-Lys as she spoke low to the captain, it was evident that the subject of their conversation was some previous betrothing, some marriage doubtless about to take place between the young man and Fleur-de-Lys. And from the cold, embarrassed air of the officer, it was easy to see that so far at least as he was concerned, love had no longer any part in the matter. His whole demeanor conveyed an idea of constraint and ennui, which a modern French subaltern on garrison duty would admirably render by the exclamation, Quelle chienne de corvée!

The good lady, infatuated, like any other silly mother, with her daughter's charms, did not perceive the officer's want of enthusiasm, but exerted herself strenuously to point out in a whisper the infinite grace

with which Fleur-de-Lys used her needle or wound her silk.

"Do look now, petit cousin," said she, pulling him by the sleeve toward her, and speaking in his ear. "Look at her! see, now she stoops."

"Yes, indeed," answered the young man, and fell back into his cold, abstracted silence.

Shortly after, he had to lean again, on Dame Aloïse saying to him: "Did you ever see a more charming lightsome face than that of your betrothed? Can anything be more fair or more lovely? Are not those hands perfect? and that neck, does it not assume every graceful curve of the swan's?—How I envy you at times! and how happy you are, in being a man, wicked rogue that you are! Is not my Fleur-de-Lys adorably beautiful? and are you not passionately in love with her?"

"Assuredly," answered he, thinking all the time of something else.

"Speak to her, then," said Madame Aloïse, abruptly pushing him by the shoulder; "say something to her; you're grown quite timid."

We can assure our readers that timidity was neither a virtue nor a defect of the captain's. He endeavored, however, to do as was bid.

"Belle cousine," said he, approaching Fleur-de-Lys, "what is the subject of this tapestry you are so busy with?"

"Beau cousin," answered Fleur-de-Lys, in a pettish tone, "I have already told you three times; it is grotto of Neptunus."

It was evident that Fleur-de-Lys saw more clearly than her mother through the cold, absent manner of the captain. He felt the necessity of entering into conversation.

"And for what is all this fine Neptune-work intended?" asked he.

"For the abbey of Saint-Antoine des Champs," said Fleur-de-Lys, without raising her eyes.

The captain took up a corner of the tapestry: "And pray, ma belle cousine, who is that big gendarme fellow there disguised as a fish, and blowing his trumpet till his cheeks are bursting?"

"This is Trito," answered she.

There was still a degree of pettishness in the tone of the few words uttered by Fleur-de-Lys. The young man understood that it was indispensable he should whisper in her ear some pretty nothing, some gallant compliment or other—no matter what. He accordingly leaned over, but his imagination could furnish nothing more tender or familiar than this: "Why does your mother always wear that petticoat with her arms worked upon it, like our great-grandmothers of Charles the VII.'s time? Pray tell her, belle cousine, that it's not the fashion of the present day, and that, all emblazoned in that way, her dress

makes her look like a walking mantelpiece. 'Pon honor, no one sits under their banner in that way now, I assure you."

Fleur-de-Lys raised her fine eyes toward his reproachfully: "Is that all you have to assure me of?" said she in a low tone.

Meanwhile the good Dame Aloïse, delighted to see them thus leaning over and whispering with each other, exclaimed, playing all the while with the clasps of her prayer-book: "Touching picture of love!"

The captain, more and more at a loss, passed to the subject of the tapestry again. "It is really a beautiful piece of work!" he cried.

At this juncture, Colombe de Gaillefontaine, another beautiful white-skinned blonde, dressed up to the neck in blue damask, ventured to put in a word, addressed to Fleur-de-Lys, but in the hope that the handsome captain would answer her: "My dear Gondelaurier, did you ever see the tapestry at the Hôtel de la Roche-Guyon?"

"Is that the hôtel where the garden is belonging to the Lingère of the Louvre?" asked Diane de Christeuil, laughing; for, having fine teeth, she laughed on all occasions.

"And where that big old tower is, part of the ancient wall of Paris?" added Amelotte de Montmichel, a pretty, curly-headed, fresh-looking brunette, who had a

habit of sighing, just as the other laughed, without knowing why.

"My dear Colombe," said Dame Aloïse, "are you speaking of the hôtel which belonged to Monsieur de Bacqueville in the reign of Charles the VIth? There is indeed magnificent tapestry there, of the high warp."

"Charles the VIth! King Charles the VIth!" muttered the young captain, curling his moustaches. "Mon Dieu! what a memory the good lady has for everything old!"

Madame de Gondelaurier continued: "Superb tapestry indeed! So superior that it is considered unrivalled!"

At that moment, Bérangère de Champchevrier, an airy little creature of seven years of age, who was looking into the the square through the tri-foliated ornaments of the balcony, cried out, "Oh! do look, dear god-mamma Fleur-de-Lys, at that pretty dancing-girl who is dancing in the street, and playing the tambourine in the midst of those common people!"

The sonorous vibration of a tambourine was, in fact, heard by the party. "Some gypsy girl from Bohemia," said Fleur-de-Lys, turning her head carlessly toward the square.

"Let us see! let us see!" cried her lively companions; and they all ran to the front of the balcony, while Fleur-de-Lys, musing over the coldness of her affianced

lover, followed them slowly; and the latter, relieved by this incident, which cut short an embarassed conversation, returned to the farther end of the room with the satisfied air of a soldier relieved from duty. And yet no unpleasing service was that of the lovely Fleur-de-Lys; and such it had appeared to him formerly; but the captain had by degrees become dissipated, and the prospect of an approaching marriage grew more and more repulsive to him every day. Besides, he was of a fickle disposition; and, if one may say so, of rather vulgar tastes. Although of very noble birth, he had contracted, under his officer's accoutrements, more than one habit of the common soldier. He delighted in the tavern and its accompaniments, and was never at his ease but amidst gross language, military gallantries, easy beauties, and as easy successes. He had notwithstanding received from his family some education and some politeness of manner; but he had too early been a rover, had too early kept garrison, and each day the polish of the gentleman became more and more worn away under the friction of the gendarme's baldric. Though still continuing to visit her occasionally, through some small remnant of common respect, he felt doubly constrained with Fleur-de-Lys; first, because by dint of dividing his love among so many different objects he had very little left for her; and next, because,

surrounded by a number of fine women of stiff, decorous, and formal manners, he was constantly in fear lest his lips, accustomed to the language of oaths, should inadvertently break through their bounds and let slip some unfortunate tavern-slang or other. The effect may be imagined!

And yet, with all these were mingled great pretensions to elegance, taste in dress, and noble bearing. Let these things be reconciled as they may—our office is simply that of the historian.

He had been for some minutes thinking of something or of nothing, leaning in silence against the carved mantelpiece, when Fleur-de-Lys turning suddenly round, addressed him—for after all, the poor girl only pouted in self-defense:

"Beau cousin, did you not tell us of a little gypsy girl you saved from a parcel of thieves about a month ago, as you were going the counter-watch at night?"

"I believe I did, belle cousine," said the captain.

"Well," rejoined she, "perhaps it is that very gypsy girl who is now dancing in the Parvis. Come and see if you recognize her, beau cousin Phœbus."

A secret desire of reconciliation was perceptible in the gentle invitation she gave him to draw near her, and in the care she took to call him by his name. Captain Phœbus de Chateupers (for it is he whom the reader has had before him from the

beginning of this chapter) with tardy steps approached the balcony.

"Look," said Fleur-de-Lys tenderly, placing her hand on his arm, "look at that little girl, dancing there in the ring!—Is that your gypsy girl?"

Phœbus looked, and said: "Yes—I know her by her goat."

"Ah!—so there is!—a pretty little goat!" said Amelotte, clasping her hands with delight.

"Are its horns really gold?" asked little Bérangère.

Without moving from her fauteuil, Dame Aloïse inquired: "Is it one of those gypsy girls that arrived last year by the Porte Gibard?"

"My dear mother," said Fleur-de-Lys gently, "that gate is now called Porte d'Enfer."

Mademoiselle de Gondelaurier knew how much the captain's notions were shocked by her mother's antiquated modes of speech. Indeed he was already on the titter, and began to mutter between his teeth: "Porte Gibard! Porte Gibard! That's to make way for King Charles VI."

"God-mamma," exclaimed Bérangère, whose eyes incessantly in motion, were suddenly raised toward the top of the towers of Notre-Dame, "who is that black man up there?"

All the girls raised their eyes. A man

in fact was leaning with his elbows upon the topmost balustrade of the northern tower, which looked toward the Grève. It was the figure of a priest; and they could clearly discern both his costume and his face, which was resting on his two hands. Otherwise he was as motionless as a statue; his steady gaze seemed rivited to the Place. There was in it something of the immobility of the kite when it has just discovered a nest of sparrows and is looking down upon it.

"It is monsieur the archdeacon of Joas," said Fleur-de-Lys.

"You've good eyes if you know him at this distance," observed La Gaillefontaine.

"How he looks at the little dancing-girl," remarked Diane de Christeuil.

"Let the gypsy girl beware," said Fleur-de-Lys; "for he loves not Egypt."

"It's a great pity that man looks at her so," added Amelotte de Montmichel; "for she dances delightfully."

"Beau cousin Phœbus," said Fleur-de-Lys, suddenly, "since you know this little gypsy girl, beckon her to come up. It will be an amusement for us."

"Oh, yes!" cried all her companions, clapping their hands.

"It's really not worth while," answered Phœbus; "she has forgotten me, I dare say; and I don't so much as know her name. However, since you wish it, ladies, I will see." And leaning over the balus-

trade of the balcony, he began to call out, "Little girl!"

The dancing-girl was not at that moment playing her tambourine; and, turning her head toward the point from whence she heard herself called, her brilliant eyes rested on Phœbus, and she stopped short suddenly.

"Little girl," repeated the captain, and he beckoned to her to come in.

The young girl looked at him again; then blushed as if a flame had risen to her cheeks; and, taking her tambourine under her arm, she made her way through the midst of the gaping spectators, toward the door of the house where Phœbus was, with slow and tottering steps, and with the troubled air of a bird yielding to the fascination of a serpent.

A moment or two after, the tapestry hanging at the entrance was raised, and the gypsy girl made her appearance on the threshold of the room, blushing confused, and out of breath, her large eyes cast down, and not daring to advance a step further.

Bérangère clapped her hands.

Meanwhile, the dancing-girl remained motionless at the entrance of the apartment. Her appearance had produced on this group of young women a singular effect. It is certain that a vague and undefined desire of pleasing the handsome officer at once animated the whole party;

that the splendid uniform was the object at which all their coquetry was aimed; and that, from the time of his being present, there had arisen among them a certain tacit, covert rivalry, scarcely acknowledged to themselves, but which did not the less constantly display itself in all their gestures and remarks. Nevertheless, as they all possessed nearly the same degree of beauty, they contended with equal arms, and each might reasonably hope for victory. The arrival of the gypsy girl suddenly destroyed this equilibrium. Her beauty was of so rare a cast that, the moment she entered the apartment, she seemed to shed around it a sort of light peculiar to herself. Within this enclosed chamber, surrounded by its dusky hangings and wainscotings, she was incomparably more beautiful and radiant than in the public square. She was as the torch suddenly brought from the mid-day light into the shade. The noble damsels were dazzled by it in spite of themselves. Each felt that her beauty had in some degree suffered; and, in consequence, their line of battle (if we may be allowed the expression) was changed immediately, without a single word being uttered by any of them. But they understood each other perfectly. The instincts of women comprehend and correspond with each other more quickly than the understandings of men. An enemy had arrived in the midst of them; all felt it—all rallied.

One drop of wine is sufficient to tinge a whole glass of water; and to diffuse a certain degree of ill-temper throughout a company of pretty women, it is only necessary for one still prettier to make her appearance—especially when there is but one man in the way. Thus the gypsy girl's reception proved mightily freezing. They eyed her from head to foot; then looked at each other; and that was enough —all was understood. Meanwhile the young girl, waiting for them to speak to her, was so much affected that she dared not raise her eyelids.

The captain was the first to break silence.

"'Pon honor," said he, with his tone of brainless assurance, "here's a charming creature! What do you think of her, belle cousine?"

This observation, which a more delicate admirer would at least have made in an undertone, did not tend to dissipate the feminine jealousies which were on the alert in the presence of the gypsy girl.

Fleur-de-Lys answered the captain with a simpering affectation of contempt—"Ah, not amiss."

The others whispered together.

At length, Madame Aloïse, who was not the less jealous for being so on her daughter's account, addressed the dancing-girl:

"Come hither, little girl," said she.

"Come hither, little girl!" repeated.

with comic dignity, little Bérangère, who would have stood about as high as her hip.

The gypsy girl advanced toward the noble lady.

"My pretty girl," said Phœbus, significantly, likewise advancing a few paces toward her, "I don't know whether I have the supreme felicity of being remembered by you."

She interrupted him by saying, with a look and smile of infinite sweetness, "Oh! yes."

"She has a good memory," observed Fleur-de-Lys.

"So," resumed Phœbus, "you contrived to make your escape in a hurry the other evening. Did I frighten you?"

"Oh! no," said the gypsy girl. There was, in the accent with which this "Oh! no," following immediately the "Oh! yes," was pronounced, an indescribable something which stung poor Fleur-de-Lys.

"You left me in your stead, my fair one," continued the captain, whose tongue became unloosed while speaking to the girl out of the street, "a rare grim-faced fellow, hump-backed and one-eyed, the ringer of the bishop's bells, I believe. They tell me he's an archdeacon's bastard and a devil by birth. He has a pretty name too; they call him Quatre-Temps,* Pâques-Fleuries,† Mardi-Gras,‡ I don't know

* Quatre-Temps—Ember-week.

† Pâques Fleuries—Palm-Sunday.

‡ Mardi-Gras—Shrove-Tuesday.

what!—a bell-ringing, holiday name, in short. And so he thought fit to carry you off, as if you were made for such fellows as beadles! That is going a little too far. What the deuce could that screech-owl want with you? eh!"

"I don't know," answered she.

"Only imagine his insolence! a bell-ringer to carry off a girl like a viscount! a clown poaching the game of gentlemen! a rare piece of assurance, truly! But he paid pretty dear for it. Maître Pierrat Torterue is as rough a groom as ever curried a rascal; and your ringer's hide—if that will please you—got a thorough dressing at his hands, I warrant you."

"Poor man!" said the gypsy girl, the scene of the pillory brought back to her remembrance by these words.

The captain burst out laughing. "*Corne-de-bœuf!* your pity's about as well placed as a feather in a pig's tail. May I have a belly like a pope, if . . . . ." He stopped suddenly short. "Pardon me, ladies—I fear I was about to let slip some nonsense or other."

"Fie, monsieur!" said La Gaillefontaine.

"He speaks to this creature in her own language," added Fleur-de-Lys in an undertone, her vexation increasing every moment. This vexation was not diminished by seeing the captain, delighted with the gypsy girl, and above all with himself,

turn round on his heel and repeat with naïve and soldier-like gallantry: "A lovely girl, upon my soul!"

"Very barbarously dressed!" said Diane de Christeuil, laughing to show her fine teeth.

This remark was like a flash of light for the others. It gave to view the gypsy's assailable point; having nothing to find fault with in her person, they all fell upon her dress.

"It's very true," said La Montmichel. "Pray, little girl, where did you learn to run about the streets in that way, without either neckerchief or tucker?"

"What a dreadful short petticoat!" added La Gaillefontaine.

"You'll get yourself taken up, child, by the sergeants of the douzaine, for your gilt belt," continued Fleur-de-Lys, harshly.

"Little girl, little girl," resumed Christeuil, with an unmerciful smile, "if you had the decency to wear sleeves on your arms, they would not get so sun-burned."

It was a sight worthy a more intelligent spectator than Phœbus, to watch how those fine girls, with their envenomed and angry tongues, turned, glided, and wound, as it were, around the street dancer; they were at once cruel and courteous; they searched and pried maliciously into every part of her poor, wild dress of spangles and tinsel. Then followed the laugh, the ironical jest, humiliations without end.

Sarcasms, haughty condescensions, and evil looks were poured upon the gypsy girl. One might have fancied them some of those young Roman ladies that used to amuse themselves with thrusting golden pins into the bosom of some beautiful slave; or have likened them to elegant greyhounds, turning, wheeling, with distended nostrils and eager eyes, around some poor hind of the forest whom nothing but their master's eye prevents them from devouring.

And what, in fact, was a poor dancing-girl of the public square to those high-born maidens? They did not seem so much as to recognize her presence; but spoke of her, before her, and to herself, aloud, as of something, pretty enough, perhaps, but at the same time loathsome and abject.

The gypsy girl was insensible to these petty stings. From time to time, a glow of shame or a flash of anger inflamed her eyes and cheeks—a disdainful exclamation seemed to hover on her lips—she made contemptuously the little grimace with which the reader is already familiar—but remained motionless, her eyes fixed, with a sweet, resigned, and melancholy expression upon Phœbus. In this look, too, were mingled delight and tenderness. It seemed as if she restrained herself for fear of being driven away.

As for Poœbus himself, he laughed, and took the gypsy girl's part, with a mixture

of pity and impertinence. "Let them talk, little one," repeated he, jingling his gold spurs; "doubtless, your dress is a little wild and extravagant; but in a charming girl like you, what does that signify?"

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the blonde Gaillefontaine, drawing up her swan-like neck with a bitter smile; "I see that messieurs the king's archers take fire easily at bright gypsy eyes."

"And why not?" said Phœbus.

At this rejoinder, uttered carelessly by the captain, like a stone thrown at random, the fall of which one does not so much as turn to watch, Colombe began to laugh, as did Amelotte, Diane, and Fleur-de-Lys; while a tear rose at the same time to the eyes of the latter.

The gypsy girl, who had cast her eyes on the ground as Colombe and Gaillefontaine spoke, raised them all beaming with joy and pride, and fixed them again on Phœbus. She looked angelic at that moment.

The old lady, who observed this scene, felt herself piqued without well understanding why.

"Holy Virgin!" cried she, suddenly, "what's that about my legs? Ah! the nasty animal!"

It was the goat, which had just arrived in search of its mistress, and which, in hurrying toward her, had got itself en-

tangled by the horns in the pile of stuff which the noble lady's ample habiliments heaped around her whenever she was seated.

This made a diversion. The gypsy girl, without saying a word, disentangled the little creature's horns.

"Oh! here's the pretty little goat with the golden feet," cried Bérangère, jumping with joy.

The gypsy girl squatted on her knees, and pressed her cheek against the fondling head of the goat, as if to beg its pardon for having left it behind.

Meanwhile, Diane bent over and whispered in Colombe's ear: "Ah! mon Dieu! how is it I did not think of it before! It's the gypsy girl with the goat. They say she's a sorceress, and that her goat performs very miraculous tricks."

"Well," said Colombe, "let the goat amuse us now in its turn, and perform us a miracle."

Diane and Colombe eagerly addressed the gypsy girl: "Little girl, do let your goat perform a miracle."

"I don't know what you mean," said the dancing-girl.

"Why, a miracle—a conjuring trick—a feat of witchcraft."

"I do not understand," she replied. And she turned to caressing the pretty animal again, repeating, "Djali! Djali!"

At that moment Fleur-de-Lys remarked

a little embroidered leathern bag hanging about the goat's neck. "What's that?" asked she of the gypsy girl.

The girl raised her large eyes toward her, and answered gravely, "That's my secret."

"I should like to know your secret," thought Fleur-de-Lys.

Meanwhile, the noble dame had risen angrily. "Come, come, gypsy girl; if neither you nor your goat have anything to dance to us, what do you do here?"

The gypsy girl, without answering, directed her steps slowly toward the door. But the nearer she approached it, the slower was her pace. An irresistible magnet seemed to arrest her steps. Suddenly, she turned her eyes moistened with tears toward Phœbus, and stood still.

"Vrai Dieu!" cried the captain, "you shall not go away thus. Come back and dance us something or other. By-the-by, sweet love, what's your name?"

"La Esmeralda," said the dancing-girl, without taking her eyes off him.

At this strange name the girls burst forth into an extravagant laugh.

"A formidable name indeed, for a young lady," said Diane.

"You see, plain enough," remarked Amelotte, "that she's an enchantress."

"My dear," cried Dame Aloïse, seriously, "your parents never found that name for you in the baptismal font.

Meanwhile Bérangère, without any one's observing it, a few minutes before, enticed the goat into a corner of the room with a piece of sweet cake. In an instant they had become good friends; and the curious child had untied the little bag which hung at the goat's neck, had opened it, and spread its contents on the matting; it was an alphabet, each letter of which was inscribed separately on a small tablet of wood. No sooner were these toys displayed on the matting, than the child saw, with surprise, the goat (one of whose miracles, doubtless, it was) draw toward her, with her golden paw, certain letters, and arrange them, by pushing them about gently, in a particular order. In a minute, they formed a word which the goat seemed practiced in composing, so little was she at a loss in forming it; and Bérangère suddenly cried out, clasping her hands with admiration:

"God-mamma, Fleur-de-Lys — do see what the goat has been doing!"

Fleur-de-Lys ran to look, and started at the sight. The letters arranged on the floor formed, in the Gothic characters of the time, the word

Phoebus.

"Did the goat write that?" asked she, with a faltering voice.

"Yes, god-mamma," answered Béran-

gere. It was impossible to doubt it, for the child could not spell.

"Here's the secret!" thought Fleur-de-Lys. Meanwhile, at the child's exclamation they had all hurried forward to look; the lady mother, the young ladies, the gypsy, and the officer.

The gypsy girl saw the blunder the goat had committed. She turned red—then pale—and began to tremble like a guilty thing before the captain, who looked at her with a smile of satisfaction and astonishment.

"Phœbus!" whispered the girls, in amazement, "that's the captain's name!"

"You have a wonderful memory!" said Fleur-de-Lys to the petrified gypsy girl. Then bursting into sobs: "Oh!" stammered she sorrowfully, hiding her face between her two fair hands, "she is a sorceress!" while she heard a voice yet more bitter whisper from her inmost heart, "she is a rival!" And therewith she fainted away.

"My child! my child!" cried the terrified mother. "Begone, you diabolical gypsy."

La Esmeralda gathered together in a trice the unlucky letters, made a sign to Djali, and quitted the room at one door as Fleur-de-Lys was being carried out at the other.

Captain Phœbus, left alone, hesitated a moment between the two doors; then followed the gypsy girl.

CHAPTER II.

SHOWING THAT A PRIEST AND A PHILOSOPHER ARE DIFFERENT THINGS.

The priest whom the young ladies had observed on the top of the northern tower, leaning over toward the square, and so attentive to the gypsy girl's dancing, was, in fact, the Archdeacon Claude Frollo.

Our readers have not forgotten the mysterious cell which the archdeacon had appropriated to himself in this tower. By-the-way, we do not know whether it is not the same, the interior of which may be seen to this day through a small square window, opening toward the east, at about the height of a man from the floor, upon the platform from which the towers spring; a mere dog-hole now, naked, empty, and falling to decay; the ill-plastered walls of which are even at this time decorated here and there with a parcel of sorry yellow engravings representing cathedral fronts. We presume that this hole is jointly inhabited by bats and spiders, and that, consequently, a double war of extermination is carried on there against the flies.

Every day, an hour before sunset, the archdeacon ascended the staircase of the tower and shut himself up in this cell, where he sometimes passed whole nights. On this day, just as he had reached the

low door of his little nook, and was putting into the lock the small key, with its intricate wards, which he always carried about him, in the escarcelle or large purse suspended at his side, the sound of a tambourine and castanets reached his ears. This sound proceeded from the Place du Parvis. The cell, as we have already said, had but one window, looking upon the back of the church. Claude Frollo had hastily withdrawn the key, and in an instant was on the summit of the tower, in that gloomy, thoughtful attitude in which the young ladies had first seen him.

There he was, grave, motionless, absorbed in one look, one thought. All Paris lay at his feet; with her thousand spires and her circular horizon of softly-swelling hills; with her river winding under her bridges, and her people flowing to and fro through her streets; with the cloud of her smoke; with her hilly chain of roofs pressing round Notre-Dame with redoubled folds; yet in all that city the archdeacon saw but one spot on its pavement, the Place du Parvis; in all that crowd, but one figure, that of the gypsy girl.

It would have been difficult to say what was the nature of that look, or whence arose the flame that issued from it. It was a fixed gaze, and yet full of trouble and tumult. And, from the profound stillness of his whole body, only just agi-

tated at intervals by an involuntary shiver, like a tree shaken by the wind, his stiffened elbows more marble than the balustrade on which they leaned, and the petrified smile which contracted his countenance, one might have said that no part of Claude Frollo was alive but his eyes.

The gypsy girl was dancing, twirling her tambourine on the point of her finger, and throwing it aloft in the air as she danced the Provençal sarabands; agile, light, joyous, and unconscious of the formidable gaze which lightly directed on her head.

The crowd swarmed around her; occasionally, a man, tricked out in a red and yellow casaque or long, loose coat, went round to make the people keep the ring; then returned to seat himself in a chair, a few steps off the dancer, and took the head of the goat upon his knees. This man appeared to be the companion of the gypsy girl. Claude Frollo, from the elevated spot on which he stood, could not distinguish his features.

No sooner had the archdeacon perceived this unknown, than his attention seemed to be divided between him and the dancer, and his countenance became more and more sombre. Suddenly he drew himself up, and a trembling ran through his whole frame. "Who's that man?" muttered he to himself; "I've always seen her alone before."

He then disappeared under the winding vault of the spiral staircase, and once more descended. Passing before the door of the bell-room, which was partly open, he saw something which struck him; it was Quasimodo, who, leaning toward an opening in those great slate eaves which resemble enormous projecting blinds, was likewise looking earnestly into the square. He was engaged in such profound contemplation that he did not observe his adoptive father passing by. His wild eye had in it a singular expression; it was a look at once tender and fascinated. "That's strange!" murmured Claude; "is it at the gypsy girl that he is looking so?" He proceeded to descend. In a few minutes the moody archdeacon entered the square by the door at the bottom of the tower.

"What's become of the gypsy girl?" said he, mingling with the group of spectators which the sound of the tambourine had collected together.

"I don't know," answered one of those nearest him; "she's just disappeared. I think she's gone to dance some fandango or other in the house opposite, whither they called her."

In the place of the gypsy girl, on that same carpet, the arabesques of which, but the moment before, seemed to vanish beneath the no less fantastic figures of her dance, the archdeacon saw no one but the red and yellow man, who, in order to gain

a few testons in his turn, was parading around the circle, his elbows on his hips, his head thrown back, his face all red, his neck stretched out, with a chair between his teeth. On this chair he had fastened a cat, which a woman of the neighborhood had lent him, and which was swearing with terror.

"Notre-Dame!" cried the archdeacon, just as the mountebank, the perspiration rolling off his face, was passing before him with his pyramid of chair and cat: "what does Maître Pierre Gringoire do there?"

The harsh voice of the archdeacon struck the poor devil with such commotion that he lost his equilibrium; and down fell the whole edifice, chair and cat and all, pell-mell upon the heads of the bystanders in the midst of inextinguishable hootings.

It is probable that Maître Pierre Gringoire (for he indeed it was) would have had a fine account to settle with the cat's proprietor, and all the bruised and scratched faces around him, if he had not hastily availed himself of the tumult to take refuge in the church, whither Claude Frollo beckoned him to follow.

The cathedral was already dark and solitary; the transepts were in thick darkness; and the lamps of the chapels were beginning to twinkle, so black had the vaulted roofs become. The great central window of the front alone, whose

thousand tints were steeped in one horizontal stream of the sun's declining rays, glistened in the shade like a mass of diamonds, and cast against the other extremity of the nave its dazzling many-colored image.

When they had proceeded a few steps, Dom Claude, leaning his back against a pillar, looked steadfastly at Gringoire. This look was not the one which Gringoire had apprehended, in his shame at being surprised by so grave and learned a personage in his merry-andrew costume. There was in the priest's glance neither scoff nor irony; it was serious, calm, and searching. The archdeacon was the first to break silence.

"Come, Maître Pierre," said he, "you have many things to explain to me. And first, how is it that I have not seen you for the last two months, and that I meet with you again in the public street, in rare guise, i'faith, half red, half yellow, like a Caudebec apple!"

"Messire, a most marvellous gear is it indeed," said Gringoire, piteously; "and behold me about as comfortable in it as a cat with a calabash clapped on her head. Most hard is it, too, I acknowledge, that I should subject those gentlemen, the sergeants of the watch, to the risk of beating, under this casaque, the humerus of Pythagorean philosopher. But what would you, my reverend master? The fault is

all in my old coat, which basely forsook me in the depth of winter, under pretense that it was falling in tatters, and that it was under the necessity of reposing itself in the ragman's pack. What was to be done? Civilization has not yet arrived at such a pitch that one may go quite naked, as old Diogenes could have wished. Add to this, that the wind blew very cold, and the month of January is not the time to attempt successfully that new step in refinement. This casaque offered itself—I took it, and left off my old black souquenille, which, for an hermetic philosopher like myself, was far from being hermetically closed. Behold me, then, in my buffoon's habit, like St. Genest. What would you have? It's an eclipse. Apollo, you know, tended the flocks of Admetus."

"It's a fine trade you've taken up," replied the priest.

"I confess, my master, that it's better to philosophize than to poetize—to blow a flame in the furnace, or receive one from heaven—than to be carrying cats in triumph. And that's why, when you addressed me, I felt as silly as an ass before a roasting-jack. But what was to be done, messire!—one must eat every day; and the finest Alexandrine verses, to an empty stomach, are not to be compared to a piece of Brie cheese. Now, I composed for the Lady Margaret of Flanders, that famous epithalamium, you know; and the

town has not paid me for it, pretending that it was not excellent—as if, for four écus, one could write a tragedy of Sophocles. Well, you see I was near dying of hunger. Fortunately for me, I am rather strong in the jaw; so I said to my jaw: 'Perform some feats of strength and equilibrium—find food for thyself—*Ale te ipsam.*' A parcel of vagabonds, who are become my good friends, taught me twenty different kinds of Herculean tricks; and now I feed my teeth every night with the bread they have earned in the day in the sweat of my brow. After all, *concedo,* I concede that it is but a sorry employ of my intellectual faculties, and that man is not formed to pass his life in tambourining and biting chairs. But, reverend master, it is not enough to pass one's life—one must do something to keep one's self alive."

Dom Claude listened in silence. All at once his sunken eyes assumed an expression so sagacious and penetrating, that Gringoire felt as if searched to his inmost soul by that look.

"Very well, Maître Pierre; but how is it that you are now in company with that dancing-girl of Egypt?"

"Why, just," said Gringoire, "because she is my wife and I am her husband."

The priest's dark eye took fire. "And hast thou done that, miserable man?" he cried, furiously grasping Gringoire's arm,

"and hast thou been so abandoned of God as to lay thy hand upon that girl?"

"By my chance of paradise, monseigneur," answered Gringoire, trembling in every limb, "I swear to you that I have never touched her—if that be what disturbs you so."

"But what speak you, then, of husband and wife?" said the priest.

Gringoire eagerly related to him, as succinctly as possible, what the reader is already acquainted with—his adventure of the Cour des Miracles, and his broken-pitcher marriage — which marriage appeared, as yet, to have had no result whatever, the gypsy girl contriving to leave him every night, as she had done on the first, in single blessedness. "It's a bore," said he, "but that comes of my having had the misfortune to marry a maid."

"What do you mean?" inquired the archdeacon, whom this account had gradually appeased.

"It's very difficult to explain," answered the poet. "It's a superstition. My wife, as an old thief that's called among us the Duke of Egypt, has told me, is a foundling—or a lostling—which is the same thing. She wears about her neck an amulet, which they declare will some day make her find her parents again, but would lose its virtue if the girl lost hers. Whence it follows that we both of us remain quite virtuous."

"So," resumed Claude, whose brow was now clearing apace, "you believe, Maître Pierre, that this creature has not been approached by any man."

"Why, Dom Claude, what would you have a man do with a superstition? She has got that in her head. I do, indeed, believe it to be rarity enough, to find such a nunnish prudery keeping its wildness amidst all those gypsy girls so easily tamed; but she has three things to protect her: the Duke of Egypt, who has taken her under his safeguard, reckoning, perhaps, that he shall sell her to some jolly abbot or other; her whole tribe, who hold her in singular vêneration, like an Our Lady; and a certain pretty little poniard, which the jade always carries about her in spite of the provost's ordinances, and which darts forth in her hand when you press her waist. It's a fierce wasp, I can tell you."

The archdeacon pressed Gringoire with questions.

La Esmeralda was, in Gringoire's opinion, a creature inoffensive, charming and pretty—allowance being made for a certain little grimace which was peculiar to herself—a girl artless and impassioned, ignorant of everything, and enthusiastic about everything, fond, above all things, of dancing, of bustle, of the open air—a sort of a bee of a woman, with invisible wings to her feet, and living in a continued

whirl. She owed this nature to the wandering life she had always led. Gringoire had contrived to ascertain, that while quite a child, she had gone all through Spain and Catalonia, to Sicily, he thought, too, that the caravan of zingari to which she belonged, had carried her into the kingdom of Algiers—a country situated in Achaia—which Achaia was adjoining, on one side to Lesser Albania and Greece, on the other to the sea of the Sicilies, which was the way to Constantinople. The Bohemians, said Gringoire, were vassals to the King of Algiers, in his capacity of chief of the nation of the white Moors. Certain it was, that La Esmeralda had come into France while yet very young, by way of Hungary. From all those countries the girl had brought with her fragments of fantastic jargons, foreign songs and ideas, which made her almost as motley as her half Parisian, half African costume. However, the people of the quarters which she frequented loved her for her gayety, her gracefulness, her lively step, her dances, and her songs. In all the town, she believed herself to be hated by two persons only, of whom she often speaks with dread; the Sachette of the Tour-Roland, a miserable recluse, that bore a strange malice against gypsy women, and was in the habit of heaping curses upon the poor dancing-girl every time she passed before her loop-hole; and

a priest who never met her without casting upon her looks and words that affrighted her. The mention of this latter circumstance visibly disturbed the archdeacon, but without Gringoire's much attending to his perturbation; the two months that had elapsed having been quite sufficient to make the poet forget the singular particulars of that evening when he had first met with the gypsy girl, and the apparent presence of the archdeacon on that occasion. For the rest, the little dancer, he said, feared nothing. She did not tell fortunes, and so was secure from those prosecutions for magic that were so frequently instituted against the gypsy women. And then, Gringoire was as a brother to her, if not as a husband. After all, the philosopher very patiently endured this kind of Platonic marriage. At all events there were food and lodging for him; each morning he set out from the truandry, most frequently in company with the gypsy girl; he helped her to make in the crossways her gathering of targes and petits-blancs; each evening he returned with her under the same roof, let her bolt herself in her own little chamber, and slept the sleep of the just—a very agreeable existence on the whole, said he, and very favorable to revery. And then, in his heart and conscience, the philosopher was not quite sure that he was desperately in love with the

gypsy. He loved her goat almost as much. It was a charming animal, gentle, intelligent, clever, and knowing. Nothing was more common in the Middle Ages than these knowing animals; at which the people mightily wondered, and which frequently brought their instructors to the stake. However, the sorceries of the goat with the gilded feet were very harmless tricks indeed. Gringoire explained them to the archdeacon, whom these particulars seemed strongly to interest. In most cases it was sufficient to present the tambourine to the animal in such or such a manner, to obtain from it the action desired. It had been trained to that by its mistress, who had so singular a talent for that species of tuition, that two months had been sufficient for her to teach the goat to compose, with movable letters, the word Phœbus."

"Phœbus!" said the priest. "Why Phœbus?"

"I don't know," replied Gringoire; "perhaps it's a word that she thinks endowed with some magical and secret virtue. She often repeats it in an undertone when she thinks she's by herself."

"Are you sure?" rejoined Claude, with his penetrating look, "that it's only a word, and that it's not a name?"

"Name of whom?" said the poet.

"How should I know?" said the priest.

"This is what I imagine, messire; these

gypses are something of Guebres, and worship the sun—whence this Phœbus."

"That does not seem so clear to me as it does to you, Maître Pierre."

"Well, it's no matter to me. Let her mutter her Phœbus to her heart's content. It's a sure thing that Djali loves me already almost as much as she does."

"Who's Djali?"

"It's the goat."

The archdeacon placed his hand under his chin, and seemed ruminating for a moment. All at once he turned round abruptly to Gringoire:

"And you swear to me that you have not touched her?"

"Touched what?" said Gringoire. "The goat?"

"No—that woman."

"My wife? I swear to you I have not."

"And yet you are often alone with her."

"Every night for a full hour."

Dom Claude knit his brows. "Oh, oh," said he, "*Solus cum solâ non cogitabuntur orare Pater Noster.*"

"Upon my soul, I might say the *Pater*, and the *Ave Maria*, and the *Credo in Deum patrem omnipotentum,* without her taking any more notice of me than a hen does of a church."

"Swear to me by thy mother's womb," repeated the archdeacon with vehemence, "that thou hast not so much as touched

that creature with thy finger's end."

"I could swear it, too, by my father's head," answered the poet. "But, my reverend master, just permit me to ask you a single question."

"Speak, sir."

"What does that signify to you?"

The pale countenance of the archdeacon reddened like the cheek of a girl. He kept silence for a moment; then answered with visible embarrassment: "Hearken, Maître Pierre Gringoire. You are not yet damned, that I know of. I feel interested for you, and wish you well. Now, the slightest contact with that gypsy girl of the demon would make you a vassal of Satan. You know it's always the body that ruins the soul. Woe to you if you approach that woman! That's all I have to say."

"I tried once," said Gringoire, scratching his ear; "it was the first day, but I only got myself stung."

"And had you that audacity, Maître Pierre?" and the priest's brow darkened again.

"Another time," continued the poet, smiling, "before I went to bed, I looked through her keyhole, and indeed I saw the most delicious damsel in her shift that ever stepped upon a bedside with her naked foot."

"Go to the devil with you!" cried the priest, with a terrible look; and pushing

the amazed Gringoire by the shoulders, he plunged his hasty strides under the darkest arches of the cathedral.

CHAPTER III.

THE BELLS.

SINCE the morning of his being pilloried, the inhabitants in the neighborhood of Notre-Dame thought they perceived that Quasimodo's bell-ringing ardor had remarkably abated. Before that time the bells were going on all occasions; long matin chimes which lasted from Primes to Complins; peals of the great bell for high mass; rich gamuts running up and down the small bells for a wedding or a christening, and mingling in the air like a rich embroidery of all sorts of delightful sounds. The old church, all vibrating and sonorous, was in a perpetual joyous whirl of bells. Some spirit of noise and whim appeared to be sending forth a never-ending carol through those brazen lips. Now that spirit seemed to have departed. The cathedral seemed to have grown wilfully sullen and silent. The holidays and interments had their simple accompaniment, bare and unadorned—just what the ritual demanded, and nothing more; of the double sound proceeding

from a church, that of the organ within, and the bells without, the organ only was heard. It seemed as if there was no longer any musician in the steeples. Nevertheless, Quasimodo was still there ; what had come to him, then? was it that the shame and desperation of the pillory scene still lingered about his heart, that the lashes of the torturer were ever present to his mind, and that his grief at such treatment had extinguished all feeling in him, even to his passion for the bells? Or was it rather that Marie had a rival in the heart of the ringer of Notre-Dame, and that the great bell and her fourteen sisters were neglected for something more beautiful and pleasing?

It happened that in the year of Our Lord 1482, the Annunciation fell on Tuesday, the 25th of March. On that day the air was so pure and light, that Quasimodo felt a little returning affection for his bells. He accordingly ascended the northern tower, while the beadle below threw wide the large doors of the church, which were formed, at that time, of enormous panels of strong wood, covered with leather, bordered with iron nails gilt, and encased with sculpture "very skillfully wrought."

Arrived in the high cage of the bells, Quasimodo fixed his eye for some time, with a sorrowful shake of the head, on his six songstresses, as if he sighed to think that something strange had intruded into

his heart between himself and them. But when he had set them going—when he felt the whole cluster of bells moving under his hand—when he saw, for he did not hear it, the palpitating octave ascending and descending in the sonorous diapason like a bird hopping from branch to branch—when the demon of music, that demon who shakes a sparkling bundle of stretti, trills, and arpeggios, had taken possession of the poor deaf creature, then he became happy again; he forgot everything, and the dilation of his heart expanded on his countenance.

He went to and fro, clapping his hands; he ran from one rope to another, animating the six songsters by his voice and gestures, like a leader of the band spurring on scientific musicians.

"Come, come, Gabrielle," said he, "pour forth all your sound into the square; it's a holiday. Thibauld, none of your idleness. What! you are lagging! Get on with you. Are you grown rusty, lazybones? That's it!—quick! quick!—don't let the clapper be seen. Make them all as deaf as I am. Bravo! Thibauld. Go it, Guillaume! Guillaume, you are the biggest, and Pasquier's the least, and Pasquier goes best. I'll lay anything that those that can hear, hear him better than you. Well done, Gabrielle—harder! harder! Hey! you there, The Sparrows,

what are you both about? I don't see you make the least noise. What's the meaning of those brazen beaks of yours, that seem to be gaping when they ought to be singing? Come—work away! it's the Annunciation. There's a fine sunshine, and we'll have a merry peal. Poor Guillaume—what! are you out of breath, my old fellow?"

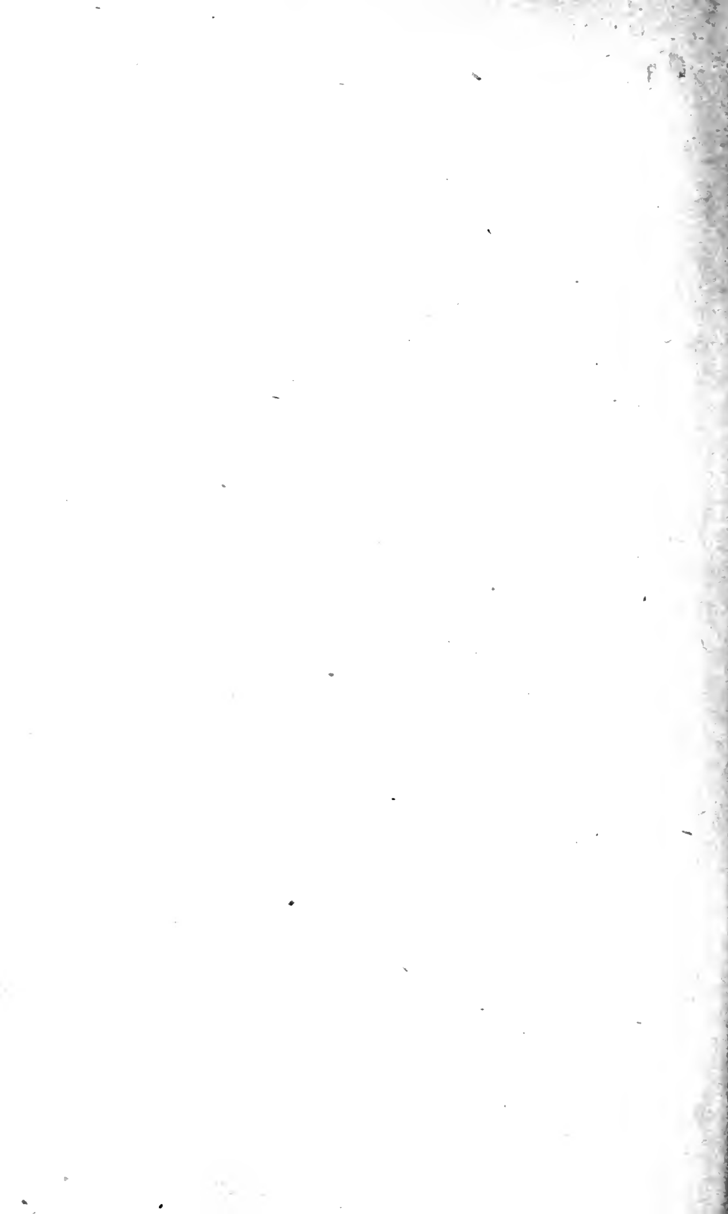
He was fully occupied in goading on his bells, which were all six leaping one against another as in rivalry, and shaking their shining backs, like a noisy team of Spanish mules urged forward by the apostrophizings of the driver.

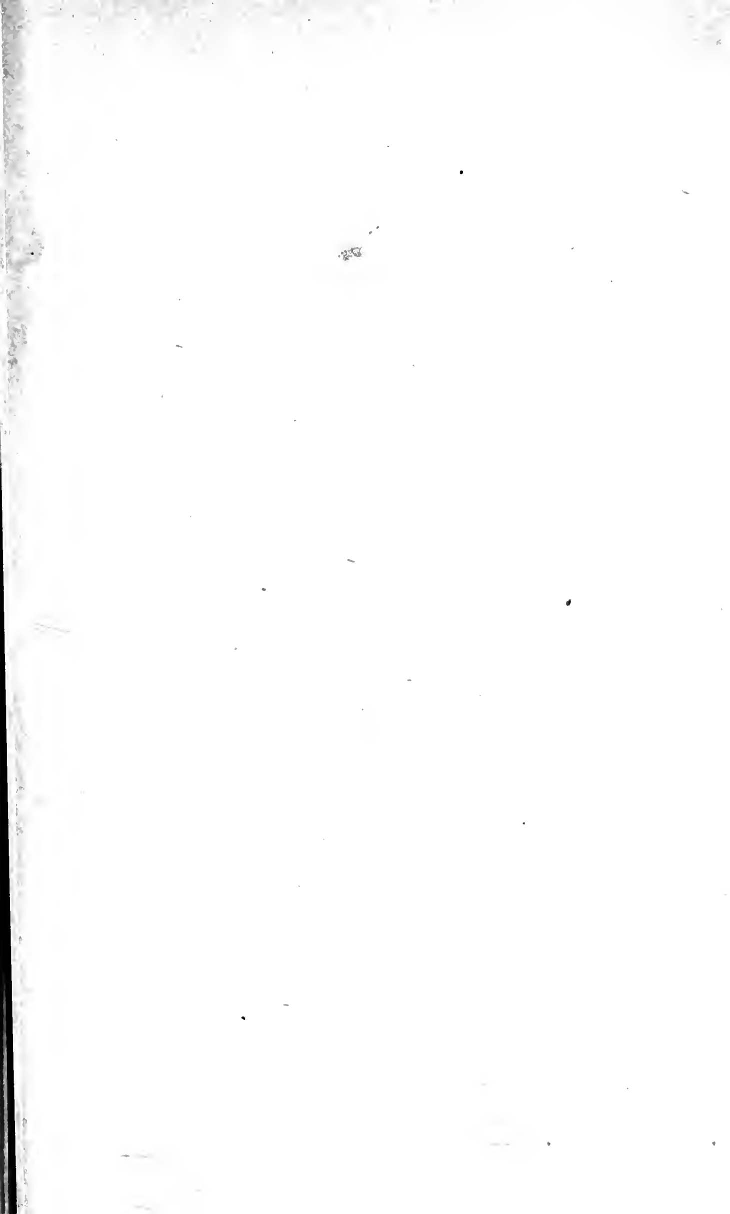
All at once, happening to cast his eye between the large slate scales which cover, at a certain height, the perpendicular wall of the steeple, he saw in the square a young girl fantastically dressed, who had stopped, and was laying down a carpet on which a little goat came and placed itself, and around whom a group of spectators was gathering. This view suddenly changed the course of his ideas, and cooled his musical enthusiasm. He stopped, turned his back to the bells, and squatted behind the slate eaves, fixing on the dancer that thoughtful, tender, and softened look which had already once astonished the archdeacon. Meanwhile, the forgotten bells all at once became utterly silent, to the great disappointment of the amateurs

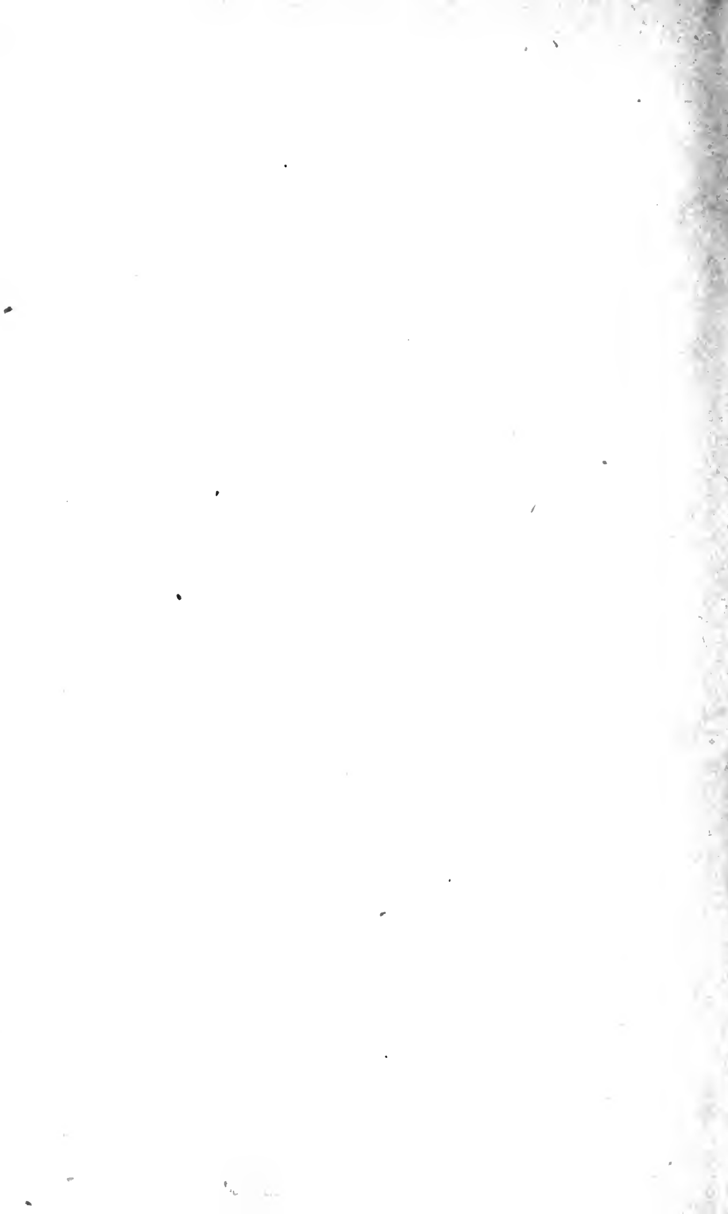
of ringing, who were listening to the peal in good earnest from off the Pont-au-Change, and who went away as confounded as a dog that has a bone offered him and a stone given him instead.

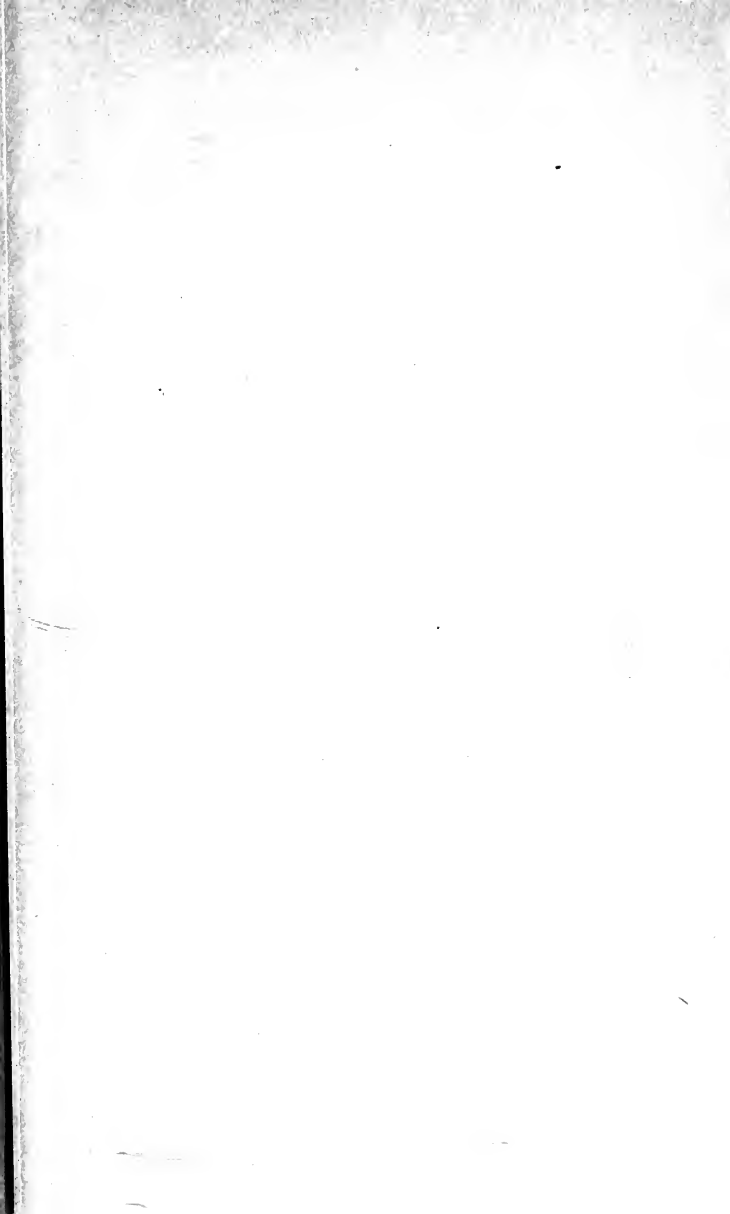
(END OF PART ONE OF "NOTRE-DAME.")

END OF VOLUME ONE.









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